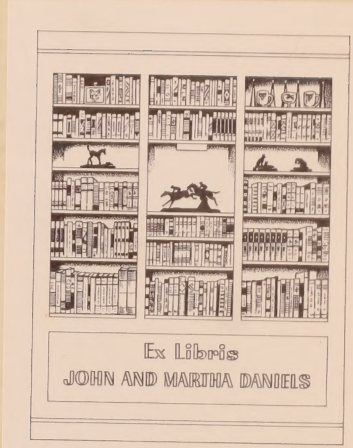
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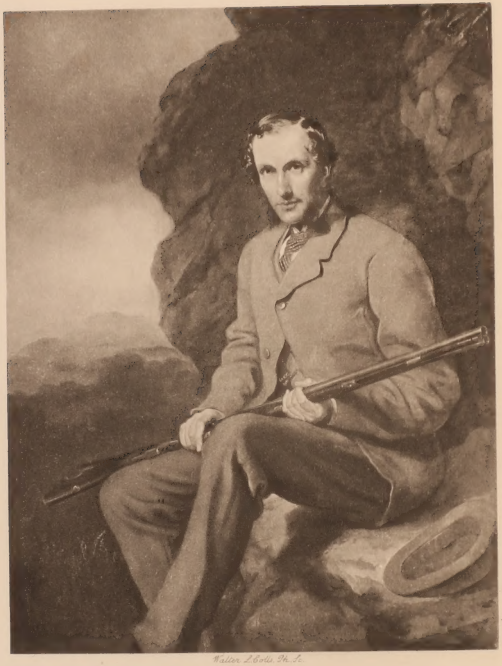
HISTORY OF THE MEYNELL HOUNDS AND COUNTRY



Walter L. Colls Ph. Sc.

A HISTORY

of

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS

AND COUNTRY

1780 — 1901

Mr. H. F. Meynell Ingram.
From a painting
by
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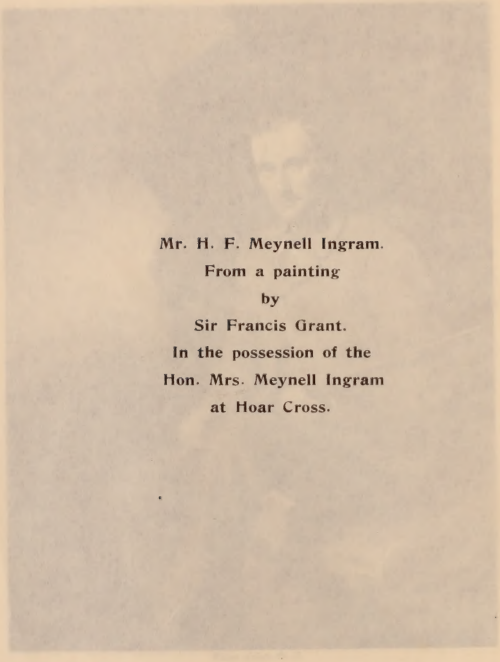
In the possession of the
Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram
at Hoar Cross.



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A HISTORY

of

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS

AND COUNTRY

1780 TO 1901

by

J. L. Randall.

VOLUME I.

London.

Sampson Low, Marston and Company, Ltd.

1901.

DEDICATED

TO

THE HON. MRS. MEYNELL INGRAM

OF HOAR CROSS

WITH GRATEFUL THANKS

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

It has frequently been suggested to the present writer that he should compose a History of the Meynell Hunt, and these volumes are the outcome of that idea. No doubt there are many others far more competent to undertake the work, but time was slipping away, and those who could throw a light on the days that are gone were one by one passing from amongst us; so it was evident that, if the book was ever to be written, it should be done at once. Under these circumstances the author has ventured to try to gather up the threads, and to put together, to the best of his ability, the records of the Hunt. To all those who have helped him in a somewhat arduous task he tenders his most grateful thanks, especially to the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram, the Misses Bott and Miss Lyon, Lord Bagot, Lord Berkeley Paget, Messrs. Bird, Boden, and Bott, Colonel Chandos-Pole, and Captain Clowes, Messrs. Henry and Hugh Charrington, Captain Holland, Colonel the Hon. W. Coke, Captain Dawson, Mr. Duncombe, Colonel Feilden, Sir Richard FitzHerbert, Bart., Major and the Rev. R. C. FitzHerbert, Messrs. Fort, Lyon, Maynard, Newton, Tomlinson, Tinsley, Okeover, Peacock, Waite, Watts, and Worthington. If the names of any who have helped have been omitted, the writer trusts that they will pardon the omission and accept his thanks.

To Lord Waterpark, above all, for the use of his diary,

without which the book would have been shorn of much of its interest for local readers, he is most grateful, and also to the Editors of *The Sporting Magazine*, *Bell's Life*, *The Field*, *Sporting Life*, *The Derby Mercury*, *The Staffordshire Advertiser*, and *The Burton Chronicle*, for allowing him to quote from their pages, while to an article in *Longman's Magazine* he is indebted for a great deal of information about the old forest of Needwood.

Lastly, it is a duty, as well as a pleasure, to acknowledge the ready help which his wife has given ungrudgingly from first to last.

J. L. R.

MARCHINGTON,
December 2, 1901.

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HISTORY OF THE MEYNELL HOUNDS AND COUNTRY

CHAPTER I.

ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF THINGS PRECEDING FORMATION OF HOAR CROSS HUNT—VERSES ON MR. VERNON OF HILTON'S WONDERFUL RUN IN 1770—SUDBURY HUNTING SONG—"SQUIRE" OSBALDESTON—ORIGIN OF THE LEEDHAMS—SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS FROM 1808–1840—LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE HON. AND REV. G. TALBOT'S HOUNDS—SONGS ON THE SUDBURY HUNT.

It seems only right and fitting that a History of the Meynell Hounds and Country should open with an account in verse of a wonderful run with Mr. Vernon's hounds. For Lord Vernon was the ancestor of the Meynell Hunt, and the Vernons of Hilton are ancestors of his. When once a Vernon of Hilton was engaged in a lawsuit with Lord Vernon, counsel asked the former if he did not belong to Lord Vernon's family, and the answer was, "No; Lord Vernon belongs to MY family." For aught that is known to the contrary, the Sudbury hounds, too, might have been of the same blood as those Vernon hounds of Hilton. If they were, they claimed a distinguished ancestry, for could any hounds be stouter than those of which the following verses tell?

This song was made on the subject of the hounds of

Mr. Henry Vernon, great-grandson to the famous sportsman of that name and place, of Hilton, near Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire. They threw off on Wednesday, February 14th, 1770, at a gorse-cover, near to Bofcobel, when Squire Vernon, who took his stand near to the Royal Oak, where King Charles II. secreted himself, talioed the fox when he broke cover. There were forty horsemen in the field, and two ladies—Mrs. Giffard and Miss Parry; the ladies rode remarkably hard for many miles. At the death there were present but four, viz. Mr. Henry Vernon, the huntsman, William Bird, a servant, and Mr. Emery. The hounds and horsemen went as hard as they could go the whole chase, ran through the different covers mentioned in the song, and many more they did not know. After running as hard as they could for six hours and ten minutes, the hounds ran into him in an open field near to the churchyard at Buildwas.

To the Tune of "Killrundery."

Hark! hark! my good lads, to a chase, I'll relate,
Of the hounds of a squire whose goodness is great,
His name it is Vernon, of Hilton Hall seat,
There honesty always a welcome does meet.
By break of the morn he got to the cover,—
"In five minutes' time," cry'd Price, "hark to Trimer;"
"Talio!" cry'd Vernon, "by G——, he is gone,"
The hounds knew his note, and they lay'd them all on,
La, la, la-ral, etc.

By the Royal Oak pass'd, and through the known wood,
That's call'd the Spring Coppy, as hard as they could;
So to Dunnington Woods on by Weston Park side,
As hard as could go they continued to ride,
Crossed Durant's Canal, and so straight on to Tonge,
From thence quick proceeded, all halloaing along;
By Kilsal he ran, and so through Gosford Wood,
The horses and hounds went as hard as they could.
La, la, la-ral, etc.

Hatton Covers, Old Forge, and Innington Banks,
He pass'd by these all, but would play them no pranks
By Patty's Mill Rough, Hern Coppice, and Audley,
From thence to Sturchley, and so on to Dawley;

By the Horse-hay he pass'd as quick as he could,
Quite to Cole Brook-dale went, and back'd through Cock's Wood,
Through Gibbons' Coppice he pass'd like a buck,
And over the Wrekin, in Shropshire, then struck.
La, la, la-ral, etc.

His courage here did not serve him a rush,
Twelve couple and Vernon lay hard at his brush.
Hard by to the Wrekin they run him in view,
Of forty good Horsemen, were here very few:
Back'd through Little Wenlock, he seemed to run strong,
Tho' they'd ran him forty-five miles that were long,
Through Holbrook he pass'd to the Severn, then flew,
And plunged headlong in, tho' he'd broke from their view.
La, la, la-ral, etc.

The hounds, when they came to the river, not one
But flew headlong in, as the fox had just done,—
West Coppice he pass'd through, so on by Tick Wood,
Through the Severn back pass'd, and those followed that could;
Near to Buildwas Churchyard again had him in view,
"Tallio!" cry'd Will Bird, and the hounds his voice knew;
Then all gloriously strove which first should lay hold
Of the fox they had followed so nobly bold.
La, la, la-ral, etc.

When Trusty got hold, and he pulled him to ground,
"Who-hoop," cry'd the Huntsman, how great was the sound;
Squire Vernon, and Emery, and also Will Bird,
And one other,—they all rode nobly I've heard;
At the Death there were in out of forty, these four,
The rest were all tired some hours before,—
Thus ended, at length, this most terrible chase,
Which lasted six hours and ten minutes 'pace.
La, la, la-ral, etc.

They run in the whole, near to sixty good miles;
Had Diana been there, she had granted her smiles,
The squire well deserved them, as well as the hounds,
He is thoroughly staunch, and his goods knew no bounds;
Thirty miles they got on their road home that eve,
And stopped at a house where they need ask no leave,
The name of the mansion was Chillington Hall,
The squire's name is Gifford, whose good's known to all.
La, la, la-ral, etc.

They drunk deep of the stream, and wished a long health
To the man that ne'er varied for pension or pelf;
Had Nymrod been there, he'd be pleased to have seen
With what energy each expressed where he'd been.
They finished the evening in social delight,
And drank this their toast, for to finish the night—
Let's here "Chase away care which many surrounds,
And see Heaven at last, when we can't see these hounds,"
La, la, la-ral, etc.

Having opened the ball with a song about Mr. Vernon's hounds, it is very natural that one about Lord Vernon's, the Sudbury Hounds, should follow.

THE SUDBURY HUNTING SONG.

"Vernon semper viret."

One morning, last winter, to Shirley Park came,
A noble, brave sportsman, George Vernon by name,
Came hunting the fox, for bold Reynard must die,
So they threw out to trail, and began for to try.

'Twas early i' the morning, ere day did them greet,
A great many sportsmen appointed to meet,
To meet with Squire Vernon, of honour and fame.
His hounds they bring glory and praise to his name.

"Hoix; cross him and wind him," Tom Mullins, he cried,
We're sure to unkennel him by the south side.
Let us draw to the covert, that lies to the south,
Bold Reynard lies there, Trowler doubles his mouth.

Cries, "Lo, hark!" to Trowler, that ne'er run in vain,
"Do you hear how young Snowball doth challenge the train?"
There's Fowler and Ryall, they're both two brave hounds,
They'll find out bold Reynard if he's above ground.

Then hark, rogues, together, while Juno comes in.
There's Lady and Lambert, likewise little Trim;
There's Pleasant and Careless, a bitch that runs light,
And besides little Justice, she'll set you all right.

There is Jovial and Frolic, and Vigour beside;
There is Dido, the best bitch that ever was tried;
There is Tospot and Bumber, and Virgin, I say,
There is fifty-four couple run every day.

Squire Waller then over the cover did stand,
He hollo'd most clearly with horn in his hand,
Cries, "Lo, hark, together, we'll turn Reynard's note,
And, if he breaks cover, we'll tear his old coat."

Lo, hark, rogues, together, the scent it lies warm,
Squire Waller, Tom Mullins, blew concert with horn,
Tantivy, tantivy, their horns did resound,
They alarmed the whole country for above a mile round.

Tom Mullins the huntsman, his whip he did crack,
Cries, "Lo, hark to Careless, she's leading the Pack."
These words made Jack Woolley, who was whipper in,
To hollo most clearly, "Lo, hark, rogues, hark in."

The hounds they did rally and flourish about,
"Bold Reynard's broke cover," Tom Mullins did shout.
Over Wyersome Common away he did trim,
They so merrily ran him by Tinker's Inn.

Then for Blakely Hall, but the road was stopped there,
Bold Reynard was forced to take Staffordshire.
Then he crossed the fair river, the Dove, I declare,
And straight for Grantwood, for great cover was there.

But the hounds they pursued him so hot in the chase,
Which Reynard perceiving would not take the place;
But he took Weaver Hill, which was a sweet thing,
To hear the wood echo, the College Hall ring.

Tom Mullins was mounted on a trusty bay,
Over hedges and ditches the devil would play;
No rocks nor high mountains could baffle his mind,
He cried, "Hark, little Careless, she runs like the wind."

Then for the new buildings away he did steer,
I thought we should run him all round Staffordshire.
But we briskly pursued him with hound and with horn,
And we forced him again back by the Tythe Barn.

Squire Vernon was mounted upon Golden Dun;
He leapt with great courage, like fury did run.
Squire Waller he was on a gelding so free,
He maintained the chase and kept him company.

Squire Vernon's a sportsman, 'tis very well known,
Rode so swiftly all day, you'd have thought he had flown;
Squire Brown rode a gelding, that runs very fleet,
He may challenge the country to carry his weight.

Squire Boothby, of Ashbourne, rode over the plain,
Expecting each minute bold Reynard was slain.
He rode with great courage all the day through,
And well he was mounted upon his True Blue.

Now Waller did hollo, "Now sentence is past,
There is Trowler and Snowball puts up at the last.
Come, gentlemen, ride, for the game is our own,
Now the old hounds are up I find Reynard is blown."

The sportsmen all rode at a desperate rate,
As if they had rode for a thousand pound plate;
No hedges could turn them, no walls could them set,
For the choicest of sportsmen in England were met.

The hounds they did rally and quickly pursue,
"Do you hear little Careless, she runs him in view."
Fifty miles in four hours it was a great ride,
But in Wooton Old Park, there bold Reynard he died.

Now as for Jack Woolley we'll not him neglect,
He rode with great fury, ne'er fearing his neck,
Nor hedges nor walls could they turn him again,
He came in the same minute that Reynard was slain.

The sportsmen came in every one at the last,
The hounds they ran briskly, not one of them cast;
So let's ring Reynard's fall with a horn that sounds clear
We've not heard such a holloaing many a year.

'Tis hunting alone can all pastime command,
There's the otter by water, the deer by dry land.
Hare hunting is pleasant, the stag's a fine chase,
But to hunting the fox all the rest should give place.

Come, gentlemen sportsmen, wherever you be,
All you that love hunting, draw near unto me.
The Chase is now ended, you've heard Reynard's fall,
So let's drink to Squire Vernon of Sudbury Hall.

The early annals of what is now known as the Meynell country seem to deal principally with anarchy and confusion. At the end of the eighteenth century there were several chieftains clamouring, each one, for their rights, and chaos reigned, until, as in the case of the Saxon heptarchy, the separate kingdoms or chieftainships were all merged

in one strong, absolute monarchy. And in the case under consideration the monarch was Hugo Meynell, of Hoar Cross, Staffordshire, grandson of the great father of fox-hunting of Quorn renown, who came to the throne, so to speak, in November, 1816. But, long before this—in 1785, in fact—Lord Talbot had a pack of hounds at Ingestre. When he gave them up, in 1793, Lord Vernon, the second baron, the hunting lord, as he is sometimes termed, bought several couples. Tradition also asserts that Lord Downshire purchased two couples, which were sent to Hillsborough, in Ireland, and found their way back to Ingestre in the course of a few weeks. The Vernon hounds consisted of about fifty couples, of Talbot and Meynell blood. Samuel Lawley was huntsman, while his son William, and Harry Jackson, were the whippers-in. Lord Vernon, the members of the Hunt, and the servants, wore coats of bright orange and low-crowned hats. The colour was adopted as having been the livery of the Vernon family. All authorities seem to be agreed as to the colour of the coats; Cecil, in his hunting tours, going so far as to say that there was great rivalry between the red and orange coats when their respective wearers met in the field. Yet, in the picture of Samuel Lawley at Sudbury, the coat is the orthodox scarlet, though he wears a low-crowned hat in lieu of a cap. However, whatever the colour of the coats may have been, there is no doubt about the excellence of the hounds as regards hard running and stoutness. In fact, a cross between the stock of Osbaldeston's Furrier and Lord Vernon's Rocket is said to have produced the stoutest hounds in the world. They had need to be stout, too, for, considering the extent of country in which they hunted, they must have had some desperately long days. It comprised the district belonging to the late Mr. Meynell Ingram, including Ingestre, Sandon Wood, and Cannock Chase, westward to Hatherton; that part of Leicestershire hunted by the Atherstone hounds on Mondays and Wednesdays, called the Gopsall country, and, for spring hunting, Brook Hay, Biddle's Field, and

Sutton Park, in what is now the South Staffordshire country. In 1808, owing to Lord Vernon's failing health, the Hon. and Rev. George Talbot assumed the management. He, the Druid states, split on the same rock as Sir Thomas Mostyn, viz. his dread of tongue. The hounds were a fine powerful pack, though inclined to be rather upright in the shoulders. With a good scent, they could split him up in the best form, but, when they got into difficulties, the weak points came out. When they were stopped by sheep, or from any other cause, and the chase hounds held themselves on and got on the line, they would not cry the scent, but whimpered like hedge-sparrows, so that the line hunters could not hear them, and they were always slipping one another. This is confirmed by a writer in the *Sporting Magazine*, 1820, who says :—

> About sixteen years ago I witnessed a very sharp run by Lord Vernon's hounds. The dogs were uncommonly fleet, but they were almost silent, and, even when they did open, the cry appeared to me little more than a mere yelp.

Mr. Talbot took a subscription, and, for the first time, the places of meeting were advertised. The following letter to Mr. W. Worthington, grandfather of Mr. Albert Worthington, as showing the date of Mr. Talbot's mastership, is interesting :—

> February 20th, 1808.
>
> Sir,
>
> Lord Vernon having intrusted me with his hounds, and the gentlemen of the County having enabled me to undertake the management of them, I hope to be allowed the liberty of hunting your coverts as heretofore.
>
> I am, Sir,
>
> Your obedient humble servant,
>
> Geo. Talbot.
>
> W. Worthington, Esq.

The coverts alluded to were Gresley Wood, Caldwell, etc.

Samuel Lawley still carried the horn, but a change was made in the situation of the kennels. The former ones at the back of Sudbury Hall were abandoned, new ones being built at Aston, about a mile distant on the

main road leading to Derby. Mr. Talbot lived at Brereton, and, when the hounds were in Leicestershire, was in the habit of riding over to Gopsall after taking the Sunday duty at Ingestre, to be ready for hunting on the following day. Temporary kennels were arranged in three different parts of the country, and the hounds hunted alternate fortnights in Staffordshire and Derbyshire, except in November and February, when they remained at Gopsall. The hour of meeting was half-past ten, and they hunted four days a week from September till April. This arrangement continued till November, 1812, when Mr. Talbot died in the hunting-field at Sutton Chainell, near Bosworth, on the first day of the season. Immediately after his death, the hounds, about sixty couples, were sold, with the exception of ten couples which Lord Vernon retained. Some went to Mr. Lambton in Durham. Mr. E. M. Mundy bought five couples for the Derbyshire pack, while the Hon. Edward Harbord, Lord Vernon's son-in-law, took fifteen couples, and finished the season at Sudbury with them and his father-in-law's ten couples, but did not advertise. Eighteen couples went to Lord Middleton in Warwickshire, Harry Jackson accompanying them as huntsman. He is said to have been a rare kennelman, but slow in the field, and was pensioned off by Lord Middleton, after being disabled by a bad fall in 1818. Samuel Lawley lived on at his farm at Aston to a good old age, and his descendants are with us still. Like most people, he was a *laudator temporis acti*, bemoaning the decadence of the hounds, and averring that "these Meynell hounds are bred all for pace. They'll soon get so as no horse can live with them; only," he would add, "they'll always be going over the scent, and the horses 'll get up to them then."

So the Vernon Hunt came to an end, and the old lord himself passed away in 1813.

Then followed chaos, confusion, and troubles arising from undefined boundaries. It is even said that matters nearly culminated in a duel between Sir Henry Every, who kept a pack at Egginton, which hunted hare and fox

indiscriminately, and Squire Osbaldeston, who attempted to hunt an enormous extent of country, even larger than that which Lord Vernon had occupied. However, this did not come immediately after the death of the latter. Mr. Harbord kept things going in the Sudbury district for a year, and Mr. Puleston brought his hounds from Shropshire every other fortnight into Staffordshire. The famous Colonel Cook, author of "Observations on Fox-hunting," started a pack called the Warwickshire Subscription Hounds, with which he hunted the Leicestershire and south Staffordshire side, and a portion of the Warwickshire Woodlands, including Middleton, Sutton Park, and Chelmsley, having kennels at his residence, Cliff, near Kingsbury. In 1814, the Derby Subscription Hounds, under the mastership of Messrs. Hall and Arkwright, hunted the Sudbury district, and also met regularly at Loxley, Hoar Cross, and Seal Wood. But in 1815, both the Derby Subscription Hunt and Colonel Cook gave up their countries in favour of Squire Osbaldeston, who had previously hunted a part of Nottinghamshire. In addition to his own hounds he bought Lord Monson's, adding to them several couples which had belonged to Lord Vernon. "The Squire" carried the horn himself, Tom Sebright and Dick Burton whipping-in to him. They both earned subsequent distinction, the former as huntsman to Lord Fitzwilliam for forty years, and the latter as huntsman to Lord Henry Bentinck in Lincolnshire. The hounds were kennelled at the Flitch of Bacon inn, Wichnor, at Witherley, and at Barton Turns, and the country extended from Radburne and Shipley on the north, to Sutton Park on the south, and included the whole of the Atherstone country. It was hunted four and five days a week. "In January, 1816"—I quote from "Kings of the Hunting Field"—"owing to an unpleasantness with Sir Henry Every, he removed his establishment, consisting of ninety couples of hounds and thirty hunters into Derbyshire. The 'Squire' felt aggrieved at something Sir Henry had said or done, and wrote for an explanation, but, receiving

no reply, took the silence as an insult, and challenged Sir Henry to a duel. As Osbaldeston was already, though under thirty, renowned as the best shot in England, Sir Henry thought it prudent to apologize. The 'Squire' accepted the apology but abruptly took his hounds away."

When it is here stated that he took his hounds into Derbyshire, Staffordshire is probably meant, for it is known that in January, 1816, he gave up his kennels at the Flitch of Bacon (so called from a custom prevailing at Wichnor, similar to that at Dunmow), and at Barton Turns, abandoned the Derbyshire side, and confined his operations to the district round Witherley.

This coincided with that formerly hunted by Colonel Cook, and became known as the Atherstone territory, the boundaries of which have never been much altered since. The part of Staffordshire included within its limits lies westward of the Thame as far north as Elford and Brook Hay, Black Slough being for a time a neutral covert.

Part of the Derbyshire district, vacated by Mr. Osbaldeston, was occupied by Sir Henry Crewe, who became master of the Derby Subscription Hounds with his kennels at Breadsall. His limit on the Sudbury side was Egginton, while, eastward of that, he hunted Bretby and Repton Shrubs.

Of the "Squire's" huge country there remained only Sudbury and its neighbourhood, Needwood Forest, and the parts southward of it to Black Slough. To hunt this Mr. Meynell of Hoar Cross came forward, changing the harriers which he had kept for some years into fox-hounds. It is not clear if he kept any of the harriers, but he certainly procured some of Lord Vernon's fox-hounds, and some from Mr. Heron's, who hunted part of Cheshire, and these latter were immediately descended from Mr. Meynell's Quorn celebrities.

In the register at Bradley there is this entry: "Baptized November 2nd, 1768, Thomas, son of William Needham and Ann, his wife." No doubt the N should have been L, for there was a William Leedham in Mr.

Meynell's employ at that time. The boy accompanied Mr. Meynell to Quorn, probably about the year 1783, so, from a hunting point of view, the Meynells and the Leedhams began and ended together, for both races have now come to an end.

Mr. Meynell had not at that time succeeded to the Yorkshire estates, and he took a subscription. In 1819 we find him hunting five days a fortnight, meeting at Teddesley in the early part of the season. Sir Henry Crewe having given up his hounds, the Hoar Cross Hunt met for the first time at Kedleston, in February, 1819, and two days later at Radburne. In the following season they hunted three days a week, and regularly occupied the Derbyshire district, and have done so to this day, though certain outlying portions have been given up. When Mr. Meynell succeeded to the Ingram estates at Temple Newsam, in Yorkshire, he returned all the subscriptions for that year and hunted the country at his own expense.

A synopsis of the events recorded in this chapter, preserved by the Hon. George Allsopp, and differing * slightly from the account given above, may prove of interest. It begins with a letter from the Reverend the Honourable George Talbot, dated February 10th, 1808. He writes :—

The liberality of my friends having enabled me to undertake the management of Lord Vernon's hounds at the expiration of the present season, I take the liberty of enclosing you a plan for the hunting of the country from 1st October next to the end of March, 1809, which I trust will meet with your approbation. It is to be understood that the hounds will be at the separate kennels on the days appointed, and that the several countries must take their chance of weather. I am also advised by my friends to suggest to you that, as the expenses of providing for the hounds will at the outset be heavy, one half of the subscription for 1808 should be paid on the 25th of March next, and the other half on the 29th September. Your acceding to the proposal and paying your subscription in to Messrs. Drummond, Bankers, London, on my account will much oblige.

Yours very sincerely,

(Rev.) George Talbot.

Thos Hall,
Hollybush.

* The authority for a great deal of the above is a pamphlet, "Fox-hunting in Staffordshire," by Captain Paul Webster.

List of Subscribers.	£	s.	d.
Lord Vernon	210	0	0
Lord Anson	105	0	0
Lord Talbot	105	0	0
Lord Grey	105	0	0
Lord Bagot	100	0	0
Lord Paget	100	0	0
Mr. Mundy, Shipley	100	0	0
Mr. Newdigate	100	0	0
Mr. B. W. P. Curzon	105	0	0
Lord Lewisham	52	10	0
Hon. T. Talbot	52	10	0
Mr. F. Lawley	52	10	0
Mr. B. Lawley	52	10	0
Mr. Dugdale	52	10	0
Mr. Case	52	10	0
Mr. Hall	52	10	0
Mr. Boultbee	52	10	0
Mr. Newdigate	52	10	0
Mr. S. H. Every	50	0	0
Mr. Ince	50	0	0
Mr. Arkwright	50	0	0
Mr. Levett	50	0	0
Mr. Simpson	50	0	0
	£1752	10	0

Plan for Lord Vernon's Hunting from October 1st, 1808, to the end of March, 1809.

October 1st to 14th	Derbyshire.
„ 16th to 30th	Staffordshire.
October 30th to November 27th	Leicestershire.
November 27th to December 18th	Derbyshire.
December 18th to January 1st, 1809	Staffordshire.
January 1st to 15th	Derbyshire.
„ 15th to 29th	Staffordshire.
„ 29th to Feb. 26th	Leicestershire.
February 26th to March 12th	Staffordshire.
March 12th to the end	Derbyshire.

Leicestershire to have added to it Seal Woods, Croxall, and Drakelowe. Staffordshire to comprehend Chartley, Blithfield, Ingestre, Black Slough, and Canrock Chase. Derbyshire (to include) Derbyshire and Needwood Forest.

1798.—Lord Vernon at this time hunted all the Sudbury country from Canrock Chase to the Weaver Hills, Kedleston, Shipley, Foremark, Bretby, and Fisherwick to Hopwas Hayes, Black Slough, etc., four days a week, the hounds for the months of November and February going into the Bosworth country, Leicestershire, Lord Curzon granting the use of the kennels at Gopsal during Lord Howe's minority, and Lord Stamford, then Lord Grey, keeping a most hospital mansion at Atherstone Hall.

1801.—Samuel Lawley, whom few huntsmen have equalled in the field and in the kennel, was placed at the head of the pack, having under him Harry

Jackson (afterwards in the service of Mr. Talbot and Lord Middleton) and his son William, active and clever whips.

1802.—The beautiful forest of Needwood, as well as Charnwood, at this time unenclosed, offered every opportunity for early and late hunting, especially in stooping the young hounds to scent in April and May with hare, from which they were made steady in autumn.

1803–4.—The veteran, Mr. Meynell, occupying, with his hounds from Quarndon, the kennels at Bradley during the summer, and occasionally upon his return into Leicestershire, drawing the covers at Bradley, Longford, and Shirley Park, which he afterwards relinquished to Lord Vernon.

1805.—About this period Lord Vernon, who had hitherto kept the whole establishment at his sole expense, gave it up and the hounds, which were continued in his name, with a handsome subscription, under Mr. Talbot's management, an additional kennel being erected at Brereton.

1812.—The death of Mr. Talbot at the commencement of the season brought the hounds and horses to sale and broke up the whole concern, with the exception of a small pack of select hounds reserved by Mr. Harbord, Lord Vernon's son-in-law, for hunting the immediate Sudbury country during winter.

1813.—Lord Vernon's death following that of Mr. Talbot, this year the reserved pack also was offered for sale and purchased by Mr. Arkwright and a few neighbouring gentlemen to keep in the country until some favourable opportunity might occur for reuniting the whole or hunting the Sudbury part of it. Small kennels were erected at Aston, a subscription entered into, Mr. Arkwright taking the management, with W. Lawley as huntsman, and J. Richards under him, old Sam Lawley giving occasional assistance in the field and advice in the kennel.

From September, 1814, to April, 1815, thirty-six foxes were killed and fourteen run to ground.

1815.—The (so-called) Derbyshire hounds in these two seasons had many excellent runs, and at the close of 1815, Sir John Broughton, then occupying Drakelowe Hall in the minority of Sir R. Gresley, made proposals to purchase the pack for five hundred guineas and hunt the country on a subscription of eight hundred guineas. A subsequent offer being made by Mr. Osbaldeston to take the hounds at that sum and re-unite the Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and Leicestershire countries, hunting four days a week, without any but a kennel subscription, a meeting was called at Lichfield and his offer accepted.

August, 1815.—Mr. Osbaldeston commenced the season with a very full pack, entered under his own management, and a handsome stud of hunters, but very soon fell out with the Sudbury portion of his country.

1816 to 1841.—Various circumstances occurred to augment this ill feeling during the winter. Another meeting was called in the spring at Sudbury, when the gentlemen present requested Mr. Osbaldeston to discontinue drawing their covers. Those of the Atherstone district took a different part. Mr. Osbaldeston continued to hunt this division, and it has since remained a separate country under him, Sir B. Graham, Lord Lichfield, and Mr. Applewhaite. In the autumn of the year, Mr. Meynell, then a member of the Pytchley Hunt, and occasionally resident at Hoar Cross, where he kept a pack of full-sized harriers, bred from the best foxhound blood of Quarndon, very liberally offered to take the vacant country, which he has since, for a quarter of a century, held, and in which it is to be hoped he, with his excellent brother and son, may long continue to enjoy the pleasures of the chase and afford to his numerous friends sport, not inferior to that which he has this year shown them.

VERSES BY LORD CURZON UPON SUDBURY HUNT, 1797.

Domino Vernoni et Venatoribus suis
Hoc in honore pone.

Videre canes; en Laneus ardens,
Talbotus et Vernon; velox cum Patre Levitus;
FitzHerbertque sagax; et acutâ voce Laleus;
Curzonusque inter postremos, ultimus ille;
Quosque referre mora est; ea turba cupidine prœdæ
Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla sequuntur.

A HUNTING SONG.

By Lord Vernon.—1797.

Tune—"A hunting we will go."

Let's celebrate our noble chace,
Our jovial sportsmen all;
Long may we thus ourselves solace,
And never get a fall.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

Bold Baron Curzon salies (*sic*) forth
On Quaker or North Star;
And having of their *sense* no doubt,
Takes many a fence and bar.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

His son when free from law and Pitt,
At Christmas time comes down;
And will (if Vickars * will permit)
Ride either bay or brown.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

The Reverend Talbot, sportsman true,
And ever calm and steady;
The chace with judgement does pursue;
In drafting ever ready.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

The parent of our hunt, old Dick †
We'll greet with cordial glee;
Tho' now he chiefly makes a nick
That he more sport may see.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

* Governor of Hagley. † Dick FitzHerbert.

Squire Anson well supports the chace,
The hounds and horses too;
You'll always find him in his place,
When reynard is in view.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

With hunters too he does supply
Each bold and warlike brother;
When one steed's lame, and must lay by,
He kindly lends another.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

Tho' absent, let us Tenant praise;
He's forward, keen and hearty:
His friendship well deserves our lays,
So cordial to the party.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

What tho' our learned Nimrod Lane,
Has oft' been on his back;
The chace with glee he joins again,
And reaches soon the pack.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

The peer* who o'er the hunt presides,
Should have a stanza too;
For tho' now cautiously he rides,
He often gets a view.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

The gallant Sam† let's not forget,
True vermin as his sire;
His eagerness at ev'ry hit
The sportsmen will admire.
Chorus—And a hunting, etc.

But were I to recite each name
That joins the jovial chace;
And try to celebrate their fame,
And give each man his place,
A hunting we should never go.

---

* Lord Vernon. † Sam Lawley, huntsman.

VERSES BY LORD CURZON.

Thanks to my Friend the Worthy Baron of Sudbury for his excellent Hunting Song.

Your verse, my dear lord, is complete and refined,
A volume of mirth t'each well disposed mind:
The characters touched with such delicate art,
That few could suggest what your lines do impart:
The morals of hunting you nicely describe,
And shew that we gallop to keep wit alive.
No vulgar profession you make the swift chace,
But pursue it to strengthen the old British race.
On Dryden's advice * we may safely depend,
Not trying to alter, not wishing to mend;
But in fields and field sports we will follow the sage,
To strengthen the nerves both of youth and old age:
And shew that a gallant and well-trained steed,
Is the only physician we mortals can need.

Hagley, 1797. (Curzon.)

A HUNTING SONG.

By the Rev. G. Talbot, Feb. 2nd, 1797.

I.

'Twas just at the time of the year
When foxes could run and were stout;
At Sudbury Hall did appear
Of hunters a jovial rout.

II.

The moon it was fair for the chace,
The hounds and the horses were ready;
The peer he was set in his place,
And Sam he was mounted on *Steady*.

III.

To the cover he walk'd a foot's pace,
Where the company all did attend;
Each anxious to join in the chace;
Each forward to welcome each friend.

* "The wise, for health on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend."

IV.

The fox in the gorse was soon found,
He gallantly sported away;
And eager was every hound
To distinguish himself on this day.

V.

For an hour and more they pursued
With an ardor becoming their birth;
Which reynard most sorely had rued,
Had he not taken shelter in earth.

VI.

To the coppice we after drew back,
Another fine fellow to find;
Not there, but from Marefield, the pack
Coursed a capital fox down the wind.

VII.

Thro' the gorse o'er the park he did hie,
By Broughton and Foston did steer;
O'er the fine park of Barton did fly,
Where the burst it was very severe.

VIII.

Near the small Car of Longford a check
Gave to reynard relief for an hour:
In the hounds it occasioned no speck,
Nor ever diminished their power.

IX.

From thence by the towns in the note,*
Great care with good hunting combined;
No skirting, no babbling of throat;
No pushing, no lagging behind.

X.

Near Clifton the fox did then stay:
Dick Fitz,† with an eye that is keen,
Hallow'd Castor, who viewed him away,
And hurried him over the green.

---

* Yeavely, Edlaston, Clifton. † Richard FitzHerbert, Esq.

XI.

The pack made their play and did run
Above Ashburn to Bradley old moor;
Indeed it was very good fun;
Tho' the horses they thought it a bore.

XII.

O'er the brook, o'er the hills the hounds sped,
By Kniveton to Bradburn they went:
"Old reynard take care of thy head,
For thy stoutness is nearly all spent."

XIII.

For Brassington town then he flew,
But e'er Brassington town he could reach,
They ran out of scent into view,
And fairly laid hold of his breech.

XIV.

Who hoop! Sam Lawley he cries,
Dick Fitz he did stand in amaze;
And the company owned with surprise
Such a chace they ne'er saw in their days.

XV.

Then sing not of chaces of old;
Of your Shirley Park run. Nonsense! Pish!
And let me (if I may be so bold)
Conclude this poor song with a wish.

XVI.

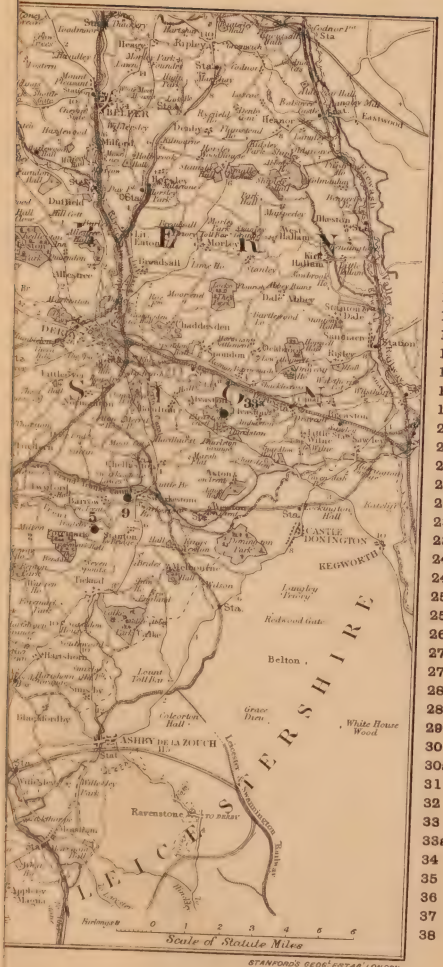
May the peer remain free from his gout,
May his huntsman and horses be willing;
May his friends be both active and stout,
And his hounds never miss in their killing.

CHAPTER II.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY—TRADITION—THE BRADLEY WOOD FOX—OLD TOM LEEDHAM—HOAR CROSS GOSSIP.

HAVING traced the course of events in those parts of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, which practically form what is now known as the Meynell country, to the time when Mr. Meynell of Hoar Cross began to hunt it, it seems fitting to describe the country and its limits. The accompanying map gives the places of meeting and the boundaries in 1860, but it is clear that even then its extent was being curtailed, while at the present time (1901), hounds no longer go to Black Slough, Beaudesert, nor Teddesley, on the extreme south and south-west. Before the South Staffordshire Hunt, as it is now known, was formed by Lord Henry Paget in 1868, the Meynell country was bounded on the south-west by a line drawn from Teddesley through Beaudesert on the south to Black Slough, a covert three miles north of Lichfield, proceeding north-east through Catton Hall, Gresley Wood, Swarkeston Bridge, to Elvaston.

The boundaries of the Meynell country in 1901 are practically as follows: Between the North Staffordshire and Meynell territories follow the road from Weston station nearly to Milwich. Thence follow Uttoxeter and Stone Turnpike as far as Coton Hayes, include Birchwood Park (neutral), and still follow turnpike as far as Uttoxeter. Thence the Dove is the boundary to Ashbourne. On the north there is now no limit. East of the Derwent the line follows that river from Shottle to Derby; thence to



1 Catton Hall.
2 Drakelow Hall.
3 Gresley Wood.
4 Bretby Park.
5 Ingleby.
6 Kedleston Inn.
7 Radburn Hall.
8 Spread Eagle.
9 Swarkestone Bridge.
10 Langley.
11 Ednaston Lodge.
11a Brailsford Village.
12 Shirley Park.
13 Bradley.
14 Snelston.
15 Cubley Toll Bar.
16 Sudbury Coppice.
17 Eaton Wood.
17a Doveridge.
18 Foston.
19 Longford Hall.
20 Chartley Park.
21 Loxley.
22 Blithfield.
22a Shugborough.
22b Wolseley Bridge.
23 Bagot's Park.
23a Draycott Cliff.
24 Blithbury.
24a Brereton.
25 Black Slough.
25a Beaudesert.
26 Orgreave.
27 Wichnor Park
27a Yoxall Lodge.
28 Holly Bush Hall.
28a New Lodge or Needwood.
29 Needwood House.
30 Rangemore House.
30a Dunstall Hall.
31 Henhurst.
32 Rolleston.
33 Egginton.
33a Elvaston Castle.
34 Castle Hayes.
35 Hanbury Village.
36 New Inn on the Forest.
37 Byrkley Lodge.
38 Teddesley.

the junction of the Trent and Derwent at Shardlow; thence to Swarkeston Bridge along the Trent; thence to Stanton village, following the road leading to Ashby-de-la-Zouch as far as Pistern Hill; thence the road to Wooden Box; and then the road to Gresley station, along Seal Brook to the Mease. This river is then the boundary to its junction with the Trent, which in its turn bounds the country by Wichnor to Mavesyn Ridware, on to Great Haywood to the river Sowe, which must then be followed to include Ingestre, and so back to Weston station.

In Baily's Hunting Directory for 1900 it is thus described—

"The country, which lies in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, extends some twenty-two miles from north to south by thirty miles from east to west. On the north it adjoins Mr. Chandos-Pole's new country,* lent him by the Meynell; on the west the North Staffordshire and Albrighton; on the south the South Staffordshire and the Atherstone; and on the east the Quorn.

"The Meynell is for the most part a country of flying fences, and chiefly consists of grass. The large woods are Bagot's Woods and Forest Banks, on the Staffordshire side. There is not much wire. Where possible it is taken down, and, where left up, it is marked with red boards. A well-bred, handy horse that can jump water is required."

The above is a fairly accurate description. In it you have denotation, but not connotation, as logicians say. It tells you what the Meynell country is, to a very limited extent, but it leaves very much untold. For is it not, not only "chiefly grass," but *the* grass-iest country in England—a delectable hunting ground, where you may ride all day and never cross a ploughed field, where the turf is so sound that a horse is seldom distressed, and where, with a bold heart under your waistcoat and a good horse between your knees, you may romp over the fences in the wake of hounds, and lay even money that they will not get away from you? What a country, then, must it have been in the days of that first Hoar Cross Hugo Meynell, before it was cut up with railways and blemished

* A portion of the hill country near Duffield, which has not been really hunted by the Meynell for years.

with wire! and when he hunted from Teddesley on the south to Shipley on the north. In some ways, no doubt, it was better. Foxes were wilder, probably, for one thing, but against that must be set the fact that the greater part of Staffordshire was under the plough. Charles Leedham was fond of telling how Mr. Michael Bass said to Mr. Meynell, as all three were jogging along together one day, "We may not, but Charles will live to see all this plough laid down to grass." The fences, too, in Derbyshire were, many of them, great, rough, untrimmed, bull-finches, the remnants of which may be seen standing in the fields to this day, no longer as fences, but for shade and shelter. Through a kind of magnified smeuse in these, Mr. John FitzHerbert used to tell us that their ponies would creep, and pound horses, which could neither jump over nor crawl through. Not but what such men as the Squire of Radburne of that day, his brother the Rev. Reginald Chandos-Pole, planter of Parson's gorse, the Rev. G. Buckston of Sutton, and his brother of the cloth, the Rev. F. W. Spilsbury of Willington—known respectively as the creeping and the flying parson—or Sir Matthew Blakiston, could and did go where the hounds went. If the country has a fault, it is that it is small—small in extent, and small as to its enclosures—and it may be an advantage or the contrary, according to how you look at it, that the fences, nowadays, are not large, though what they lack in size they make up in multitude. It is, as some one said, a case of all jumps and no fields. You are always in the air, and, if a man does not like jumping, he had better not come to Derbyshire. In Staffordshire the enclosures are larger, and the number of people out much smaller, so there is a sensation of having much more room. "A handy horse that can jump water is required." No truer sentence ever was penned. To enjoy yourself with the Meynell hounds you must have a horse which you can twist, turn, and stop, and ask to jump at the shortest notice, and, in Derbyshire especially, he must be willing to face water. The brooks are not

very large, as a rule—in fact, in the Guards' Point-to-point, the Sutton brook, one of the widest, was the last obstacle in the race, and not a horse failed to jump it—but, in the Radburn country especially, they are always getting in the way. One peculiarity is that your horse has almost always to jump either up or down, through the hedges being mostly set on low banks or cops, and on account of the undulating surface of the land. The ditches, too, though not over wide, are ill-defined, so that, altogether, he fares best who rides slowly at his fences. We always flattered ourselves that the Meltonians, who used to come by special train years ago, tumbled about more than we did through neglect of this precaution. In these halcyon days such men as Mr. Chaplin, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Captain Tempest, and others, were wont to do battle for pride of place with Lords Stanhope, Alexander, and Berkeley Paget, the redoubtable FitzHerbert family, Mr. Clowes, the Messrs. Buller and Boden, and many more, and it is related, that, at the end of a capital burst from Radburn, when hounds had been ridden clean off the line, Mr. Meynell Ingram murmured that "all went well till white-headed Bob"—a familiar sobriquet for that fine horseman, Captain Tempest—"sat down to race the leading hound."

When it has been mentioned that the country is seamed with innumerable lanes into which it is often difficult to jump, and out of which it is not seldom impossible to do so; when attention has been drawn to the fact, unluckily too true, that there are hardly any landowners or farmers who come out with the hounds, in this year of grace 1901, nothing is left to be urged against one of the most charming districts possible. A captious critic, indeed, might complain that there are too many foxes. Yet, what says Beckford, when his correspondent cavilled at this same thing? "Believe me, it is a good fault. I should as soon have expected to have heard your old acquaintance, Jack R., complain of having too much money." But foxes could never have been quite

as numerous in Beckford's time as they have been in this country for the last three seasons. "However, it is not without a remedy," he continues; "hunt the same covers constantly, and you will soon disperse them. If your pack be strong enough, divide it; hunt every day, and you will catch many tired foxes."

To return, however, to the geography of the Meynell Hunt, it may be interesting to mention that the hill country near Duffield, which is described as having been lent to Mr. Chandos-Pole, and as having not been hunted for many years, was what was once known as the Donington country, and which included all the Derbyshire part of the South Notts country. It is most difficult to find out when it was hunted by Mr. Meynell, or when abandoned. In the *Annals of Sporting*, 1826, occur these words:—

> On Thursday, January 5th, these hounds (Mr. Meynell's) met at Coxbench, and, after a very excellent run of one hour and a few minutes, killed their fox handsomely.

Mr. Sitwell, of Stainsby, writes on April 31st, 1901:—

> I know that our country was originally hunted by Mr. Meynell, of Hoar Cross, but it is not within my recollection, and I am seventy-five. My earliest recollection is when the Marquis of Hastings hunted the country about sixty years ago, or thereabouts; but I believe previous to that the country was hunted for a time by the celebrated Jack Musters. On the death of the Marquis of Hastings, the Donington Hunt was formed—Sir Seymour Blain and Mr. Story of Lockington being joint masters. After this there was an interregnum, when the country was taken up by the late Mr. Musters, who hunted it up to the cattle plague year (1865–66), when, in consequence of the objections raised by the farmers to the hunting, he gave it up. I never heard of a run from Hayes Wood into Leicestershire, but believe there were several from Horsley Car to Atlow, which must have been in Mr. Meynell's days.

In looking over the old meeting-places of Mr. Meynell's Hunt from the years 1823–1831, Little Eaton Toll Bar, Duffield Bridge, Morley Turnpike, Shipley, Chaddesden, Stainsby, Horsley Park, and Coxbench frequently occur.

When Mr. Musters gave up in the above-mentioned year, most of the foxes were destroyed, and this part of

the world was not enlivened with the sound of hound and horn till about the year 1878, when Mr. P. H. Cooper and Mr. Rolleston were Masters of the South Notts. They had a bye-day one Saturday in Horsley Car, and found a fox, which they ran over Breadsall Moor and lost at Smalley. After that, owing to Mr. Sitwell, of Stainsby, and the exertions of the Masters of the South Notts, ably backed by the Messrs. Feilden, of Horsley, the coverts were re-stocked with foxes, and the country has been regularly hunted ever since. Will those who once saw him ever forget Mr. Robert Feilden's famous horse, the Robber? He was a great, plain, bay horse, with a flail-like tail, which he carried very high, and was a rare fencer and an astonishingly stout horse, as may be gathered from the fact that he always did two days a week except when he did three. Mr. Feilden had an instinctive notion of the run of a fox, besides knowing every gate and gap. It was amusing to see him followed by a gang of timid riders, and to note their dismay, when, at length, the old horse lobbed over the inevitable boundary fence, and left them pounded and flabbergasted, as in Leech's famous picture of the squire's second horseman.

But this refers to comparatively modern times, in the seventies, and it is necessary to put the clock back some fifty years, to the time when Mr. Hugo Charles Meynell, in 1816, with twenty-eight and a half couples of hounds, kenneled at Hoar Cross, took the field with Thomas Leedham the first as huntsman, and his son Joe as whipper-in, and, apparently, but a short stud to carry them. Tradition has it that Mr. Meynell started with a pack of foot-beagles, and that Tom Leedham, being then in the stables, became his right-hand man in everything connected with the hounds. Later on the beagles developed into harriers, their followers were mounted, and Leedham, having been advanced to coachman, now added to that the *rôle* of huntsman, and so by degrees was evolved the Hoar Cross Hunt of 1816. The squire, though a great hounds-man, was not addicted to hard riding; but it must have

been from lack of inclination more than from want of determination, for a more determined-looking man never lived. He had a trick of catching hold of the cantle of his saddle when jumping a fence. His brother, the admiral, a tall man, like his elder brother, and a remarkably handsome one to boot, was equally devoted to hunting. He spent the winter at Hoar Cross, and the village people say that, on his arrival, his first visit was to the coalyard, and, if there were not seventy tons of coal in it, off he would go again, exclaiming, "Do they want to freeze us to death?"

The Leedhams were always an outspoken race, and between old Tom the first and the squire there seemed to be the sort of feeling which so often exists between the faithful old family servant and the young master, whom he has taught to ride and so on, and cannot help looking upon as a boy. Thus, old men say that once, when the squire went poking at a fence, till his horse stopped, old Tom roared out that he would spoil every horse in the stable. Next morning Mr. Meynell said, "You shall ride this horse to-day, Tom;" and the latter replied, "I'll ride the devil." And ride him he did, waking him up with such refreshers down the shoulder at the first few fences as fairly astonished him, and he jumped as he had never done before.

There are so few alive now, who know aught of those old days, that recourse must be had to what scanty chronicles there are. The "Druid," in his rambles, tells us how he unearthed old Tom Wingfield, somewhere between Ashbourne and Kedleston, and how the veteran, still hale and hearty at eighty-four, late in the fifties, told him how "he quite remembered the Meynell family keeping harriers and following them with poles." He had heard, too, of the Bradley Wood fox, in the first Mr. Hugo Meynell's time, and with this one he expressed the very deepest sympathy. "It was his wont to break instantly at the end of the wood, towards Ashburne, and they as regularly lost him at the end of a mile. At last they discovered that he

ran the top of a hedge, and Mr. Meynell had five couples of hounds posted at that point. He accordingly went away the next time straight for the Peak of Derbyshire, and was lost near Hopton. Mr. Meynell had gone home early, and, as Raven brought the hounds back to the kennel about four o'clock, he opened his dressing-room window, and ordered him to throw them into Bradley Wood once more, as he had just seen the hunted fox steal back." As to "the country people's story about a fox crossing the road before the hearse, as they brought him from London," he didn't believe a word of it. But this he did know, that "Mr. Meynell never killed a fox unhandsome, only that once."

In his second ramble the "Druid" again brings us a step nearer our own time. Discoursing pleasantly as he always does, in his inimitable style, of Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds, grandson of the Mr. Meynell mentioned above, "Mr. Heron," he tells us, "was always very fond of Mr. Meynell's hounds, and it was through him that Mr. Meynell Ingram got a good deal of his grandfather's blood" (of which Lord Vernon had so much at Sudbury) "back to Hoar Cross. . . . When he succeeded to the Hoar Cross country, with old Leedham as huntsman, Fallacy of the Cheshire Bluecap and Nelly of the Meynell Stormer blood were given to him by Mr. Heron, but both of them were so ill with distemper that they were hardly fit to bring. He lost Fallacy out cub-hunting on Needwood Forest Banks; and she went home again, and entered so well, that Mr. Heron felt it much more of a duty than a pleasure to write and inform his friend of her return. Nathan,* who had become a very popular stallion, was by Pytchley Abelard from Nelly, one of whose daughters, Nightshade, had a great litter by Belvoir Rasselas, which produced three good stallion hounds, Rummager, Reveller, and Roman, all black tan. Reveller was a very clever hound, but unfortunately got poisoned, and Mr. Meynell

* The "Druid" makes a slight mistake here. Nathan was by Bertram, who was by Pytchley Abelard.

Ingram bred a good deal from Roman, whose best daughter was Hyacinth. But we must not forget old Agnes by the Hoar Cross Abelard from Ringlet by Belvoir Governor. She is fourteen years old, and, as her Alaric and Adeline are right able proxies, she wanders about like a fat Mrs. Armitage of the kennel, along with Hostile by Sir Watkin's Admiral, who was making most peaceful overtures to the haymakers for a share of their supper when we caught sight of the pair. Agnes had well earned her ease, as she never did wrong, and would pick out the scent at four cross roads, when nothing else could do anything, and even when she was eleven and quite deaf, she could hunt the line by herself."

A lucky chance brought the author into contact with James Gamble, who had been for thirty-six years in the stables and kennels at Hoar Cross, and who was able to remember old Tom Leedham the first as a very old man, coming out hunting on a grey pony. He described him as "a very rude man," and very possibly he was so to a small boy of twelve years old. "Joe Leedham was a fine horseman, and his brothers, Jack and Tom, whipped in to him. They had three horses apiece, and Joe's favourites were Wimbush and Morrison. Then, later on, there was Vanguard, a great, upstanding chestnut, with a blaze face. Tom rode him. The young squire was very fond of Aaron, bred at Willowbridge, and Alderman; but there was nothing better than the bay blood horse, Doncaster. The young squire rode him at the Sudbury Park palings, coming from Mackley. The gates were all locked in those days. He, with Mr. John Mynors of Eaton Wood, charged them all abreast, and carried the panel clean away. Why, no horse could have cleared them. At last Doncaster went a roarer, and Charles rode him in the first part of the great run in '68. But Jack Leedham was the best horseman of the lot, whatever he rode had to go somewhere, either over or through. He used to ride Mr. Michael Bass's new horses a lot, just to find out what they were like. Yes, Mr. Bass had a standing bet of half a

sovereign that, whenever they found in Blithfield Gorse, Jack would be first man over the brook. Then he fell ill, poor fellow, and the young squire took him to Scotland to see if the change would do him any good. They were like that, the Meynells, always kind and thoughtful to those about them ; a rare house it was, too—never was a better. Why, not even a dog could come there but he must have clean straw, and bite and sup. But the change never did Jack no good, and he had to give up hunting and turn bailiff. Fred Cottrell, who was in the stables, took his place. Whose place did Charles take? Why, young Tom's, his eldest brother's. Poor fellow, I remember, we went to Kedleston with the hounds, and Tom had to come home from hunting, he was that sick and bad. I used to drive over from Hoar Cross with the luggage and clothing to Kedleston inn, and I drove the poor lad home again to Hoar Cross, and they were going to operate on him, but whether they did or no I don't remember. But anyhow he died, and he only nineteen, poor lad. And then Charles came from Lord Southampton. What was his favourite horse? Oh, a four-year old, Daddy Longlegs. They bred him. He'd jump anything. Tom and the young squire both rode him afterwards. He had a very easy, careless sort of seat, the young squire. Would ride along, paying no attention much to his horse, with his reins all jingling, jangling. That was how he had his accident. I don't know if he was throwed or not, but he starts out from Kedleston inn, and the horse was mad fresh. Then, just as we'd got our meal ready, back he comes and walks into the room, with his face white as death, and he says, 'Don't disturb yourselves,'—he was always pleasant-like—'but I'm badly hurt.' And so he was, for he never came out again. He went shooting in the Birchwood once after that. Ah, I recollect once how pleased the old squire was when they broke up a fox just outside the Hall door, and he came hobbling out in his white cord trousers to see it. Do I remember the hounds? Of course I do. I was in the kennels almost as much as

the stables. There was Adamant. He was Tom's favourite"—this dog is twin brother to the famous Agnes, mentioned by the "Druid." "Then there was Nigel, a big, strong dog, roundheaded-like; he was the only one that could carry the scent across Kedleston Park one evening in the spring, and they killed their fox at Allestree at six o'clock, and came on home to Hoar Cross. I remember it well."

CHAPTER III.

MEYNELL WORTHIES.

SONGS OF THE CHACE.

I.

This morning at work, sowing out of my hopper,
Troth, who should come by but Dick the earth-stopper!
"Now, hark ye," says he, "I think these be hounds,
'Ods bobs, they be Meynell's; I hear his word 'Zounds!'"

Chorus—With my Ballinamonarna,
The hounds of Quarndon for me.

II.

"If we head him he'll damn us. A view? Tally-ho!
Whilst the hounds ring the scent from the valley below;
All carrying a head, sir, like pigeons in flight,
And beating the red coats a'most out of sight."

III.

From Billesdon they come and to Enderby go,
Then, let us observe who rides over them now.
And I think, my dear squire, you may cease your alarm,
For, by Gosh, there's no rider could do them much harm.

IV.

The first in the burst, see yonder, comes Maynard,
Taking all in his stroke, yet obliged to strain hard;
And next him on Marquis, there's dashing Charles Wyndham,
At a mortal great stride, leaving hundreds behind him.

v.

See, funking his soul out, Sir Featherstonhaugh,
Tho' thin as a thread and as light as a straw;
And, screwing behind him, there's Fitz-Herbert Dick,
His horse half-done-up, looking sharp for a nick.

VI.

Next, Dick Knight and Smith Assheton we spy in the van
Riding hard as two furies at Catch-who-catch-can.
"Now, Egmont," says Assheton, "Now, Contract," says Dick,
"By George, then these Quornites shall now see the trick."

VII.

Look, smack at a yawner rides Winchelsea's peer,
So sure to be thrown upon Pyramid's ear.
And at the same place jumps Charles Smith Loraine;
"He's off." "No, he's not." "He hangs by the mane."

VIII.

There's Villiers, Bligh Forester, Cholmondley and all,
Get stopped by Loraine, and in they all fall,
And Steady Morant, that red-headed bitch,
With Glyn, Peyton, and Foley, are left in the ditch.

IX.

Then, see the Prince Orleans, whose *á la* distance,
Soon without his thick head which is freedom in France.
Alas! long before they reached Enderby Hill,
Monsieur blew his 'orse to a von-total-stand-still.

X.

Now, sobbing on Monarch, comes jolly Tom Blower,
Spurred from shoulder to flank, going slower and slower.
"Your servant, Great Prince, dead beat, lost a shoe,
Thank God, I'm not last, see, see, *parlez-vous.*"

XI.

Next, half up the hill stops heavy Debrew,
His horse taking root and himself in a stew;
And further behind still, stops Whitbread, the brewer
Who, lost from the first, has made the Grand Tour.

XII.

Tom Grosvenor and Bob now most desperately flag,
And Somerset Charles on his new staring nag,
Which tho' he's so done that a foot he can't wag,
Yet of him to-morrow Lord Charlie will brag.

XIII.

Next, vaulting Tom Graham, on a horse-taking whim,
Is plunging and prancing like the George at an Inn,
Comes spark through the hedge with a thundering crush,
And leaves half his brogues and shirt on the bush.

XIV.

See next, with a star on, there's Bassedon Gordon,
Who wears on his shoulder a fine, flaming cordon;
And, raving against him, behold Master Stair,
Why, old Nicky himself never saw such a pair.

XV.

Then, whence those three goose-drivers all in a row,
Who are leading their nags on ten furlongs below,
'Tis Cranberry, George, and St. le Heage, from Grantham,
Who always get dosed to a *sufficit quantum*.

XVI.

Then, far in the rear, observe Savile forlorn,
All legs, laps, and lappets, brisk, sobbing on roan;
How he sticks in the mud, whilst Rutland's great Duke
With Brummel the Beau are in Sysonby brook.

XVII.

Next a tickle-heel sportsman, called Heynife the Black,
We descry in the Vale, half a mile from the pack;
And further behind him see Heyrick the White,
A sportsman by system who never rides right.

XVIII.

The last in the cluster see Worcester and Muster;
Now Wors-ter sets Muster, and Muster sets Wors-ter,
Now Muster seems burst, sir, and Wors-ter gets first, sir,
Such fumblers as these are not worth a crust, sir.

XIX.

But Bob Lee, where's he, with wond-fisted Cox?
They'll tell you they stopped, having viewed the run fox.
Now with, "'Ware poison, 'Ware poison," hear Conyers Jack,
Both rating and whooping to stop the staunch pack.

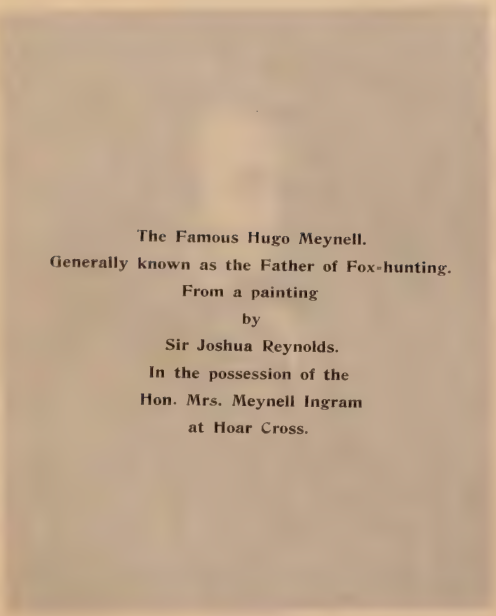
(*Tune changes to* "Duke of York's March.")

XX.

Now, cheering all Nature, Squire Meynell we spy,
And thrilling each heart with his "Hark to the cry."
Look how he caps them on; hear how he screams,
And makes the whole world glow in raptures extreme.

Chorus—See, see, them all spread.
Lord! what a noble head!
Tally-ho! the hounds in full view. Tally ho!
Now, how the scent they drive,
No horses can with them live.
Hark away! hark away! they to Enderby go.
Then as we trudge home we pass Master Swaddle,
Whipping Pastime before him and carrying the saddle.
"Good people," says he, "I'm afraid she will die,
Tho' I've bled her myself in her mouth and her thigh."
"Now, let's to the alehouse," says Dick, "for a while,
And drink our old Master in cups of the mild.
And as we sit boozing it over the fire,
Toast happiness, health, and good sport to the squire."

These doggerel verses, though possessing no poetical merit whatever, are of interest as preserving for us the names and peculiarities of the leading men with Mr. Meynell's hounds. The greatest, the oldest, and most famous of these must, of course, be Hugo Meynell the First, the Father of Fox-hunting. When we say "the First," we mean from a hunting point of view, for doubtless there were many previous Hugo's; in fact, Baron de Grente Mesnil, the bosom friend of the Conqueror, from whom he was descended, was Hugh or Hugo. The Hugo the First with whom, however, we are concerned, was born in 1735, at Bradley Hall, near Ashbourne, which had been purchased in 1655, from Sir



The Famous Hugo Meynell.
Generally known as the Father of Fox-hunting.
From a painting
by
Sir Joshua Reynolds.
In the possession of the
Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram
at Hoar Cross.

Andrew Kniveton, by Alderman Francis Meynell. In 1753, being only eighteen years of age, he bought Lord Ferrers' hounds, and commenced his career as M.F.H. at Langton Hall, on the borders of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire. Mr. Boothby, "Prince" Boothby, as he was called, lived with him, and he, with Lord R. Cavendish, contributed towards the expenses of hunting the country. For forty-seven years was Mr. Meynell staunch to his first love. It was only natural that such devotion should have great results. The outcome of it is the modern system of foxhunting. This he achieved by hunting later in the day than his predecessors, so that his fox was fit to run through having by that time digested his supper. To meet this advantage to the fox, he paid such attention to breeding hounds for nose, stoutness, and speed, and was so successful in the attempt, that his pack became the fountain-head from which flowed the best blood in every kennel. He paid the greatest attention to feeding and conditioning, always attending to the former personally, and was very careful about walks for his puppies. Hard riding was not in his line, and it is said that the modern style of crossing a country introduced by the Flying Childe of Kinlet, by no means met with his approval. Yet he gave a lot of money for his horses, and contrived, as a rule, to be with hounds, being as anxious to secure a good start as any thruster of to-day at Ranksboro' Gorse.

They tell a story of a wonderful run, from somewhere in what was once known as the Donington country, ending with a kill on Leicester racecourse, and of how, towards the end, a Leedham, who was riding the second horse, parallel with an impervious bullfinch, remarked to his companion, "We shan't see the old squire again!" When the Master's voice from the other side of the bullfinch exclaimed sarcastically, "Won't you, though?"

Everybody has written of his teacupful of veal for breakfast; of the tincture of rhubarb in his flask; of his

giving Farmer Jack a quarter of an hour's law before throwing off; and of his recognizing Concord's voice when that hound gave tongue in a small gorse, after Lord Sefton had taken over the hounds. These are the only anecdotes which have been preserved of a man about whom there must have been a hundred better ones to tell. He was the first to establish order and discipline in the hunting-field, though before his day it is doubtful if any was necessary.

> "Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught foxhounds to scurry,
> With music in plenty, oh, where was the hurry?"

There was probably not much emulation in riding in the times "when each nag wore a crupper, each squire a pigtail," and rode his snaffle-bridled horse over timber at a stand, or led over, as the case might be, and a neighbouring squire, the parson, the doctor, and a farmer or two watched with intelligent interest the doings of

> "Invincible Tom and invincible Towler,
> Invincible Jack and invincible Jowler,"

as they went towling along, never off the line of their fox, throwing their tongues like very bloodhounds, and, in all probability, killing him in the end if he kept above ground and daylight lasted. Very good fun it must have been, too, but Mr. Childe, above mentioned, Lords Villiers, Forester, Cholmondeley, Foley, Sir Henry Peyton, Sir Stephen Glynne, Messrs. Loraine Smith, Ralph Lambton, John Lockley, George Germaine, John Hawkes, and the like, altered all that, and laid a burden grievous to be borne on the shoulders of M.F.H.'s yet to be. They, in their turn, might take a lesson from the Arch-Master of their craft, who kept his field in order more by his good-humoured pleasantry than by the assumption or exercise of any authority over others. When two young and dashing riders had headed the hounds, he remarked, "The hounds were following the gentlemen, who had very kindly gone forward to see what the fox was about." Or

again, "The fox came out of the gorse close to my horse's heels, then came Cecil Forester, then my hounds!"

The diary of Thomas Jones, who was his first whipper-in, in 1790 and subsequent years, was printed and published. Though it is now extremely rare, there are at least two copies in this country, one at Norbury and the other at Byrkley. The following extracts, which deal with days in the Meynell country, are interesting as being the first printed records of fox-hunting within its boundaries :—

August 28th, 1791.—Bradley Plantations. Two brace. Found in Shirley Park; ran hard at times, and killed at Mayfield. One hour and twenty-three minutes.

September 13th, 1794.—Met in the Plantation. Found, and ran awhile there, and killed. Went away with another, running by Ashbourne to near Mappleton, and killed.

October 10th, 1795.—Met at the Plantation. Found, ran about there for awhile and went to ground. Then found in the bog, ran very hard for twenty-five minutes and killed in the gravel pit. Then found in Shirley Park, came away to the plantations and killed; about one hour and a half.

October 18th, 1798.—Met at Bradley Kennel. Tried Thornley's Gorse, did no good. Found two or three foxes in Gerard's Gorse; ran there twenty minutes, and killed. Then found in the Plantations, came along by Corley, by the Ridges, by Gamble's and Hough's, near to Atlow, back by the Lime-kilns to the Plantations, and went to ground. Horses we rode—The Shark; Chestnut horse; Dixon. Week's hunting and a hill run.

This is all in the diary which concerns this country.

Mr. Meynell married first, in 1754, Anne, daughter of Mr. John Gell, of Hopton, by whom he had one son, Godfrey, who died in infancy, while the mother also died in 1757. In 1758, he married again, his choice falling on Miss Boothby Scrimshire, the sister of his friend, Prince Boothby. By her he had two sons, Hugo, born in 1759, and Charles, born in 1768, who won the first steeplechase run in Leicestershire—eight miles from Barkby Holt to the Coplow and back again—and who subsequently became Master of The Royal Tennis Court. Hugo married Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, Viscount Irwin, through whom his son eventually succeeded to the Temple Newsam estates in Yorkshire. He himself died in

1800, from a fall from his horse, predeceasing his father, who lived till 1808.

The following is a description by Nimrod of the personal appearance of the great Father of Fox-hunting. He used these words: "Although forty-one years ago, I have a good recollection of his face, and still better of his person; his grey locks more than peeping from under his black cap, and his keen, ay, piercing eye. I remember, also, that he sat rather on one side of his saddle, as if he had one stirrup shorter than the other, and was without spurs, but kept kicking his horse's sides with his heels, not at all afraid of going the pace over all kinds of ground. His appearance was extremely sportsmanlike."

If the grandfather began his career as a master of hounds at eighteen, the grandson was not slow in following his example, for he could not have been more than eighteen when he started his harriers, though he was thirty-three when he became Master of the Hoar Cross Hunt. Who were the men who came hunting with him to compare the good qualities of "those three famous bitches from Mr. Heron—Fallacy by General, and Nelly and another of the Meynell (Quorn) Stormer blood: of Nathan by Mr. Meynell's Bertram out of his Nelly, which was descended in a direct line from Stormer and the Quorn blood on both sides? This Bertram was by Lord Althorp's Abelard (Mr. Warde's famous Charon sort) out of Mr. Meynell's Bridesmaid—the grand-dam of which bitch was given to him by Jack Raven, huntsman to his grandfather. She was got by Ranter—out of Bonnybell, a favourite bitch of the latter's, which the huntsman used to swear by."

The men? Well, of course, there was a Chandos-Pole or two; Sir Henry Every, a bold man on a good horse, with Mr. Frank Wilmot always ready to sell him one of the right sort; Mr. R. Peel from Burton End; Captain Drury from Hilton, a hard rider; the Rev. G. Leigh, desperately fond of hunting, and a hard rider in the same sense as Mr. Jorrocks of immortal memory; the Rev. F. W. Spilsbury from Willington, before mentioned; two

Messrs. Holdens, the squire of Aston, and the rector; and the Rev. H. Vevers of Cubley, who had a hump on his back, and rode well. People said the hump broke his fall, so he had not so much cause for fear as the others. The celebrated actor, Mr. Young, too, used often to stay at Hoar Cross and have a day with the hounds. No one went much better than the Rev. German Buckston of Sutton. He it was who dropped his watch in the Egginton meadows in the great run from Eaton Woods to Horsley Car, eighteen miles as the crow flies, and at least twenty-five miles as hounds ran. A good story is told of his engaging a keeper who was a noted vulpecide. Naturally, all his friends lost no time in telling him what a mistake he had made. "Have I?" he said. "Well, he will kill no foxes of any one else's now, that is quite certain; and he knows that he will leave here the first time my coverts are drawn blank." To prevent this disagreeable contingency, the keeper used to bag a fox by means of a terrier and a sack from a small earth which he knew of, and place a man with the fox in a bag in a fir tree in one of the coverts. When the hounds came, he used to shake the fox out of the bag, when, the boughs breaking his fall, the latter used to arrive safely on the ground. In the end, Old Tom Leedham smelt a rat, and called out one day, with a grin, "Another of your bag ones, Tommy?"

There was no more ardent fox-hunter of the old school than the Rev. Charles Landor of Colton, brother to Walter Savage Landor, the poet, who was himself once with a tutor at Ashbourne. Mr. Charles Landor came of a good old Warwickshire family, and was a great friend of Mr. Meynell's. He used always to stay with the Rev. F. W. Spilsbury at Willington for the Derby week, where Sir William FitzHerbert also came to live in 1838, thus making the third in a very sporting trio, who combined an ardent love of the chase with considerable intellectual abilities. Mr. Landor was very fond of telling an anecdote about how he and his father used to occupy the family

pew after a substantial Sunday early dinner, and of how they used both of them to go to sleep. If the son woke up first, it was all right; but if the father found the son asleep, he would rouse him with a hearty shake, accusing him roundly of having no sense of religion, and predicting all manner of evils, and the certainty of a bad end, if he persisted in such reprehensible conduct. Mr. Landor was hunting when Joe Leedham carried the horn, and towards the end of the latter's time things were in a poor way. He was all for "Eleu boick" at the first check, and Mr. Landor used to mutter, "Confound that 'Eleu boick.' It's all up now."

The Rev. F. W. Spilsbury was another of the right sort, and a brilliant horseman, riding very straight, and always preferring to go fast at his fences to have a "smack at the lot," as Mr. George Tyrwhitt Drake once said, as he and Mr. Hatfield Harter were coming to a great tangled boundary fence with no very clearly defined taking off place and every likelihood of a ravine on the far side. Mr. Spilsbury sowed the acorns, from which sprang the oaks in the plantations which bear his name, in 1824. He brought up his son to tread in his own footsteps, and the latter clearly remembers a wonderful run from Repton shrubs nearly to Leicester, when his father did not get home till they were all in bed.

The Rev. George Inge was another of the followers of Mr. Meynell's hounds in those early days, being a splendid example of the "Squarson of the old school." The *Morning Post* had the following notice of him when he died, in December, 1881:—

A typical country gentleman of the old school, the Rev. George Inge, of Thorpe, has recently passed away at the ripe age of eighty-one. Those who have frequented the sale-yard at Tattersall's at any time during the last half-century, cannot fail to remember the genial face, the dignified mien, and old-fashioned garb of the subject of this notice, who was one of the best judges of horseflesh in England. At all Midland gatherings, and especially at the meets of the Meynell and Atherstone packs, the appearance of the squire parson of Thorpe was as much a matter of course as that of the M.F.H. himself. I leave others to speak of him as the kindly parish priest, the good landlord, the sound man of business, a friend of the poor, and confine this notice to

a few reminiscences of Mr. Inge as a sportsman, a task for which many years of intimate acquaintance has qualified me. For his early friends and the scenes of his youth we must recur to the days of Osbaldeston, and other celebrated masters of the Atherstone hounds, to Sir Francis Lawley, Shawe of Maple Hayes, and suchlike Staffordshire worthies and noted sportsmen.

Quite at the beginning of the century Lord Vernon hunted what is now the Meynell country, together with the present Atherstone country, minus the Rugby side. At the age of five, the subject of this memoir made his *début* in the hunting-field, being carried on a pony in front of a groom, and concealed near the earths in Thorpe Gorse, to get a view of the fox, as soon as he should be afoot. From that date up to the season of 1881, the old familiar figure has been seen at the Atherstone meets, having hunted with sixteen successive masters of that pack. This list includes, besides those above alluded to, such noted names as Lord Anson, Applewhaite, Anstruther, Thomson, and others.

Mr. Inge's sporting recollections went back as far as his undergraduate experiences at Christ Church. One of these was in company with George Osborne, afterwards Duke of Leeds. The two friends drove a tandem to Bicester, and arrived at the meet just in time to see a fox found in a half-acre spinny, bearing the name of Goddington cow-pastures, and they ran him to Tingewick wood. Their instructions had been to follow Wingfield, the huntsman, late first whip to Osbaldeston, with the Atherstone. Riding a hard puller from one of the Oxford stables, young Inge missed his pilot down a ride, and came to a stake-bound fence that bounded the wood. The puller landed him over it, but he lost his seat, and recovered it only just in time to follow Sir Henry Peyton over the next fence. At the first check he was one of the three who were "in it" and (he always added) "neither my pilot nor Sir Henry, who had chaffed me for my narrow escape from a fall, were among that number." At the end of an hour the hounds ran close into the town of Buckingham, and came to a check in some suburban gardens. At this point Jimmy Jones, lately a fellow-student at Westminster, now become a parson, appeared suddenly on the scene, and dismounting, helped five hounds bodily over the garden wall. Shortly afterwards, the two couple and a half ran into the fox handsomely in the open by one of the Stowe lodges. Soon after leaving college, our friend's health gave way, and he was ordered to winter at Madeira. Eight of his Oxford chums gave him a farewell dinner—"they are all dead and gone now," he used to say, with a shake of his head—but at the last moment the sentence of expatriation was commuted to a sojourn at Torquay, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Inge never went beyond the four seas up to the day of his death.

* * * * * * *

It was not until the year 1870 that he succeeded his elder brother, Colonel William Inge, in the Thorpe and other family estates. Thenceforward his ample fortune enabled him to follow his favourite pursuit to his heart's content. The present writer has seen him ride well to hounds during the last five years. His parish duties were always light, for at the census of 1871, the population of Thorpe numbered fewer than fifty persons, thirty of whom were servants at the hall. The warden of All Souls, of which college Mr. Inge was a fellow up to the time of his resignation, about a year ago, when on a visit to his old friend, commented on the small size of the church. "Yes, it is three feet shorter than the dining-room," was the reply. "Ay," remarked the curate, "and the *living* not half so good!"

Mr. Inge continued to enjoy life and his quiet country pursuits up to within a few weeks of his death, which event took place in the beginning of August.

Like the Shunamite, he lived and died "among his own people," and has left a name beloved and revered, the memory of which will long survive in the neighbourhood.

Two other early subscribers to the Hoar Cross Hounds were Sir Robert Gresley of Drakelowe, a very forward rider, and Mr. Smith of Elmhurst, near Lichfield, the father of Mr. C. W. Jervis Smith, of Brocksford Hall.

CHAPTER IV.

NEEDWOOD FOREST—MICHAEL TURNOR—MALABAR.

THE OLD BROWN FOREST.

I.

Brown Forest of Mara! whose bounds were of yore,
From Killsborrow's Castle outstretched to the shore,
Our fields and our hamlets afforested then,
That thy beasts might have covert—unhoused were our men.

II.

Our king the first William, Hugh Lupus our Earl,
Then poaching, I ween, was no sport for a churl;
A noose for his neck who a snare should contrive,
Who skinn'd a dead buck was himself flay'd alive.

III.

Our Normandy nobles right dearly, I trow,
They loved in the forest to bend the yew bow;
They wound their "recheat" and their "mort" on the horn,
And they laughed the rude chase of the Saxon to scorn.

IV.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds, to seize
Waif, pannage, agistment and windfallen trees,
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispers'd,
Bow-bearer in chief to Earl Randle the first.

V.

This horn the Grand Forester wore at his side,
Whene'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride;
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

VI.

Oh! then the proud falcon, unloos'd from the glove,
Like her master below, play'd the tyrant above;
While faintly, more faintly, were heard in the sky,
The silver-ton'd bells as she darted on high.

VII.

Then rous'd from sweet slumber, the ladie high born,
Her palfrey would mount at the sound of the horn;
Her palfrey uptoss'd his rich trappings in air,
And neigh'd with delight such a burden to bear.

VIII.

Vers'd in all woodcraft and proud of her skill,
Her charms in the forest seem'd lovelier still;
The abbot rode forth from the abbey so fair,
Nor lov'd the sport less when a bright eye was there.

So sings Mr. Egerton Warburton, favoured of Diana and the Muses, and his spirited verse applies equally to our own Needwood Forest. To those who have waged the mimic war of the chase over its diverse and undulating surface some account of its history cannot fail to be of interest. It was a part of the ancient Duchy of Lancaster, and, as such, was attached to the Crown. It was twenty-four miles round, and stretched from Tutbury to Abbott's Bromley in one direction, and from Marchington to Barton-under-Needwood in another, and it contained eight thousand acres. Local tradition gives it a yet wider range, as far as Chartley, in fact, and Cannock Chace. Anyhow, it held forty thousand head of deer, which must have required more than eight thousand acres to support them. The greater part of it consisted of turf, "the best," says an old writer, "that ever I saw for riding and hunting on." And so is what is left of it to-day, to judge from Bagot's Park. Possibly the surface was less hillocky then than now, but it could not have carried a better scent. What fun that old Venison Oak, on which they used to hang the deer for gralloching purposes, in

front of Turnor's Lodge, must have seen in the fifteen hundred years during which it has stood there, and what changes! Gone are the severe forest laws; gone the exclusive rights of chase, and with them too have vanished ranger and axe-bearer, bloodhound, highwayman, and deerstealer alike. Only the oaks and the hollies remain, and where will you see them in greater perfection? Take, for instance, the Swilcar Oak, between Woodroffe's Cliff and Marchington Cliff, which girths twenty-one feet four inches at a height of six feet from the ground; the Raven's Oak near Yoxall, which served as a guide-post for travellers; or the noble one in Bagot's Park, called the Beggar's Oak, under whose spreading branches a troop of cavalry has been drawn up. If trees have feelings, or if, as the Arcadian Myths would have us believe, each has its Dryad, how these must have mourned when a prosaic Act of Parliament, which took effect on Christmas Day, 1802, "divided, allotted, and enclosed the forest;" when the axe and the mattock felled the tree and grubbed the thicket, and the deer, which escaped the peasant's gun, took refuge in the neighbouring woods, where some of their descendants still remain to baffle hounds and help the fox to this day. Lord Vernon, who was ranger, disapproved strongly of the measure, telling Mr. Michael Turnor, his deputy ranger, that "the poor need wood," and that is the derivation of the name. Certain people, it is true, had rights of pasturage, and wood for fuel and other purposes, which led to serious disputes, and compensation was made for them when they were taken away. The Forest Banks, however, were untouched, and retain all their ancient beauty, as does Bagot's Park. In the Banks there is a dingle, known as Bartram's to this day, where one, Bartram, a fugitive from the law, built a hut, and remained hidden for years. But perhaps the most picturesque figure of the time was Michael Turnor, of whom numerous stories are told. He is described in his latter years as "an old man of gentle manners, with his white hair parted across his brow." They come of a good

old stock, these Turnors, and have held office in and about the forest for generations, Henry, son of Michael, who came there from Hollybush with the bloodhounds, living at Turnor's Lodge, Bagot's Park, as steward to Lord Bagot till a few years ago. But if old Michael Turnor had gentle manners, as became his birth, his manner could be firm enough, as is proved by the way he took the deer-stealer. This man actually covered him with his gun, and set his authority at naught. But Turnor bade his attendant bring his gun to bear on the culprit, charging him, "Don't shoot unless he shoots me; but, if he fires at me, do you shoot him dead." Then, dismounting from his famous old shooting-mare, Nan, he walked resolutely up to the poacher. The latter surrendered, but, at the time of the trial, showed cause why his captor should intercede for him. It seems that this man and his brother had been watching a buck for an hour to get a shot at him. At the end of that time Turnor came by, and away went the buck. The brother was so angry that he wanted to shoot the man who had spoilt his shot, and was with difficulty persuaded from his purpose. *A propos* of the bloodhounds, a good story is told of how they were hunting some deer-stealers, and how they came to a check at some cottages by three cross roads—possibly the Robin Hood at the top of Marchington Cliff. When their attendants came up to them they found the hounds sneezing and whining, with their heads up, nor could they be induced to try for the scent. At last it was discovered that the road had been freely sprinkled with black pepper, which effectually foiled the line, so that the deerstealers escaped.

Probably it is not every one who sits on his horse, watching hounds draw Ash Bank, that knows that a cottage hard by is the famous Venison Hall, the scene of an amusing incident and a tragedy, and the home of Malabar, king of the deerslayers. The amusing incident is this. Looking out of his window one morning, he saw a fine buck grazing. He promptly lathered his face, and shaved off half the week's growth from his stubbly chin.

Then he shot the buck through the window, and went out to bring it in. Just at that moment up galloped one of the keepers or, possibly, Michael Turnor himself. "Who fired that shot?" he asked sharply. "Didn't you meet anybody?" "Well, I heard the gun as I was shaving," was the answer, "and ran out to see; but the rascal must have gone." Such was Malabar's zeal in trying to find the offender, that he was given some of the venison for his pains. "But it was a near shave," he said afterwards; "in another minute I should have had the buck on my back."

The other story is a horrible one. The man who lived in the cottage, whether Malabar or not is uncertain, had just finished dressing a buck which he had killed, and the huge oven at the back of the house was ready heated for baking pasties. The door of the oven was in the house. It is turned into a window now, and the oven itself is pulled down. Hearing a bloodhound coming, and knowing that he must be caught red-handed, the man snatched up a smockfrock, and, opening the cottage door, awaited the hound's coming. No sooner was the latter inside than the door was slammed to, the dog was enveloped in the smockfrock, and pushed bodily into the oven, where the flames and smoke soon ended the poor brute's sufferings. When the keepers came up they asked the man, who was standing at the door of his cottage, whether he had seen the dog. "He came baying by here ten minutes ago," he said, "but I have not heard him since." No suspicion fell on him, and he lived to tell the story afterwards.

The Turnors had all been Jacobites to the backbone, drinking right heartily to the king, over a bowl of water under the rose; but by Michael's time any chance the Stuarts had ever had was hopelessly gone, and he was well content to serve the powers that be in the persons of George III. and George IV. *À propos* of the latter there is rather a good anecdote. His Majesty's ranger was a crack shot; in fact, it is said that he never missed a deer. One day a noble buck dashed across a glade, and Turnor

hit him fair behind the shoulder, killing him on the spot. Being a remarkably fine, fat buck, it was duly sent to the king, who thereupon wrote to the sender to ask which of his subjects loved him so well as to kill his venison so artistically. Turnor showed the letter to Lord Vernon, who returned it, with the pithy remark, "When next you shoot a deer like that, Turnor, keep one half yourself and send me the other." His lordship might well relish Forest venison, for it was very superior to that of Sudbury. At one time the Leedhams at Hoar Cross always had a buck sent them by Lord Bagot, and Charles used to say Bagot's Park or Chartley venison beat that of Sudbury hollow. The latter, he said, was like boiled veal. Lord Vernon often wanted to exchange a buck with Lord Bagot, to get a change of blood, and the latter was all for giving one, but no exchange would he make.

The exact date at which Bagot's Park was granted to the Bagots is lost in the mist of ages, and the grant must therefore be of great antiquity. Without a doubt it is the oldest enclosed deer-park in Staffordshire. Several of these were granted by the Lords of Tutbury Castle, amongst them being Castle Hayes, Stockley, Hanbury, Agardsley, and Barton. Until the Great Rebellion the fee-simple of these vested in the crown, but Bagot's Park, Bromley, Hoar Cross, Hamstall Ridware, and Wichnor, seem to have been granted absolutely to private individuals at divers times. Besides about four hundred fallow deer of the old black and dun Forest sort, the thousand acres of Bagot's Park holds about fifty red deer and a flock of white goats with black horns, heads, and shoulders, said to have been given to the Bagot of the day by Richard II. There are very similar ones to be seen in Normandy still, and they may have been imported thence. The white cattle of Chartley, akin to those of Chillingham, boast a still longer descent; for, though they were driven in from the Forest in the reign of Henry III., when Chartley was enclosed by the Ferrers, they are said to go back to the domestic cattle introduced by the Romans.

It would be impossible to speak of Bagot's Park without mentioning the name of Henry Turnor, who lived at Turnor's Lodge, and was so well known and respected. There was always lunch at his house for congenial spirits at the end of a day's Woodland hunting, when he would delight his audience with his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes of old forgotten days. He was a capital sportsman, a fine horseman, and a first-rate shot. What music those bloodhounds must have made in the woods hunting in the outlying deer, and there was real melody to be extracted from the odd-looking little twisted horn, which the huntsman carried. There was a famous outlier, which had been hunted from Wentworth in Yorkshire, and which was harboured in Sudbury coppice, in April, 1840. Finding him there, they ran him to Thatched Lodge, where he was taken, his antlers sawn off, and he was turned into Bagot's Park. No one had the best of Henry Turnor on his black horse, which was sold for a good price in consequence, nor of his son, Pickering, on a little Welsh mare. It is popularly supposed that bloodhounds are slow, but no one found them so that day, and it is, perhaps, worth mentioning that, one day, when one of them, Ruby, was loose in front of the house, the Meynell hounds, in the old squire's time, swept under Venison Oak in full cry. Ruby joined in, and led them all the way across the Park, to the astonishment of the squire, who asked Turnor how he thought a cross would do "between my foxhounds and your bloodhounds?" These hounds were kenneled in the corner of the wood just behind the Lodge, which still bears the name of Dog-Kennel Wood. There is a story told of how Rockwood found his way home from a point between London and Dover, a distance of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty miles, in three nights and two days. It seems that a draft had been sent up in the van to be sold at Tattersall's. Rockwood and two or three others were purchased by the King of the Belgians, and were duly started on their way to Dover. Rockwood escaped

en route, and at about daybreak on the third morning there sat the old dog baying in front of his master's door in Bagot's Park.

An interesting paper in the possession of Mr. Pickering Turnor gives the names of all the different copses which make up Bagot Wood, and which were planted by the Turnors during the last three hundred years. Pheasant coppice is mentioned as having been planted by Sir Charles Bagot, who was the first Governor-General of Canada, one hundred and eighty years ago. It is so called because the first pheasants on the estate were shot there. It was grown from acorns ploughed in by bullocks. The age of the trees in the Forest Banks is given as being seven hundred years, and the row of beeches by the Beggar's Oak was planted to protect it one hundred years ago.

There are, probably, no straighter roads in England than those which traverse the Forest. Local tradition asserts that the reason of this is that they were laid out in London by some one who knew nothing of the lie of the land, and simply took a bee-line from point to point. Like most other tales, it is half false and half true. The map of the roads *was* made in London, but the maker was Mr. Calvert, who lived at Houndhill, and who was agent to three Lords Vernon, so he probably knew the country as well as most people. He gave as his reason for laying out the roads as he did, that he had travelled straight all his life, and he liked other people to do the same. He was maternal grandfather to Mr. Albert Worthington, who is the authority for the above statement. Mr. Calvert was a great sportsman, and kept a pack of harriers. He was, also, a noted shot, and there was a match between him and the celebrated Lord Hawke to see which could kill the greater number of partridges between daylight and dark with a single-barrel muzzle-loader. The match came off in Shropshire, and one sportsman killed about one hundred and three birds, and the other one hundred, but Mr. Worthington could not be quite sure about the exact number of birds, or as to which was the winner.

The name Houndhill was originally Howenhull. Hollingshead gives the following fact concerning it :—

Egelred, being greatly advanced, as he thought, by reason of the marriage, devised upon presumption thereof, to cause all the Danes within the land to be murdered in one day. Hereupon, he sent privie commissioners into all cities, boroughs, and towns within his dominions, commanding the rulers and officers in the same to dispatch and flee all such Danes as remained within their liberties at a certain day prefixed, being St. Ryce's day, in the year 1012, and in the thirty-fourth year of King Egelred's raigne (the 12th of November). Hereupon, as sundry writers agree, in one day and hour this murther beganne, and, according to the commissions and instructions, executed. But where it first beganne, the same is uncertain; some say at Wellowyn in Hereforth, some at a place in Staffordshire called Hown Hill, etc.*

There were certain curious old customs connected with the Forest, which, though well known to every one living in the neighbourhood, may not be so to others. One of these was the Tutbury bull-running, which was inaugurated by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was lord of Tutbury Castle, and the lands adjoining it. Mr. Hugh Bennett, in *Longman's Magazine*, says: "It was connected with the holding of an annual court of minstrels at Tutbury, at which the king of the minstrels and other officers for the ensuing year were chosen. After service in the parish church, and a feast in the Castle hall, the bull was turned out by the prior, at the Abbey gate, for the diversion of the minstrels. Solemn proclamation was made by the steward that 'all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near to him by forty feet, or any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safties, every one at his peril.' Then the bull, having 'his horns cut off, his ears cropt, his tail cut off by the stumple, all his body smeared over with soap, and his nose blown full of beaten pepper—in short, being made as mad as possible,' was turned loose to the minstrels to be taken by them, and none others, within the county of Stafford, before the setting of the sun the same day. If they failed to do this, and the bull escaped over the river into Derbyshire, the minstrels lost him; but if they could

* Redfern's "History and Antiquities of Uttoxeter."

take him, and 'hold him so long as to cut off but some small matter of his hair, and bring the same to the market cross, in token that they had taken him,' the bull was then their own, and they finished the day by baiting him with dogs in the usual way, and then killing and dividing him amongst them. From this origin, Tutbury bull-running came down shorn of none of its barbarities almost within the nineteenth century. After the dissolution of the Abbey, the bull continued to be given by the Earl of Devonshire, who held the estates. The court of minstrels dropped out of the scene, but this festival day, the 'morrow of the Feast of Assumption,' August 16th, was still the well-known 'Tutbury day,' and became the occasion of a celebrated annual contest between the men of Staffordshire and the men of Derbyshire, the former trying to capture the bull within their own county, the latter to drive him across the Dove into Derbyshire. The rivalry at last became so keen as to be a serious matter of contention in point of manhood between the two counties, and so many skulls were fractured, and bones broken, that shortly before the close of the eighteenth century the Duke of Devonshire refused any longer to give the bull, and the rustic sport was abolished." The reason for it seems typical of the old couplet—

> "Staffordshire born and Staffordshire bred,
> Strong i' th' arm and weak i' th' head"—

though, for that matter, Derbyshire folk also claim this distinction as their own.

There was nothing easier in the old days than to get lost in the Forest, and a bell used to be kept ringing at Belmote Green, near Anslow, as a guide for the lost folk. A curious story is told of how Henry VII., while hunting, lost his way, and eventually found himself near the cottage of a man named Taylor at Barton-under-Needwood. Without discovering his identity, the king asked Taylor to guide him back to Tutbury. It so happened that the latter's wife had just presented him with triplets, and these

were shown to the king. When he got back to Tutbury, he told Taylor who he was, and promised to educate the three boys. Neither did he forget his promises. One of them rose to eminence, and rebuilt the church at Barton, where to this day may be seen a shield between each pillar bearing alternately the device of three roses, and three boys' heads to commemorate the end of the wars of the Roses and the adventure of the king and the triplets.

CHAPTER V.

RADBURNE.

WHAT a long vista of delights, both past and future, does not the very name open out for any follower of the Meynell Hounds? Radburne! It is, indeed, a word to conjure by. Are you not sure of a fox, and of, as a rule, a good fox, and of a ride over the cream of Derbyshire? It seems, besides, to be as impregnated with the flavour of fox-hunting, as Hoar Cross or Sudbury itself, for while Lord Vernon, the Hunting Lord, was hunting his vast country, the Squire of Radburne of that day, great-grandfather of the present squire, with Wagstaffe for huntsman, had many a rare good chace after fox and hare on all the Radburne side. The following, from the *Sporting Magazine*, dated November, 1795, is a sample of the sport he had—

If you think the following remarkable account of a chace, which lately occurred with Mr. Pole's hounds, near Derby, worthy of insertion, I am able to vouch for its authenticity, having myself come from that neighbourhood:—At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the nineteenth of last month they threw off at Eggington Heath, and, quickly having found a hare, they went off in good style; and, being pressed very hard for a few rounds, the hare went off to Etwall, from thence to Radburne, Bredsall, and Horseley (having crossed the Derwent just above Bredsall), where she was headed back, and crossed the river a second time, with the hounds and horsemen at her heels, pressing very hard. From the river she ran for Mickleover, and from thence back to Egginton, where, after a chace of twenty miles in the space of three hours, and almost without a check, he was run into view and killed.

Some remarkably bold leaps were taken during the chace; one in particular by Sir Henry Every, Bart., which was allowed by all present to be one of the greatest they ever saw taken. Too much cannot be said of the excellence and extreme good order of Mr. Pole's hounds; they behaved, during the chace, with

uncommon steadiness, and are allowed to be the completest pack of harriers, for shape, bone, blood, and beauty, now in Derbyshire, or the adjacent counties.

After the chace, the company in the field, consisting of twenty, were invited to the hospitable mansion of Sir Henry Every, where they continued their jollity and mirth till a late hour, and departed full of the praises of their worthy host.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours, etc.,

A Constant Reader.

Windsor, November 18th, 1795.

Through the kindness of Colonel Chandos-Pole, the author has had access to a hunting-diary kept by the former's great-grandfather, and some of the runs are so good that they seem to be worth mentioning in an account of the Meynell country, though they have not actually anything to do with the Meynell Hounds.

The diary, dated September, 1790, begins with this maxim: "To keep up twenty couple of hounds, three couple of whelps should be entered annually, and six or seven couple bred and sent to quarters. By breeding so many the pack will be good, and at the same time handsome, and you will have no occasion to keep hounds above six or seven years old."

Mr. Chandos-Pole kept rather over twenty couples of hounds, at one time he mentions twenty-four and a half, and hunted, on an average, three days a week, while his places of meeting were Langley, Rough Heynors, Radburne, Morcaston, Brailsford, Dalbury, Mickleover, Lees, Culland, Littleover, Bearwardcote, Burnaston, Ednaston, Hulland Ward, Mansel Parks, Barton Fields, Sutton, Nunsfield, Trusley, Duffield, Windley, Hazlewood, Muggington, Ramsden's Parks, and he also went to Breadsall and Morley.

Though the hounds principally hunted hare, yet they had many a good chase with a fox, sometimes found and sometimes turned down. Not unfrequently the fox was taken alive. Wagstaffe, nicknamed Wag, was huntsman, and wore what was the Radburne livery, until usurped by George III.—a red coat with black collar. A good story is told of how the squire one day heard a great

scuffling in one of the bedrooms, and, going in, found all the servants trying to suffocate Wagstaffe with a featherbed. They explained that he had been bitten by a hound, which was assumed to be mad, and that they wanted to smother him, for fear of his going mad too and biting *them*. But for his master's timely intervention they would probably have succeeded.

In the diary for January 5th, 1792, we find, "Killed witch hare. This day John Wagstaffe, late huntsman, died." There is more than one mention of having run and lost this particular hare, and it is an odd coincidence that she should have been eventually killed on the very day that the huntsman died. The Radburne Hounds frequently joined forces with the Derby Hounds, Mr. Cox's, while Lord Vernon used to have a day with them now and then, so, evidently, matters were amicably arranged. Horsley Parks was a favourite covert, which nearly always held a fox, and on November 29th they found there, and ran by "Farley's, to Eaton, to Morley, to Locko, about ten miles." In January some southern hounds seem to have been introduced into the kennel, but they could go, for, on the 17th, the pack ran "from Osleston to Lees, to Radburne Common, to Mickleover, to Bearwardcote, twelve miles in forty-five minutes," and killed.

On February 7th we have, "A bag fox from Park Hall, at Langley Green, to Bowbridge, to Mackworth, caught alive in Kedleston Inn Yard." On Monday, March 7th, they had the run of the season: "A bag fox from Repton Shrubs, Langley Green to Radburne, to Willington, to Newton, to Bratby, and to earth above Hartshorn. Twenty miles in two hours." And they ended up the season with a total of thirty-one brace of hares. There is a curious entry on October 1st, in the next season: "Barton Fields, Spath, Cronkhill, Sutton, Ash; at Ash dug out alive one brace of foxes, killed six brace of hedgehogs." On November 24th they "join Derby Hounds at Shottle Car, for fox. Found in Car, ran to Wirksworth, to Cromford, and lost at Alderwasley." Weather did not

stop them, for we have, "Snow and frost began on January 3rd, and continued till the 27th. Killed during snow at Radburne five (hares)." On February 27th, the Hunt ought to have gone home happy, for they "found in Langley Wood a fox, to Mercaston, to Brailsford, to Hulland, to Atlow, and lost at Blackwall Car, twenty-five miles in two hours." This season they killed forty-seven and a half brace of hares.

On November 17th, in the following season, the good people of Derby must have been rather astonished, for the hounds "killed a hare in St. Peter's Parish." On Monday, November 26th, 1792, they ran "the Brailsford hare round Langley, Burrows, and Mercaston, taken alive between Hodskinson's and Brailsford." December 4th, 1793, was the day of a memorable run indeed, with a "Bag fox from Park Hall, Bannils Lane to Radburne, to Mickleover, to Littleover, to Normanton, to Osmaston, over river, and killed at Burrow's Ash; ran twenty miles in an hour and fifty minutes." Another capital run was on February 22nd, 1794: "Hulland Ward. Ran a fox from Mercaston Mill Dam, to Hulland Ward, to Bradley, to Hulland, to Ashley Hay, to Ireton Woods, to Blackwall Car, to Shottle, and lost at Turnditch; ran two hours and a half." These hounds must have been stout enough for anything, for they were out again on the 24th, running for two hours, and again on the 26th, when they "ran a fox out of a hollow tree at Barton Fields to Church Broughton, to Foston, over the Dove to Hanbury. Ran a hare about Sutton, good sport, took off; ran two hares" and killed one. In fact, there is hardly a day when they did not kill. Fifty-eight brace is the total for the season, and the writer sums up with, "This season not so good as some before. The fox-hunting very good, better than the hare-hunting. October, dry. November and December, good scenting and good sport. January, frost. February and March, very bad scenting, ground not heavy, weather mild, very little rain, successful in finding foxes." The account of the seventh season winds up with,

"A frost set in on the 29th (November) and the hounds were sold to Mr. Sitwell, of Renishawe, before it broke up again. In January and February a few hares were killed by some hounds out of Wales, and from Renishawe, but no account was taken. One run, however, ought to be noticed. The hare was found in Radburne near to Lees, ran to Longford and was killed at Foston, near twelve miles."

It seems to have been the fashion to bring hounds to perfection and then sell them, for Beckford says of his, "When I had got them thus perfect, I did, as many others do, I parted with them," or words to that effect.

But the squire was not long without a pack, for, at the beginning of next season, in September, he has "several days at Radburne and Egginton with the young hounds which consisted of many sorts and sizes." However, they did not do badly, hunting sixty days, and killing twenty-eight brace of hares. There is an entry to the effect that "the Caulke Harriers came in exchange for the small harriers from Wales. At first, from want of exercise, they were the cause of bad sport, but improved at the end of the season." They went fast enough the next year, for on Wednesday, March 4th, we find, "A bag'd fox at Radburn Parks, to Langley, to Wood, to Mercaston, over Hulland Wood to Biggin, thirteen miles in one hour, caught alive."

"On March 12th, 1802, by the Derby Hunt, the following places were given up to me: Nun's Field, Grange Field, Osleston, Mr. Holland's Farm at Barton Fields, south side of Brailsford, Culland, Burrows. The road to Bradley and the Turnpike road to Brailsford Bridge, with Bradley Brook, is not given up and includes all belonging to the Derby Hunt in Brailsford."

In 1803, the writer tells us that, "From the engagements in the cavalry, I was out but little this year, and on that account the hounds were out fewer times than on former seasons. Out this season forty-two days, killed twenty-one brace and a half of hares."

At the end of the next season, 1804–5, there is this entry: "Out this season fourteen days, killed four brace of hares. The hounds were not up till very late, and during the season regular hunting never was intended. The winter was very cold, and the snow and frost considerable. In February the hounds returned to quarters."

In the summer they were billeted at different farms, a list of which is given, and only came into kennel for the hunting season. But space forbids more entries from this fascinating diary, which ends with the sale of the hounds to Mr. Nichols, in January, 1807, towards the end of the seventeenth season, during which they showed extraordinary sport, as may be gathered from the extracts given above. But there are any quantity of runs as good which have not been mentioned.

RADBORNE HUNT. CHRISTMAS, 1802.

Of the squire and his harriers the poet shall sing,
And the old woods of Radborne with echoes shall ring.
Here's a health to Squire Pole for the sport that he gives,
And may good health attend him as long as he lives.

Men, horses, and dogs make a very fine show,
George shouts out "Tantara." Away we all go.
They're off with a view in a style so complete,
So matched you may cover the pack with a sheet.

First Kedleston comes dashing on at a rate
That might win him a handicap, sweepstakes, or plate.
So freely he gallops, so lightly he moves,
That his heels need no spurs, and his hands need no gloves.

With garments spread out just like wings in the air,
He skims o'er the fallows as swift as a hare,
On Top-gallant mounted he shows them the way,
Tho' his Scanderbeg's faster, as some folk will say.

Next Wilmot comes resolute, dashing along,
Behind him of natives he soon leaves a throng;
His grey leaps so well, at no fence will he falter,
In his strength and his speed he's like old Gibraltar.

Tho' I hear 'tis reported some wicked wag says,
That his horse was a trooper turned out of the greys,
Let *that* wag ride his best, and, in spite of his banter
That same grey shall show him his heels in a canter.

The Reverend of Radborne is next in the run,
Who has never rode bold since he sold his old dun.
Trotting over the wheat, if he had his due meed,
He should forfeit his tithes, riding over the seed.

Charles Hope, who rode bold when a good horse he had,
Notwithstanding his weight was as brisk as a lad.
Now, mounted on Dumpy, scarce shifts from his ground,
Yet sees half the hunting by nicking the round.

Mr. Copestake shall next of the song have a share,
Who, tho' he won't ride, often finds us a hare.
With gratitude, therefore, we'll give him a word,
For, by finding us hares, much sport he'll afford.

Geo. Western comes last, his Rusher quite done,
Both his horse and his *Prospect* of hunting being gone,
Does as well as he can, tho' he never is near,
On a trooper or cart-horse he brings up the rear.

The praise of old Rusher, the theme of his talk,
Till up starts the hare all his gossip to balk.
When he, moaning his loss, and unable to ride,
He jogs at a trot, with Charles Hope by his side.

Few sportsmen indeed with our squire can compare,
In breeding and training his hounds to the hare;
So here's to the squire! Fill your glasses around,
And may every glass with a bumper be crowned.

G. W.

Christmas, 1802.

This squire was the first to take the name of Chandos, which he did by right of his ancestor's marriage with the heiress of that noble family. His wife appears to have been a lady of some strength of character, and must have also enjoyed robust health. For, once, when some one was complaining in her presence of inability to digest certain dainties, she is said to have remarked, "I do not

understand all this talk of stomachs. I have a bag, and I put what I like into it!"

On another occasion, when all the county was in mourning for some very important personage, she appeared at Derby races dressed in white from head to foot to show her dislike of what she considered an absurdity, and much scandalized her neighbours.

The next squire, Edward Sacheverell, whose birth is quoted in his father's hunting-diary, served in the First Guards (now the Grenadiers), through the Peninsular War, up to 1813, when he came home invalided from the effects of fever. When he arrived at Radburne he found that, in his absence, his father had died, and he thought his sister most heartless, because, on his arrival, he found her playing the harp in the hall. What was news and a shock to him was naturally *un fait accompli* to her, the squire having died six months before. Of course all the match-making mammas in the county now laid their plans to secure such an eligible *parti* as the young squire for their daughters, but he disappointed them sadly. For at Ashbourne there lived Mrs. Wilmot, widow of the Rev. Edward Wilmot, late Rector of Kirk Langley. She had a daughter, a very lovely girl of seventeen, who had been the young squire's playmate from her childhood. Without saying a word to any one he left home one day and returned three days later with his old playfellow as his bride. They had been married at Ashbourne at eight o'clock in the morning, and only six persons were supposed to be present—the bride and bridegroom, the officiating clergyman, the clerk, Miss Dale as bridesmaid, who lived next door to the bride, and another witness. A seventh person was discovered, nearly fifty years afterwards, to have been present, viz. a little boy, who had hidden himself in the gallery, and long after described the whole scene to the youngest son of the marriage, dwelling on the brown coat and brass buttons of the bridegroom, and the short-waisted embroidered muslin of the bride.

His soldierly instincts stood him in good stead during

the riots in Derby, and its neighbourhood, when several of the surrounding houses suffered more or less severely. The rioters sent word that they were coming to Radburne, whereupon he promptly barricaded his house, and placed a small cannon on the steps, which he taught his daughters, amongst others, to fire. He then caused it to be made known to the rioters that he meant to use it. They did not come! He was a noted man with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds, though not so fine a rider as his brother, the Rev. Reginald Chandos-Pole, and by no means a heavy man. He died in 1863.

His son, whose initials were also E. S., was not only a remarkably fine horseman, but one of the best "whips" in England. In fact, he and the late Duke of Beaufort were the prime movers in the coaching revival movement—the squire himself driving several coaches—though it is in connection with the Brighton coach that his name will perhaps best be remembered.

> "For who so smoothly skims along the plain
> As Beaufort's Duke? What whip can rival Payne?"

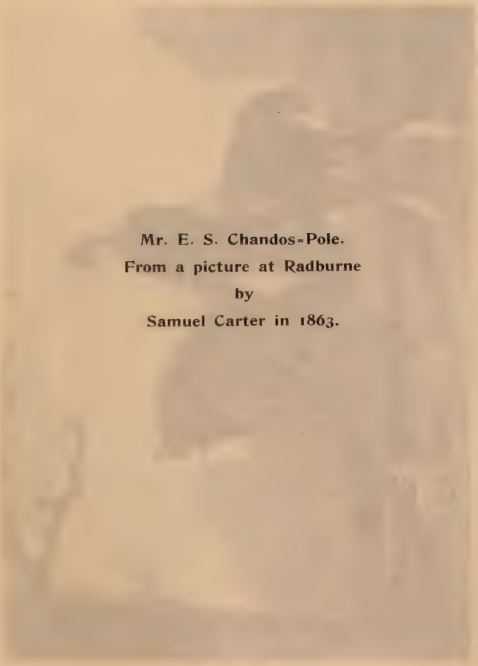
So runs one of the musical couplets of the "Chaunt of Achilles," but, except for the sake of the rhyme, Pole might well have been substituted for the latter's name.

He was High Sheriff for Derbyshire in 1867, and rebuilt the wing of the Hall.

There is an amusing story told of how once a worthy citizen of Derby rode up to him out hunting, with, "Well, Pole"—pronouncing it as it is written, which the squire particularly disliked—"what 'ave you got in your flask?"

"Try some!" the squire said pleasantly—though resenting the familiarity—at the same time offering his flask, at which the other took a long pull, thinking it was sure to be something good. But he made a wry face when he swallowed it, and a still sorrier one when the squire said, laughing, "And now I advise you to be off home as quick as you can. It's my gout mixture!"

This calls to mind a good story of a man who rode up



Mr. E. S. Chandos-Pole.
From a picture at Radburne
by
Samuel Carter in 1863.

to another, with whom he was not on the most intimate terms, and began, in the usual sort of way—

"I say, Tom——"

"I know you do," was the retort, "and I wish you would not!"

But this is by the way. To return to the original subject.

The "Squire" must have ridden close on twenty-seven stone in his latter years, but, in spite of it, he could gallop at an astonishing pace, especially over rough ground, and, like a good many other welter weights, if their nerve is good enough, was very partial to jumping timber.

Some years before his death, which occurred in 1873, when felling a tree, he cut his leg severely, and said at the time, "It has killed me," and though it did not do so directly it did indirectly, for it prevented him from taking walking exercise, and so, perhaps, ruined his health.

There used to be pleasant gatherings in old days at Radburne, for what was then known as the Derby week. This had nothing to do, as might be supposed, with the famous race, but only with the week when the hounds were kenneled at Kedleston inn, during the first week in each month, to hunt the Derbyshire side. This furnished an occasion for much pleasant hospitality on the part of Derbyshire people towards their Staffordshire neighbours, and the following amongst others were welcome guests at Radburne :—

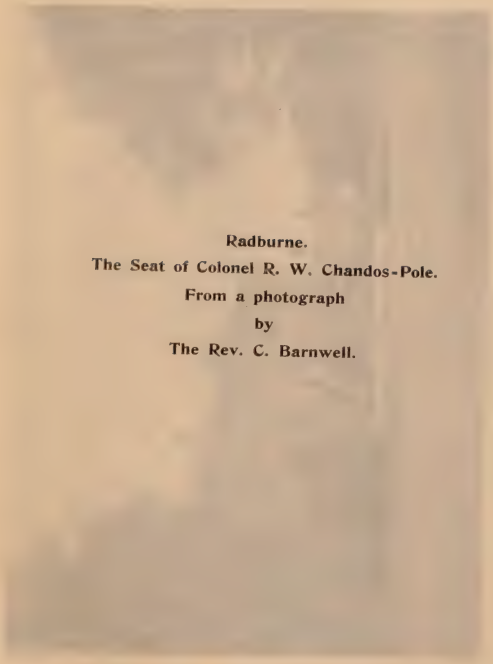
Mr. Meynell Ingram, Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram, Admiral Meynell, William, Lord Bagot, Mr. Hervey Bagot, Mr. William Davenport Bromley, Rev. Reginald Chandos-Pole, Rev. German Buckston, Rev. F. W. Spilsbury, the Cokes of Longford, three of them, Mr. William Clowes, Mr. Bass (Lord Burton), Mr. Charles Colvile, M.P., Mr. Edward Mundy of Shipley, the Wilmots of Chaddesden, the Mosleys of Rolleston, Sir Seymour Blane and his sons, Sir Henry Every, Lord Chesterfield and an occasional Stanhope, Colonel Gooch, Captain Gooch, Lord Alexander Paget, and Lord Berkeley Paget.

The house is, like its inmates, thoroughly English in character. There is something in its massiveness, and in the mellowed ruddiness of the bricks of which it is built, which is entirely suggestive of English country life.

"Peaceful, graceful, complete English country life and country houses, everywhere finish and polish, nature perfected by the wealth and art of peaceful centuries." So Kingsley wrote in his charming "Prose Idylls," and some such thought must be in any one's mind, who stands on the broad terrace in front of the noble Georgian mansion, and looks out on the park, with its grand old oaks, and on the rich, thickly-timbered pasture land beyond.

Hard by, in the dip below the Hall, is the ancient church, and by it stood once the old Hall, of which Leland, in his "Itinerary" (Vol. 8, pp. 25 and 26), in speaking of "Sir John Chandois, the famous warrior," who died in 1370, says: "the old house at Rodborne is no great thing, but the last Chandois" (Temp. Henry VI.) "began in the same lordship a mighty large house of stone, with a wonderfull cost, as it yet apeirithe by the foundations of a man's height, standynge as he left them. He had thought to have made of his old place a colledge." There was also tieing-up room for a hundred horses, which gives some idea of the magnitude of the proposed house, which was never finished. It was through the marriage of Sir Peter de la Pole with the heiress of this Sir John Chandos that Radburne came to the Poles, who long before that were settled at Hartington, and subsequently at Moat Hall, Newborough, whence they moved to Radburne.

About half a mile or so from the house is the famous Rough, a history of which would include many, if not most, of the best runs with the Meynell hounds. There is no better fox-covert anywhere, as it is a tangled mass of osiers, rushes, and thick undergrowth. It takes a good deal of drawing too, as old Tom Leedham found to his cost, when he had drawn it blank, and the present squire's



Radburne.
The Seat of Colonel R. W. Chandos-Pole.
From a photograph
by
The Rev. C. Barnwell.

grandfather made him draw it again, when it proved that he had drawn over no less than a brace of foxes! No place is kept quieter than this is, even the squire himself, in the summer time, never going within at least two hundred yards of it—a policy, which seems to answer, for they are nearly always wild old Hectors these Radburne Rough foxes. Often enough there is a visitor from the hills, who appreciates a snug, quiet, resting-place, and is consequently there when the hounds call on him.

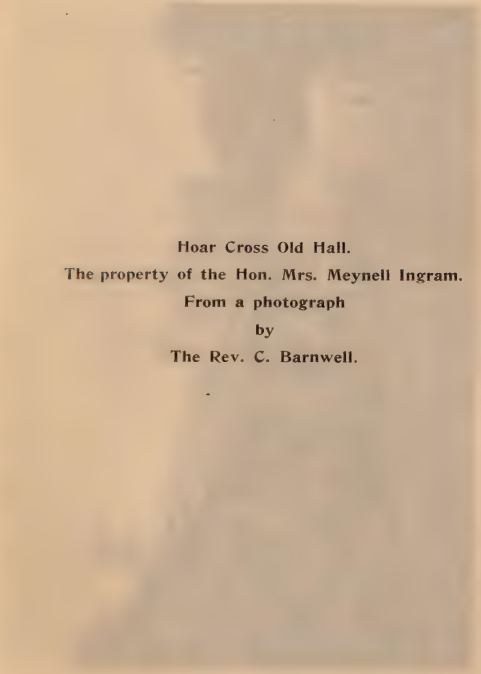
CHAPTER VI.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1812–1823.

The preceding chapters were written from what little material could be collected, but subsequently, by the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram, the writer has had access to complete diaries kept by Mr. H. C. Meynell Ingram, from 1812 to 1831, and continued by his son from 1859 to 1871. We have now done with tradition and can deal with facts. These serve to dissipate some errors, for in 1816 Mr. Meynell Ingram began to hunt in Derbyshire as well as Staffordshire, though he did not actually meet at Kedleston till April 14th, 1818. Where his opening meet for the regular season was held is not clear. The hounds came to Longford on Friday, November 1st, 1816, but they were at Hoar Cross on Monday, October 21st; Sudbury coppice on Wednesday, October 23rd; Byrkley Lodge, October 26th; and Wichnor, October 29th; and again at Hoar Cross on Monday, November 4th, so which was actually the opening day must remain doubtful.

From these diaries the fact of the Hoar Cross Hounds having been originally harriers is definitely settled. There were nineteen couples in kennel on September 1st, 1812, of which the following is a list :—



Hoar Cross Old Hall.
The property of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram.
From a photograph
by
The Rev. C. Barnwell.

Hoar Cross Old Hall.

From a photograph

by

The Rev. C. Barnwell.

Age.	Names.	Sires.	Dams.
8	Mira	Lord Vernon's Bertram	Music
6	Wilful	Lord Vernon's Royster	His Gladsome
5	Reveller, Roguish	Lord Vernon's Ranter	Rarity
	Busy	Marplot	Bonny-bell
4	Victory	Mr. G. Talbot's Bustler	His Victory
	Dauntless	Lord Southampton's Dragon	His Rampant
	Justice	Duke of Beaufort Justice	His Gypsey
	Fairy	Baronet	Fallacy
	Gypsey	Mr. Heron's Gilder	His Bashful
3	Warrior	Justice	Wilful
	Songtress	Mr. G. Talbot's Starling	Rarity
	Costly, Charlotte, Caroline	Reveller	Clara
	Melody	Marplot	Columbine
2	Nora	Mr. Heron's Nelson	Mr. Talbot's Ruby
	Cowslip	Mr. Heron's Coroner	A bitch of Lord Derby's
	Madcap	Mr. Smith's Chorister	Milliner
	Wrangler	Justice	Wilful
	Rallywood	Mr. Talbot's Rallywood	His Frantic
1	Juvenal, Juliet, Joyful	Justice	Roguish
	Ravager	Justice	Rarity
	Fleecer	Justice	Fairy

PUPPIES PUT FORWARD APRIL 25, 1813.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Dreadnought, Dragon, Daniel, Delia	Mr. Smith's Ramper	Dauntless
Vigilant, Vanquisher	Wrangler	Victory
Pontiff, Pastime	Mr. Smith's Pontiff	Nora
Wellington, Wanton	Justice	Wilful
Forester, Facer	Wrangler	Fairy
Conqueror	Warrior	Columbine

In the original list several hounds are mentioned as having been drafted, on February 4th, to Charles. This may be Mr. Charles of the Moors. Also hounds are mentioned as having been sent to Mr. Harbord as foxhounds. The question of the origin of the Hoar Cross hounds is definitely settled, for it was with these harriers, of foxhound blood, that he began hunting what is now known as the Meynell country. Even before 1816 he hunted a fox when he could find him, and occasionally turned down a bagged one. It is most probable, though it cannot be ascertained for certain, that the squire carried the horn, while his brothers, Edward, who was afterwards in the 10th Royal Hussars, and Henry (the Admiral), whipped in for him, and Tom Leedham was kennel huntsman and whipper-in till 1816, when the latter took the horn. The people who hunted with him were General Grosvenor, Mr. Harbord, Sir Bellingham Graham (who, about 1818, hunted part of the South Stafford country), the Hon. Frederick Curzon, Mr. Boucherett, Mr. Whitewick, Mr. Chadwick, Rev. C. Landor, Mr. Meeke, Lord and Lady Anson, Captain Pole, Mr. Hall, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Shawe, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Bott, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Robert Peel, Sir L. Salusbury, Lord Alvanley, Miss Eleanor Sutton, Lord E. Belgrave, Mr. Jaggard, Mr. Boothby, Lord Bective, Hon. E. Curzon, Mr. Bromley Davenport, Mr. R. Bagot, Lord C. Talbot, Sir James Fizgerald, Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Hacker, Mr. Stone, etc.

The first mention of Tom Leedham occurs March 30th, 1813, when the diary says, "Met Tom with his hounds, joined him, ran hard twenty minutes, and killed." This looks as if Tom Leedham at that time was kennel huntsman, for Mr. Meynell, with his hounds, was running a hare when they met. This year they found two foxes, killed one. At the end of the next year they ran a bagged fox and killed him. "Afterwards ran a drag with his head for twenty-five minutes as hard as they could go."

Then comes a most important entry. "First season's fox-hunting," and the first day was Friday, September 6th, 1816. They found several foxes, and, curiously enough, hounds were very steady from hare. His hunting days were not particularly regular. Sometimes he went out once a week, sometimes twice, and sometimes three times, as occasion served. During cub-hunting the famous Nathan, and Bridesmaid, of his grandfather's old sort, particularly distinguished themselves.

On October 23rd they went to Sudbury, and, after running a brace of foxes to ground, one at Somersal and one in the Aldermoor, found in the gorse in the park. "From there they ran a ring by the coppice, through the bottoms, round Hare Hill, turned over the brook by Cubley, almost to Bently Car, across the Ashbourn road, through Marston, and almost to Rocester, turned to the right and killed beyond Roston. An hour and thirty-five minutes—the very best pace. The finest run I ever saw in this country." Mr. Meynell rode Feeble and had a fall. Tom Leedham was on Forrester, Joe on Chance. "Ravager, Racer, Rival, Dragon, and Damsel particularly distinguished themselves; also Warrior and Wanton."

On November 1st there is rather an amusing entry: "Longford Car; left a fox without finding him; drew on to Shirley Park without finding; went back to near Bentley, where we heard a farmer had just caught a fox, turned him out, and ran very hard about ten minutes and killed him. I rode Feeble. Hounds remarkably steady."

On March 4th, 1817, hounds found at Hoar Cross, "went away fast by the Chantry and across the enclosures to the park, across the brook by Coppice Bank, where seven couple of hounds got forward, and we were unluckily halloaed to a fresh fox, which we hunted with a bad scent over to the sandpits; went back to look after the other hounds, and found they had gone by Yoxall Lodge to Byrkley Lodge, where one hound viewed the fox all the way to Knightley Park, where we believe a

farmer caught him, as the hound was seen to lay hold of the fox several times in the field where this man was at plough."

Wednesday, March 12th, was celebrated for a marvellous run. There is a tradition at Hoar Cross that it was always a case of "no fox, no claret" after dinner. But surely the squire might have allowed an exception to his rule on this occasion, for they met at Longford, "found at Shirley Park, went away with a middling scent by Osmaston, through Bradley Wood, to the Park, where the scent mended and we ran hard across Sturston brook, over Knyveton Hills, across Brassington Pasture to Bradbury Rock, where we were halloaed to a red cur, and two couples of hounds went on with the scent, which we never could catch, and we lost below Grange Mill, about four miles from Bakewell, an hour and fifty minutes. A very fine run, most people's horses tired. I rode Timothy; Tom, Forrester; Joe, brown mare. Did not get home till nine o'clock."

This was at least seventeen miles as the crow flies, but they do not seem to have thought it anything extraordinary, such wonderful runs did they have in those days.

On the Saturday, at Bagot's Park, hounds divided—the squire, with five couples, killing his fox. He then joined Tom, and the joint pack killed the other. On the next hunting-day he mentions that several of Osbaldeston's people were out. March 31st, met at Hollybush. "Found in the banks, ran very hard for an hour, when the hounds divided, and part went away. We went after them, but without success, and afterwards heard they ran their fox to Chartley." A good ten miles.

They wound up the season with a day in the woods on April 10th.

They killed fifteen foxes, ran ten to ground, lost thirty-six, and had ten blank days.

The stud seems to have consisted of eleven horses, of which the squire had three, Timothy, Feeble, and

Rushton, for his own riding, while the men shared Pavilion, Forrester, Chance, The Dealer, Whirlwind, Aaron, brown mare, and Commodore between them.

The last day of *cub hunting!* was on October 28th, at Longford, and resulted in a wonderful day's sport. "They found immediately and came away fast by Bentley Car, below Cubley, for Somersal, turned short back to Sudbury Coppice where he had waited. Went away again very fast to Somersal and lost him. Very stormy. We found again in Sudbury Coppice and went away by Somersal to the Hare Park at Doveridge, crossed the Dove above Marchington, and went over the enclosures to Kingston Woods, where Tom stopped them close at the fox, as nobody but himself, on Aaron, was with them. Joe's brown mare went into convulsions. An hour and a half almost without a check—the hardest day we ever had."

"On Monday, January 19th, 1818. Sudbury. Found in the bottoms, went away with a good hunting scent across Cubley bottoms, through Bentley Car to Shirley Park in fifty minutes. Here I think we changed and went away again fast, leaving Bradley Hall to the left, by Thornley's Gorse to Hulland house, and killed him by Ireton. Two hours and ten minutes from Sudbury. Many horses tired. A very fine run. I rode Feeble; Thomas Leedham, Aaron; Joe, Needwood."

This was at least thirteen miles as the crow flies.

The sport was very good, but the usual troubles of a master seem to be beginning, for he twice mentions hounds being overridden.

They were stopped by frost for over a fortnight from January 30th, when Sir Bellingham Graham was out. But evidently this was not much to Mr. Meynell's taste, for he writes: "On February 10th took the hounds for exercise into Brakenhurst, found several foxes, and went away immediately by Holly Bush to the Greaves and down the banks, came back, and ran to ground at Castle Hayes. On foot, and saw most of it to the end."

There are two or three more runs in this season which are too good to be omitted, and those who know the country will be struck by the directness of them. Evidently they were all with good wild foxes, who had a definite point to make for, usually at some great distance. Mr. Meynell mentions somewhere killing the largest fox he ever saw, which, he says, people told him was a greyhound fox. There must have been many of that breed, to judge from such runs as the following :—

Friday, March 6th.—Eton Wood. Found immediately, and ran about the wood with a bad scent. At last went to a holloa and hit our fox on to Sudbury coppice, when the day mended after a thunderstorm, and we went away the best pace for Cubley ; came under Hare Hill, leaving Boyleston to the left for Foston, turned again between Longford and Sutton, through Radburne Car, to Mickleover, Mackworth, and ran him into a hollow tree in Kedleston Park, an hour and forty minutes from Sudbury. Joe's brown mare lay down close to Kedleston, but very soon recovered and came on. Many horses could not get to the end, and almost all quite tired. Forester (Mr. Meynell's) the freshest. The best run I ever saw in this country.

Those who say that Mr. Meynell was no hard rider must have judged him from what he was in later years, for from all accounts he was always with his hounds, and from his own diary he had quite his fair share of falls. However much people, in those days at least, may exaggerate their own performances, yet their diaries at least are trustworthy, and he mentions having a day with Sir B. Graham at Hoppas Hays, when there were only four besides himself with the hounds, and he, for one, had a fall with his favourite horse, the oddly-named Feeble. He describes the hounds as being coarse and ill-looking, and very tonguey.

On Thursday, April 9th, he had another splendid run with his own hounds. "Found in the Sudbury bottoms, *newly planted*, beyond the coppice ; came away almost in view, through the coppice, by Hare Hill, left Boyleston on the right, through Bentley Car to Shirley Park, by Osmaston, and Edlaston to Clifton Toll Bar, and lost him by Hanging Bridge (at Mayfield). An hour and thirty-two minutes to Shirley Park. Only three or four people with

the hounds. A very good run. I rode Feeble; Tom, Aaron; Joe, brown mare." This was about a nine-mile point, and at least fifteen as hounds ran.

Tuesday, April 14th, Kedleston. This is interesting as being the first day that he met there, and hunted that side of Derbyshire. They had rather a wonderful run, too, for after stopping hounds from a vixen found at Kedleston, they drew on to Radburne, where "Sir H. Every put a fox down, and we ran him very hard by Langley, Kedleston, Quarndon Car, crossed the Derwent by Little Eaton, and killed him at Horsley Park, fifty-three minutes, the best pace. A large field and almost all beat. Several Melton people out."

Well pleased must the squire have been to have shown the latter such a gallop, for it is close on a nine-mile point, and the fox went as straight as a gun-barrel back to his home amongst the rocks at Horsley Car, which he was never destined to reach.

"Well known is yon cover,
And crag hanging o'er;
The little Red Rover
Shall reach it no more!

The foremost hounds near him,
His strength 'gins to drop;
In pieces they tear him,
Who-whoop! Who-who-whoop!"

They hunted this season sixty-five days, killed seven and a half brace of foxes, ran five brace to ground, lost eighteen brace, and had ten blank days. But who would mind a blank day sometimes, if foxes ran now as they did then?

1818–1819

The pack was increased to thirty-two and a half couples; several drafts were added from Lord Sondes and others. Regular hunting began at Sudbury coppice on Saturday, October 10th, and on the 20th killed a mangy fox at Kedleston. There must have been some very large drains

in those days, for more than once there is a mention of running a fox into one, and a hound, or sometimes two, getting in and killing him; Costly, who is the very first hound in the Meynell Kennel Book, being an adept at this, which she did several times—once, even bolting a badger at Kedleston. On the 7th of December, hounds ran clean away from them between Ireton Rough and the Lilies, and Joe staked Chance. The squire bought Moses and Pigg in her place, so next day Tom was on Aaron, and Joe on Moses, and hounds ran at a tremendous pace from Blythmore by Newtonhurst, through Kingston Woods, over the river at Blythbridge, across Chartley Park, up to Sandon Wood, and round to Fradswell, killing him at Milwich Heath after an hour and fifty minutes.

On February 2nd they had an old-fashioned day from Bretby or, as the diarist spells it, Bradby. They did not do much in the morning on account of the snow, but in the afternoon they found in Repton Shrubs, and went away fast by Smisby Common through South Wood, Staunton Springs, and Staunton Harold, back to South Wood, where the fox was all amongst the hounds, but gave them the slip somehow, and they changed and came away again by Calke Abbey, by the house at Staunton Harold into South Wood again, where they stopped them. They did not get back to kennels till near ten o'clock, and heard afterwards that the hounds killed near Calke.

As an instance of how far foxes travel, there is a mention of killing in the Brakenhurst a marked fox on April 5th, turned down by "Trevanion at Sutton," in November, at least nine miles away, and on the other side of the Dove. The last day of the season was rather a fiasco, for, meeting at Bramshall, hounds found a fox in Draycott Woods, and ran clean away from every one, and were found at Stone, where they had lost their fox. This was on April 13th. They had hunted eighty-two days, killed nineteen brace of foxes (and two badgers), lost twenty-eight brace, and ran six and a half to ground; and had ten blank days.

1819–20.

They began regular hunting on Monday, October 25th, at Sudbury Coppice, and on Thursday, November 4th, for the first time, hounds stopped at Kedleston, after hunting round there that day. They hunted on Saturday at Radburne, returning to Hoar Cross at night. The Kedleston day was pretty good, for they found at Farnah, left Quorndon to the right, ran by Allestree, crossed the Derwent below Duffield, went over Breadsall Moor, came back by Horsley Park, on into Hays Wood, where the fox got a long way ahead of them, and they lost him near Shipley, after an hour and three-quarters. Mr. Meynell thought it was a good run, but a bad country. It is worse now, as there are railways and canals to bother you, as well as a river.

There was exactly a month's frost from December 24th, 1819, till January 24th, 1820. Towards the end of the season Mr. Meynell had a day with Lord Anson, who turned down a fox, which they killed in ten minutes. After that, says the writer of the diary, they did nothing but run hare, and I left them.

The regular season ended on March 25th, but he had a few bye days, including two at Wootton Park on the 1st and 3rd of April, when he drew right up to Cheadle Common. Hunted, sixty-three days; killed, thirteen brace; to ground, four brace; lost, eighteen brace; blank days, six; and they found no less than three mangy foxes.

1820–1821.

The pack by this time was increased to thirty-four and a half couples. They began cub-hunting on August 28th, and had two days; but it was so dry and hot that they did not go out again till September 23rd. The consequence was that the hounds got very wild. On Thursday, December 7th, they had a capital run from Shirley Park to Breward's Car and killed. But Mr. Buckston also killed his horse. The best thing they had

before Christmas was on December 12th, when they found at Sudbury Coppice, and went away at a tremendous pace by Marston Park, and, leaving Rocester on the left, crossed the Dove, ran through Wootton Park, and killed on the side of Weever Hill. "An hour. The fastest thing I ever saw. Twelve miles from point to point, and nobody could live with the hounds. Tom, the black horse; Joe, Needwood; self, Moses. Twenty couples; every hound up at the death." *

It froze hard that night, and went on doing so till January 11th. After the frost they hunted a turned-down fox from Hollybush, and likewise from Vernon's Oak; so it seems as if wild ones were getting scarcer. On the last occasion the master and servants were deserted by the whole field, as it rained so hard that they had all gone home!

Thursday, January 25th, was a wonderful day. They found at once at Gresley, went away at the best pace to Bretby, across the Park, leaving Repton Shrubs just on the left, to Gorstey Leys, through it and on to Calke, where they turned to the left almost to Swarkstone Bridge and back to Gorstey Leys, where they went away with a fresh fox, by Foremark, through Repton Shrubs, by the farm at Bretby to Newton Solney, through the Folly, crossed the river, and killed him on Burton racecourse. "The whole, three hours and a half. An hour and twenty-five minutes the first time to Gorstey Leys. Almost all horses tired. One died. I rode Aaron; Tom, brown mare; Joe, Sailor. Eighteen and a half couples. The best day I ever saw in this country."

On February 10th, again just before a frost, they ran very hard from Draycott Cliff by Chartley and Birchwood Park, to Draycott-in-the-Moors, and there was no one with them but Tom on Feeble, and Mr. Boucherett, who stopped them. Tom did not get back to Hoar Cross till nearly ten o'clock.

* This was probably the run in which the present Lord Waterpark's father rode Pavilion, alluded to later on.

From the number of bag foxes which they hunted it is plain that they were badly preserved; but, as an off-set, almost wherever they found one they had a great run, if there was anything like a scent, and usually a straight-on-end one.

How they managed it on such a short stud of horses is a mystery; but they seldom had one lamed, and they came out twice a week, sometimes with only one day in between.

Foxes killed, seventeen and a half brace; to ground, nine and a half brace; lost twenty-four and a half brace; blank days, seven; badgers killed, two.

1821–1822.

Early in this season hounds got hold of an otter in the osier bed at Wichnor, but let him go again, and small blame to them. Foxes must have been getting scarcer still in Derbyshire, for the opening day was at Black Slough, on October 22nd, and he did not even make a pretence of going to Sudbury, but met at Eaton Wood instead on the 29th, where there were plenty of foxes. But he had a blank day at Kedleston on November 1st, and, on the 3rd, at Radburne, did not find till they got to an osier bed at Egginton, whence they ran hard to the Potlocks, and killed.

On January 3rd, 1822, began by finding a fox at Shirley Park, which they ran to ground at Hulland. Then they found another not far off, and had no end of a run for an hour and fifty minutes, though, for once, the diarist does not tell us where they went. But it must have been what Dick Christian called "a stitcher," for Tom lamed Patriot, and, changing on to the brown mare, got to the end of her, so that he had to stop at Cubley Parsonage. Mr. Cavendish had mounted Joe on Pavilion, and he was "completely tired." Some one stopped the hounds in the end, and as both his men were *hors de combat*, that duty must have devolved on the Master.

Tom was not able to come out on two consecutive days in January, and the master rode his horses, Patriot and Fanny, but does not say who carried the horn. Fanny may have learned her trade by this time, as the first day Tom rode her in the Walton country she gave him two falls, and got cast in a ditch to boot. The late Squire Drake, Master of the Bicester, seldom, if ever, gave more than forty pounds for his horses, and if any of the men complained of one of the mounts, he used to say, "Oh, I dare say he'll do for me!" and would cheerfully ride him himself, and, when he rode them, they had to go where the hounds went. Whether Mr. Meynell would quite go this length is doubtful, but at any rate what was good enough for his huntsman was good enough for him. He seemed to have liked Fanny, for he always rode her himself after this. They did not kill on the first of the two days, and had bad luck on the second, for Dauntless had hold of the fox by Dunstall, but let him go again, and he got to ground.

On Saturday, March 9th, they met at Black Slough, and it was a grand scenting day, with a drizzling rain. Towards evening they found a brace at Rangemore, and hounds divided. Joe had a splitting fifty minutes with one lot, and caught his fox, while hounds ran clean away from the squire and Tom and the field, and killed by themselves somewhere near Rangemore dingle. Mr. Chadwick staked his horse.

The last day of the season, April 12th, must have been a bad one indeed as regards the weather, for the master stopped at home on account of it, when the hounds went to Wootton, and he missed a good hunt, for they "found below Ellaston, ran by Clownam, Marston Park, Cubley, over the limekilns, Snelston, and killed in Norbury."

Killed, nineteen brace; to ground, nine and a half brace; lost, twenty-eight brace; blank days, one.

1822–1823.

The famous Nelly, by Mr. Heron's Blucher, out of his Needful, who traced back to the old Mr. Meynell's Quorn hounds, was killed this season, but whether kicked or jumped on he does not say, though he complains more than once of hounds being "disgracefully over-rode." Reveller, too, was killed by a kick. They started the season with thirteen horses, to carry the master and his two men (for he seems to have dispensed with a second whipper-in). The horses were Forester, Feeble, Sultan, Needwood, Fanny, Sailor, Moses, and Aaron, the great black horse, Patriot, General, who took the place of the brown mare; Violante, who was put by for two seasons, and Pigg. These names are only given because the horses lasted so long at Hoar Cross, and they are useful for reference. Mr. Meynell was very soft-hearted where his horses were concerned, and could not bring himself to believe that an old favourite was past his work. It seems almost incredible, but, unless they stuck to the same names, Aaron and Pigg, not young horses at this time, were still to the fore, when Joe was huntsman fourteen years later.

À propos of the second whipper-in, there is the first mention in this season of "little Tom" being out on "Landor's mare," and a very good day it was. A curious incident happened during cub-hunting. They killed an old vixen at Loxley, and she turned out to be one "that had been twice brought with cubs to Hoar Cross, and turned out there, and once to Sudbury."

The opening day was at Longford. On the 25th they ran at such a pace from Walton Wood, by Catton, and killed in the river below Drakelowe, after twenty-six minutes, that all the horses were beat. Mr. Landor had a rattling fall. But in the same country, on the 9th of January, after they had been stopped a great deal by frost, they had an extraordinary run of four hours and three-quarters.

They found at Catton, "went away immediately to Edingale, where he was headed, and came back almost to Catton, turned to the right, and went up to Seal Wood, through the cover, and away fast, leaving Sweyne Park and Gresley Wood close on the right up to Brizlincote Hill Covert, down the valley and up to the Burton road; left Bradby (Bretby) Lane on the right, and went by Winshill beyond Newton (Solney), where he headed back and came by the Cotton Mill almost up to Newton folly; back by Winshill to Brizlincote, and the same way he came back to Seal Wood, where we stopped the hounds. The finest day's sport I ever saw, and the hounds worked capitally. Ranter, Reveller, Victory, Bridesmaid, Caroline, and Juliet, particularly distinguished themselves, also Dauntless and Bertram. The run was four hours and three-quarters, sometimes very fast, the hunting beautiful; a very large field, but a great many lost the first time at Seal Wood, and of those who came on only seven or eight reached the end; eighteen and a half couples. I rode Aaron; Tom, Patriot, tired and slightly staked; Joe, sailor; he and I were the best carried, and Mr. Meeke."

This last bit is delightful, giving all the credit to the horses.

On Thursday, February 27th, they met at Markeaton, and after minor affairs, such as a bag fox killed, found in Ireton Rough, a fair step from the meet, when a couple of hounds slipped on, and ran by Mackworth and Markeaton, and crossed the road from Mickleover to Littleover, where the truants, Ramble and Daffodil, were overtaken. They then ran by Sunny Hill, Hell Meadows, Stenson, Findern, Potlock, crossed the Trent below Willington, by Foremark, to ground at Anchor Church. An hour and thirty-five minutes; about fourteen miles. The account ends with, "A very fine run. Fifteen couples. I rode Aaron; Tom, Sultan; Joe, Needwood."

On Friday, April 25th, the Master seemed to have it pretty much his own way, for, in the morning, they ran

very fast from the Greaves by Hanbury to the Hare Holes, and nobody was with them but the Master, Mr. Landor, and Joe. Then they found in Frame Bank, Bagot's Woods, where the hounds divided, and the main body went away through Kingston Woods and Windy Hall, to Chartley Moss, where the squire stopped them, as neither Tom, nor Joe, nor any one else were with him; but the next day the boot was on the other leg, for they found again in Frame Bank, went across the Uttoxeter road, where some hounds slipped on, and had a capital run by Blyth Moor, Locksley, Carrick Coppice, Bramshal, and lost by Beamhurst; nobody but Mr. Turnor with them. This was on April 28th, and the last day of the season.*

* The spelling of the names of places is taken from the diary, and, as local people will observe, differs from that which is now in vogue.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FITZHERBERTS.

He was no bad judge of either the goodness of land or beauty of scenery, this first FitzHerbert, who chose Somersal for his home in the year 1200, or thereabouts, nor was he of Norbury a bad one either. As you stand by Selina's elm, as the tree is called, which looks proudly forth from its lofty eminence on the fair broad acres, which once belonged to the lords of the manor of Somersal-Herbert, and see beneath you the delightful old-world Hall, nestling down in a hollow, where storms beat not "nor ever wind blows loudly," with the blue smoke-wreaths rising amongst the immemorial elms, whither the rooks are winging their homeward way, you feel that your gaze rests on a "Haunt of ancient peace." Just beyond the Hall are the oak-palings of its little park. Higher up on the slope of the hill to the right is the old oak, the fall of one of whose branches, so the legend runs, heralds the death of the reigning lord; beyond that, again, are fair pastures dotted with oak, elm, and ash, many a goodly tree, stretching down to where the Dove, dear to old Izaak Walton's piscatorial soul, winds its way through lush pastures, where cattle graze contentedly on some of the richest grass of this fair Derbyshire land. Against the sky-line the soft outlines of the Forest Banks, with their fringe of noble trees, forms a fitting framework to a scene of unsurpassed pastoral loveliness. A sort of feeling of sadness steals over you as you drink it all in with softening gaze,

and picture to yourself the generations which have come and gone with their loves, their hates, their feuds, their ambitions, their friendships, all reduced to one common level in the quiet churchyard below, whence—

> "Owners and occupants of earlier dates
> From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
> And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

Come, let us turn away, let us think of something else. What is that line wavering through the meadows? The brook? The Somersal brook? What, "that stream of historic disaster?"

> "There in the bottom, see, sluggish and idle,
> Steals the dark stream where the willow tree grows;
> Harden your heart and catch hold of the bridle,
> Steady him, rouse him, and over he goes."

How easily the hackneyed lines recur to the memory when the right cord is struck. 'Tis but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

> "F for the FitzHerbert family stands,
> They can all ride like blazes and haven't they hands?"

What a bathos! But it cannot be helped. It was the brook that did it. As to the lines, they were written by the licensed rhymester of the Hunt about the members of this wonderful riding family in 1881, and so, probably with equal justice, could their representative at the battle of Hastings have been described by the chronicler of the day, for such horsemanship as theirs is an hereditary gift. No history of the Meynell country would be complete which failed to allot a certain space to them, for are they not as Meynellian as the Meynells themselves, having the same blood in their veins, and have not two of them at different periods been termed the Fathers of the Hunt? Moreover, in these days, when everything goes by the majority, the fact of there having been close on a dozen of them in the field at once, five and twenty years ago, ought to count for something.

As far back as the time of the Father of Foxhunting, the great Hugo Meynell himself, there is a set of verses describing a run with that worthy, in which these lines occur—

> "And, screwing behind him, there's FitzHerbert Dick,
> His horse half-done-up, looking sharp for a nick."

But, nick or no nick, he was forward enough, for there were but three others in front of him, which is no bad place for an old man. As these lines were written about the beginning of the last century, and as the squire died full of years in 1806, he is fairly entitled to the epithet. It seems unlucky for him, in the eyes of posterity, that his name should have been Dick, with its obvious rhyme, for once more there occurs—

> "The parent of our hunt, old Dick,
> We'll greet with cordial glee;
> Tho' now he chiefly makes a nick,
> That he more sport may see."

By this time he was evidently old enough to have arrived at the dignity of being Father of the Hunt No. 1, Sir William of Tissington being No. 2, nearly a century later.

This Richard FitzHerbert was the last Squire of Somersal in the direct line, the Tissington ones having branched off in the middle of the fifteenth century, having acquired Tissington by marriage with Margaret Francis. Richard FitzHerbert was succeeded by his sister, who only survived him a few years. Till then, Somersal-Herbert had been held by a FitzHerbert without a break from about 1200. At Miss FitzHerbert's death it went to her nephew, the Rev. Roger Jackson, who sold it. Lord Vernon bought most of it, but Lord St. Helens, the younger brother of Sir William, the first baronet, whose mother was Mary Meynell, sister of Hugo Meynell, the father of fox-hunting, purchased the Hall and the land immediately surrounding it, thus preserving the cradle of his race for his family. He never married,

and at his death bequeathed the property to his nephew, Sir Henry, third baronet, who, in turn, left it to his second son, Col. FitzHerbert. His eldest son, Major Fitz-Herbert, is now the owner.

Before this, however, in 1845, Mr. FitzHerbert, afterwards Sir William, came to live there, remaining there till 1866, in which year he went to live at Tissington. His brother, the Colonel, succeeded him at Somersal, journeying from Nettleworth, like a very Jacob, with his flocks and herds. He and his wife and the smaller children came in the carriage, while the elder ones rode, driving a mixed herd of horses, of all ages, and cattle, in front of them.

Sir Henry, having been brought up by his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gally-Knight, who were non-hunting people, did not hunt himself, but was very fond of riding, so he and his large family, ten in all, used to make great riding tours, accompanied by the huge, roomy, family coach, all through the High Peak of Derbyshire. It was not very easy, as may be well imagined, to find nice, quiet animals for so large a troop, so, of course, the young ones soon took to riding "whatever came along," to use an Americanism, and thus, in learning to sit a wild colt at the outset, acquired that fine horsemanship for which they were so remarkable in after life. Naturally the boys all went hunting as soon as possible, serving their apprenticeship with their maternal uncle, Mr. Robert Arkwright, who lived at Broadlow Ash, and at one time at Ashbourne, and who kept a pack of harriers. Some of them died comparatively young, some of them went to live elsewhere, and Mr. John FitzHerbert, who lived at Hulland and at Breadsall, gave up hunting altogether when he married in 1859, so it is with the two elder sons that we are principally concerned.

The eldest, in the spring of 1819, in his eleventh year, went to school at Charterhouse. In the autumn of 1826 he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained till, in April, 1829, he received a Cornetcy in

the Inniskilling Dragoons, joining his regiment at Knutsford. For four years he was quartered in Ireland, which was much more to his taste than the year he spent at Edinburgh. In 1834 he retired from the Army, and in the spring of 1835 went to Barbadoes, in which island and Jamaica the family owned considerable estates. While in Barbadoes, in December of the same year, he married Miss Alleyne, daughter of Sir Reynold Alleyne, of Mesner Hall, Essex, and Mount Alleyne, Barbadoes, who lived subsequently at Field House, Marchington, and Barton-under-Needwood, where he died. It may be interesting to note here that the mother of the Father of Fox-hunting was an Alleyne of this same family, and not a Poyntz, as is generally stated by sporting writers, but his grandmother was a Poyntz.

After his marriage Mr. FitzHerbert lived for a year at West Farleigh, his father's seat in Kent, and then came back to Derbyshire. From 1837 to 1841 he resided at Willington, where he and a kindred spirit, Mr. Spilsbury, went hunting and schooling young horses to their hearts' content. At the latter's house there was always a cheery party for the Derby week—Mr. Landor, with his tall, gaunt figure, in knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckles on his shoes; Captain Arden puffing away at his gigantic pipe; and Lawyer Willington, of Tamworth, amusing everybody with the life-like likenesses of Meynell people and their horses which he used to cut out of paper.

From Willington Mr. FitzHerbert moved to Normanton, in the Atherstone country, till the spring of 1843, when he stayed at Tissington for a year. Then came a few months on his father's estates in Jamaica, after which he settled down, in 1845, to a long spell of Bench-ing (to coin a word), hunting, and farming. About this time a little boy asked, "What are you, sir?" and the reply was, "I am a farmer." The Rev. Francis Mosley Spilsbury was curate there, as fond of hunting as the squire himself. One day hounds were running hard across Somersal

parish, when the curate got a fall, and his horse fell atop of him. "Never mind him," roared Jack Bond; "he won't be wanted for a week."

Always a very brilliant and daring rider, a light weight, a most abstemious liver, no smoker, and mounted on thoroughbred horses, Mr. FitzHerbert was very bad to beat over any country, while he could ride anything. To him the lines might well have been applied—

> "He can tame the wild young one, inspirit the old,
> The restive, the runaway, handle and hold;
> Sharp steel or soft solder, which e'er does the trick,
> It makes little matter to Hard-riding Dick."

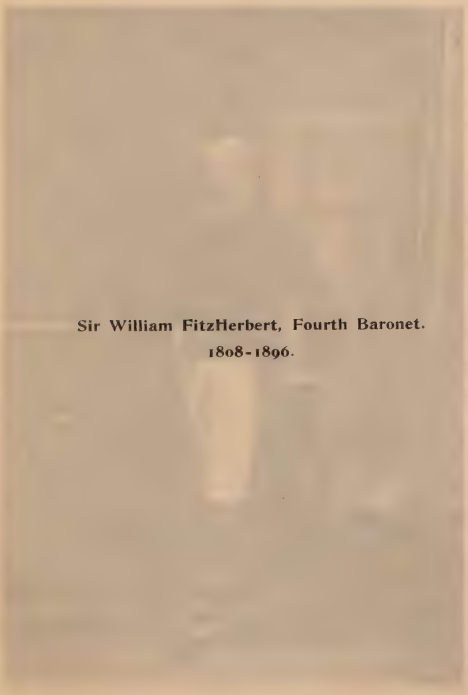
Where the hounds went he went, scorning to deviate from his chosen line, no matter how formidable the obstacle. One day hounds came tearing out of the Birchwood Hoar Cross, or the Brakenhurst, and with them, over the boundary fence, came Sir William. By-and-by Mr. Meynell Ingram said, "There was no occasion to jump, FitzHerbert; there was a gate just round the corner." "How should I know where all your gates are?" was the characteristic reply. With this style of riding it is not to be wondered at that he got many falls.

Even when he was quite an old man hounds ran up amongst the stone walls. Presently an exceptionally high one with a terrific drop barred the way. No one seemed anxious to go first, and the leading men were huddled up like a flock of sheep. At last Sir William said, in his quiet, deliberate way, and deep tone of voice, "Perhaps you will let me come?" Over he went, on a horse accustomed to walls, without a moment's hesitation, followed by his daughter, and it was some little time before any one caught the pair. About the last time he went hunting the united ages of himself and his horse were not far short of a hundred. Towards the end of his time away went the fox, away went the hounds, and away went he in their wake, with all the dash and fire of a young man, evoking the half-envious observation from a slow-going member of the hunt, "There goes the old

baronet, mad as ever." He might possibly have made the same remark if he had seen the subject of it set the whole field at the Melbourne brook in flood, or charge the Mease, landing dry himself, "the horse not being a good water jumper," as he observed dryly, though some people would have thought it a fair performance nearly to succeed in clearing a river. He always thought an extraordinary good run of two hours and forty minutes from Loxley at a great pace over the cream of that good country was the best thing he ever saw with the Meynell. Miss Meynell went very well, as she always did. It may have been in this gallop that Tom Leedham, coming up from behind, called out, "You mun lick and lay on, missy!" The fox had the best of it, for it was thought that hounds never changed, yet they had to be stopped in the end.

Sir William made his last appearance in the hunting-field in his seventy-seventh year, riding Tory, a famous horse bred by Colonel FitzHerbert, and a great favourite with his daughter. Hounds ran very fast for thirty-seven minutes from Longford Car, round by the Spath, and killed near Brailsford. "Squire" Chandos-Pole, who was then master, presented the brush to his old friend, who had been in his usual place all through. So, with him, the ardent flame of the chase was not allowed to flicker out, as it is in some cases, but burned brilliantly to the finish. So long as hunting continues in Derbyshire his name will be connected with it, while its very mention still conjures up for many of us the familiar figure with the white hair beneath the hunting-cap, the patriarchal beard flowing over the breast of the well-worn "pink," and the cavalry boots with a peak coming up over the knee, such as you see depicted in Herring's spirited pictures.

Charles used to tell an amusing story of how a fox was killed just in front of a gentleman's house, and of how the owner was very much put out at the horses trampling his gravel. The next time Sir William saw



Sir William FitzHerbert, Fourth Baronet.
1808-1896.

the latter, he asked if he had recovered from his annoyance. "No, I haven't," he answered shortly; "I call it most outrageous." "Well, you see," said the first speaker, "I have made it a practice all my life to go pretty much where the hounds go; but you are so totally unaccustomed to that sort of thing that of course you would not understand it!" Needless to say the cap fitted to a nicety. He was the first hunting-man in Derbyshire to wear a beard, though his brother, the Colonel, who came to Somersal in 1866, did likewise. Very white they were latterly, and people irreverently styled the brothers "Moses and Aaron." Once Mr. Davenport Bromley, who also had a flowing white beard, turned up at the meet with them, upon which a reverend gentleman, who was not much of a credit to his cloth, exclaimed, "Hallo, here are Moses and Aaron and all the prophets!" Whereupon Sir William, who thought the remark highly impertinent, retorted with, "Yes, and you had better take a good look at them, for *you* are never likely to see them again."

As a breeder of horses he was fairly successful. Baily's Beads, by Hurworth, was about the best, and a wonder at water. He was said to have cleared twenty-eight feet over the Cubley brook with Mr. (now Sir Richard) Fitz-Herbert, and got clean over the Foston mill-race, eighteen feet of open water, jumping twenty-four feet, with Mr. Beresford FitzHerbert. The latter also had about the best of it on another good one, Firedrake by Prizefighter, during the greater part of a memorable run, in 1863, from Radburne Rough. He slipped into the Church Broughton brook towards the end, but the pair were up at the finish, which was near Sudbury station. This was an extraordinary good gallop, and an account of it will appear elsewhere. Mr. Walter Boden, who was riding a grey, purchased from Mr. John Wright, will never forget it. This horse once jumped the palings out of Sudbury Park with him. The Honourable Edward Coke, of Longford, and Colonel Reginald Buller on Horninglow, a steeplechase horse, were also right in front all the way, while

Sir Richard FitzHerbert, who was only about seventeen at the time, had none the worst of it. Charles Leedham used to say that, up to about this time, Lord Stanhope, afterwards Lord Chesterfield, used to be about the best man with the Meynell, especially on Emmeline, or Mad Moll, "till Mr. Dick FitzHerbert began to ride, when, as soon as he passed him in a run, his lordship would pull up, muttering, 'No fun,' and go home." There may have been as good men as Sir Richard with the Meynell, but there never was a better. He was a wonderfully nice, quiet rider, with the best of hands, a strong seat, and, of course, undeniable nerve. You never saw him flashing about, jumping unnecessary places, or making himself conspicuous; but the moment hounds settled down to run you were aware of a long, spare figure in a black coat stealing to the front and sticking there. He had an extraordinary quick eye for hounds, was always with them, but never over-rode them, and no one could ride a young horse better.

This is all put in the past tense, not because there is any falling off in the horsemanship, only that, after he became rector of Warsop, he did not come out regularly with the Meynell. His two elder brothers, who unfortunately died young, were also quite first rate.

Colonel FitzHerbert, too, who dressed very like his elder brother, in hunting cap, and black boots coming up over the knee, was just as good as the others. In fact, with a slight alteration, Mr. Egerton Warburton's lines exactly fit the case—

> "Were my life to depend on the wager,
> I know not which *member* I'd back,
> The Rector, the Squire, or the Major,
> The purple, the pink, or the black."

It is impossible to decide which was the best. Some say one, some another; the fact being that they all excelled, each in his own way. Sir William was perhaps the more brilliant and dashing rider, the Colonel could nurse a horse the best, while the present baronet seems to

Sir Richard FitzHerbert, Fifth Baronet.

combine the good qualities of both. And this brings us to one of the other sex, the Colonel's daughter, Miss Mildred FitzHerbert (now the Honble. Mrs. Moncreiff). She was not only a horsewoman of the finest calibre, equally good on a young one or on a perfect hunter, but she had a wonderful eye to hounds and a country, and knew all about it. She wanted no pilot, and to see her sweeping along on her favourite, Tory, was a treat, for she knew how to gallop, an art which few men, and hardly any women, ever acquire. She could turn and twist with hounds like one of them, while her eye was never off the pack. Many a time has the writer seen her, when every one was riding along a lane or road, gossiping, while hounds were at fault, stop suddenly, pull her horse round, and jump out of it. Her quick eye had noticed that a hound had hit the line, while other people were busy with their own concerns. Perhaps one reason why she was so good to hounds was that she never lost a chance through inattention. It seemed a pity that such an ornament to the hunting-field should have been destined to go and live in Scotland. Miss Rose Fitz-Herbert (now Mrs. Peacock) was also her father's constant attendant, and rode well, having plenty of practice on young ones at home, and her sister, Miss Mabel, was equally good. In fact, all the family took to riding as naturally as ducks to water, but, even at Somersal, there were not horses enough for such a number, fifteen in all, to go out hunting at the same time. Mr. (now the Rev.) Reginald was the child of the Rufford Hunt, and at ten years of age was promoted to a home-made red coat and a hunting cap, as being a sportsman of experience. When his father first went to Nettleworth the riding of the members of the Hunt was at a low ebb, people being pretty much content to ride from point to point as they did in pre-Meynellian days. Colonel FitzHerbert played the part of the Flying Childe of Kinlet in that district. The Rev. Banks Wright is made to express his contempt for it in the lines where he says—

"The Rufford! Bah! Can I, the pride
Of all the shires, my talents waste,
To Percy's tow-rows over-ride,
And through his deep morasses haste!"

Not that they did not show fair sport at times, which no one enjoyed more than the Colonel, yet he was not loth to exchange "the morasses and the tow-rows" for the fair pastures of the Meynell country and the Hoar Cross hounds. So determined was he to stick to the latter, that he even swam the Dove in flood, in 1849, on his famous mare, Ada, and had them all to himself for a long time in consequence.

Some capital horses were bred by him, amongst the best being Havelock, foaled in 1857, sold at eight years old to the celebrated "Bob" Chapman, the dealer, for a hundred and sixty pounds, who passed him on to Lord Grey for three hundred and fifty pounds; Rosy Morn, by Chanticleer, foaled in 1855, and ridden "in the great run of 1868;" Bengal, by Tufthunter, out of the above mare, foaled in 1862, who went to Chapman for a hundred and fifty pounds, and left him with only two hundred pounds added to the purchase money! This horse ran second to Mountain Dew at Lichfield.

These prices are curious instances of the fact that gentlemen will hardly ever give the same prices to one another, which they pay unhesitatingly to a dealer.

The Colonel's eldest son, who now lives at Somersal, served, like his father before him, in the Rifle Brigade. Like the rest of his family, he was a good horseman, but spent most of his time in India, where he was an ardent *shikarri*. The old house at Somersal is full of trophies, some of them obtained at considerable risk of life and limb, and he was considered a good enough authority on big game in India to be consulted by his friend, Major Heber Percy, when writing his contribution to the Badminton library. The second son, who, like his elder brother, is a great antiquarian, is Rector of Somersal. The younger brothers all emigrated years ago to New Zealand.

Colonel FitzHerbert.

Colonel Fitzherbert.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPORT IN THE TWENTIES—THE GREAT RUN TO ULVERSCROFT ABBEY—SIR PETER WALKER, BART.

They began cub-hunting on the 2nd of September, 1824–25, in the Brakenhurst, killing a cub and a badger, with the whole pack out, with the exception of two couples. He had thirty-nine couples.

Some of those who came down to write accounts of hunting with these hounds describe them as being very indifferent on a cold scent, but the Master himself says just the opposite. For instance, he says: "Stone's Gorse; found several foxes, and, after running about the cover for some time, came away by Parson's Brake to Holly Bush, by Moat Hall to Hoar Cross village; turned short back through the gardens and Newboro', back through Mr. Hall's cover, by Parson's Brake to Hanbury Park Wood, where we killed. A vixen. Beautiful hunting, and nothing could excel the perseverance and steadiness of the hounds, with a bad scent and pouring rain."

The opening day was at Sudbury Coppice on October 25th.

They had a lot of good sport, but it is impossible to mention everything. But there was one day, when they met at little Eaton, which Joe Leedham, for one, was not likely to forget, for they found at Horsley Park, ran through Locko by Chaddesden and Spondon, back to Locko, and then away by Ladywood to Sandy Acre, close to Nottingham, and nobody saw a yard of it except Joe, on Denmark. The date was January 13th, 1825. This

was a seven and a half mile point, and at least thirteen miles as hounds ran.

On the 29th of January, on a very doubtful morning, when it was too hard to hunt till one o'clock, they found at Eaton Wood. From here they came away fast by Marston Park across Darley Moor, by Edlastone, by Blakeley Holt, through Shirley Park, by Bradley and Hulland, but came to very cold hunting going for Breston, and gave it up; it was fast up to Shirley Park, but towards the end it got much colder, and the ground became so frozen that they could not make much of it. As it was, they did not get home till eight o'clock.

On the 31st January, Monday, they had a tremendously hard day, running for five hours and ten minutes, though by no means straight. To quote from the diary, "they found in the woods and ran very hard to Locksley and back to the woods, back again to Locksley, where we changed our fox, back through the woods to Locksley again, through Bramshall Park, almost to Beamhurst by Uttoxeter, almost to the Banks, turned again to Woodford Rough, where the hounds viewed the fox two or three times as he lay down in the hedgerows, but the horses were all so tired that we could not kill him, as it was quite dark—the hardest day I ever saw. I rode Sailor; Tom, Mr. Chadwick's Grey, dead tired; Joe, Needwood, nearly tired; little Tom, roan mare, but he went to stop some hounds, and went home."

This was at least twenty-three miles, measured from point to point.

After such a day as this, it does not sound very wonderful to run "from Brakenhurst by Foxall Lodge, through Bannister's Rough to Tatenhill, through the Henhurst, by Anslow, Stockley Park, near Stone's Gorse, by Hanbury to Coton, almost to the river, across the road to Draycott Mill, by Hound Hill, over the Dove, almost to Doveridge, came back by Somersal to Sudbury Coppice," where they whipped off in the dark. A note at the end says, "Wilful and Joyful worked harder."

We should think this pretty good nowadays.

This was at least eighteen miles, measured from point to point.

In March of this year there is the first mention of Mr. Trevor Yates, who changed horses with little Tom.

Killed thirteen brace; two badgers; ran to ground nine and a half brace; lost twenty-five and a half brace.

Cub-hunting began on August 22nd, 1825, in Brakenhurst; found plenty of cubs and killed one. Oddly enough, next time they drew it, on September 3rd, they found but one fox. It was so hot and dry that they stopped till the 14th. Result of the cub-hunting was one cub, one badger, and two *old foxes!* On the last day, October 22nd, they had a blank day, though they had drawn Black Slough, Rough Park, Brakenhurst, and the Birchwood!

The opening day was at Shirley Park, on October 24th.

The first remarkable day was on February 11th, from Blithfield, when "they drew through the woods to Dickson's Hills, found, and came away fast through the woods, through Kingston on the hills towards Blythe Bridge, back by Bagot's Bromley and Dunstal, over the Park and away, by Floyers Coppice, over Uttoxeter high road, through Loxley Park, almost to Windy Hall, turned down the hills, across the Blythe, by the corner of Gratwich Wood, through the middle of Chartley, to Fradswell, where we changed our fox, ran him through Birchwood Park, and Draycott Wood, where we all lost the hounds for some time, found them at last in Draycott Woods, close to their fox, but it was so late, and all the horses so beat, that we stopped them. The hardest day of the season. They were running hard for five hours, only Mr. Bott, Calvert, Edward Bagot, Self, Henry, Tom and Joe at the end. I rode Sailor; Henry,* roan mare; Tom, one of Mr. Walmesley's, a little while, and then the black horse, who went wonderfully stout; Joe, the young

* Admiral Meynell.

horse, who proved himself very good. Sixteen couples; the hounds quite fresh at the end."

On the 20th they had another old-fashioned run from Sudbury; hounds found in the Alder Moor, and a few couples slipped away, and were not caught till just beyond Foston Mill. From here they ran by Sutton, and by Barton Park to Longford slowly, but they got up to him at Longford Car, and ran fast through Shirley Park and over Bradley bottoms; here the inevitable curdog chased the fox and brought hounds to a check. They hit him off again, and hunted him up to beyond Hulland, where darkness overtook them, and they had to give it up.

They were evidently in for a run of sport, for on the 23rd, from Gorsty Lees, they had one of the best runs they had ever had hitherto. They went away at once, the best pace, by Ticknall, through the end of Staunton Springs, through Breedon Cloud, almost to Grace Dieu, turned over the forest, left Bardon Hill to the right, and over by Markfield windmill, through the corner of Martinshaw, across the Leicester Road, by Grooby, through Steward's Hays, almost to Bradgate Park. They then came back along the valley, and killed him at Ulverscroft Abbey, after two hours and ten minutes, and it was an hour and five minutes to the first check.

The squire rode Goldfinch; Tom, Jaspar; Joe, Pigg; and little Tom, Muslin.

This was at least twenty-three miles.

Killed sixteen brace; to ground, five and a half brace; lost, twenty-four brace; badgers, one; blank days, three.

A detailed account of the great run into Leicestershire on February 23rd appeared in the *Sporting Magazine* of that month, and is as under:—

February 23rd, 1826.

On this day the hounds of Hugo Meynell, Esq., met at Ingleby House, near to Foremark, the seat of Sir Francis Burdett, which, however, the worthy baronet does not often visit, and where, in the days of his father, Sir Robert Burdett, a gallant pack of foxhounds was kept. The hounds were thrown into an adjoining covert, which they drew without finding. This excited much surprise, as it was considered a sure find, and some persons, who reside in the immediate neighbourhood, and who happened to be on the ground, were decidedly of opinion that the

covert held more than one fox, although the hounds had apparently run through it. Hence the observation seemed correct, that, though Mr. Meynell's hounds are uncommonly fleet, they do not appear to draw well. Moreover, the morning was far advanced, which, of course, made the drag more difficult to recognize. However, from a conviction that the covert had not been well drawn, the hounds were thrown in a second time, and Renard was halloaed off immediately. It was about twelve o'clock when the fox broke. Though the dogs were close at him, he flourished his brush as a token of defiance, and went away as if he meant to run. He set his head in the direction of the straggling village of Ticknall, and afterwards turned to the left, making his way, by Melbourne coppice, over the township of Breedon to the Cloud Wood. In it there are remarkably strong earths, which, I apprehend, were not stopped; yet Renard did not remain here. On the contrary, he passed by Spring Wood to Osgathorpe, and, leaning to the left, and crossing the low wood on Charnwood Forest, made away in the direction of Gracedieu Tollgate to Mr. Cropper's cottage, and, passing the rough, strong, and rocky covert of Gracedieu Park. Here he turned to the left, crossing Chainwood Forest, to Sharply Rocks. I now concluded he would endeavour to shelter himself in these almost inaccessible fastnesses, where I have seen foxes repeatedly stop for refuge when hard run, though they frequently lose their lives over the manœuvre. For, notwithstanding the numerous holes which the crevices in the rocks afford, there is not one from which a fox may not be drawn. However, this gallant chace did not stop, but made away over the Forest in the direction of Charnwood village, leaving which, to the left, he stretched away for the strong covert of Bardon Hill, the shelter of which he also disdained, and, leaving the village of Whitwich to the right, crossed the Bardon grounds for Shaw Lane, Markfield, by Steward's Haywoods, to Newtown, whence he directed his course to Bradgate Park, where Lord Stamford's foxhounds were formerly kept, passed the mouldering ruins known by the name of Ulverscroft Abbey, and was killed a little distance beyond them, after a most extraordinary run of two hours. The distance compassed must have been twenty-five miles, and, though this fox was pursued by one of the fleetest packs of hounds in England, they did not reach him till he had absolutely fallen down from mere exhaustion. The mode in which the fox ran was singular, as I have already mentioned. It is highly probable, being a dog fox, that he had rambled from Mr. Osbaldeston's Hunt, in which he was killed, to the place where he was found by Mr. Meynell's hounds.

A Constant Reader.

In an account in the *Derby Mercury* of this same capital run, the writer ends up with—

We understand from those gentlemen who were able to keep within distance of the hounds that they never came to a fault or check during the whole run which could not be computed in a direct line at less than seventeen miles.

There is rather a curious fact recorded in this year of how one of the woodmen of Mr. E. Cope had occasion to climb up a spruce fir tree in Longford Car for the purpose of attaching a rope to its summit prior to its being felled. When he was about two-thirds of the way up the tree, he saw a fine fox, which immediately jumped to the ground

and made off. On examining the tree, he discovered a sort of den, so pleached and interwoven with branches as to make a capital place for the fox to eat and sleep unmolested. Mr. Meynell's hounds had drawn this covert blank several times this season, and no doubt our friend, curled up in his nest, enjoyed seeing them. From the amount of *débris* of game and poultry, he must have used it for some time. Perhaps this was one of Mr. Buckston's keeper's fir-tree foxes, who had been gradually educated up to the idea.

The Hunt Ball on April 5th this year seems to have been a great success. "The gentlemen of the Meynell Hunt Club received the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood in the new Assembly room. A brilliant company assembled from 9.30, and dancing commenced at 10.30, and was maintained till 2 a.m. E. S. Chandos-Pole and Theophilus Levett, Esq., were appointed stewards for this occasion. Mr. Levett was unavoidably absent. It was observed that a greater number of strangers were present at this ball than usual. Nearly three hundred persons from the most distinguished families in the neighbourhood partook of the evening's festivities."

Mr. Theophilus Levett here mentioned was an ardent sportsman. He it was who offered Lord Vernon nine hundred guineas for three of Sam Lawley's horses, which sum his lordship was magnanimous enough to refuse. Nimrod says: "There were few better riders than Mr. Levett, a welter weight, and his horse, Banker, will, with himself, long be remembered in the Atherstone country." Mr. John Boutbee, Mr. Vaughton, and Mr. Edmund Peel, were three others who were always in the van when hounds ran.

1826–1827.

Cub-hunting began on the 1st of September, 1826, in Bagot's Woods, and they found a fine lot of cubs up till the opening day, which was at Foston, on October 23rd. There happens to be a printed account of a day in the

middle of the season, which is inserted here to show what current writers said of the sport.

From the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, Dec. 9th, 1826.

THE RUN WITH MR. MEYNELL'S HOUNDS ON DEC. 2ND, FROM BLACK SLOUGH.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

On Saturday last these celebrated hounds had an excellent day's sport, and never perhaps more conspicuously displayed their leading characteristics of *turning quick with a scent* and *carrying head*, as it is technically termed, across a country. After drawing Vicar's Coppice, Elmhurst Wood, and some other coverts without finding, it was determined, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, not to miss that noted spot, *Black Slough Moore*, a wild secluded waste, thickly covered with deep heather and long dry grass, extending on one side to the Grand Trunk Canal, and surrounded by sheltering belts of fir trees. It was here picturesque in the extreme, and highly gratifying to the true lovers of the chace, to observe with what quickness, steadiness, and sagacity, each hound *tried to find*, while the motley pack, *drawing into the wind*, gradually spread over the waste; when all at once a fine old fox jumped up from amongst the heath and broke away, with the gallant pack close at his brush, in a direction for Curborough Wood and Fradley Heath, up to Hill Farm, and on to Orgreave Gorse. Here, after "hanging" a little in the coverts, he faced "the open" again, away for Elmhurst Hall, crossed Haunch Brook and the Birmingham and Manchester turnpike road. A severe burst along the meadows, leaving Seedy Mill to the left, by Brook End and Longdon windmill, through Jay's Coppice, across the upper side of Armitage Park, away over the Liverpool turnpike road above Brereton village, skirted Brereton Hays, leaving the Marquess of Anglesea's to the left, and on by Startley Head, nearly to the highest part of Cannock Chase, where very heavy storms of snow and rain unfortunately brought the hounds to a check, and this "flying fox" fairly "beat them out of scent," after a very fine run of at least eleven miles. Too much praise cannot be given to this excellent pack of hounds, as they had to contend against bad weather, with every accompanying disadvantage. There was a very large assembly of sportsmen when the fox was found, and a great many horses were much distressed during the run by *the pace* and *the stiffness of the fences*, so much so, that after *a severe struggle for precedency*, over this deep and difficult country, we were only able to notice four persons (besides the huntsman and one whipper-in) fairly "placed" with the hounds, viz.: Sir Thomas Salusbury, on that well-known horse *Waxlight*, by Waxy, late the property of Captain Edward Meynell, of the 10th Royal Hussars, and now belonging to George Walmsley, Esq., of Foston House, Derbyshire; Mr. H. M. Chadwick, on his favourite mare; Mr. Hawkes, jun., of Norton Hall, on "a thoroughbred one;" and a Member of Sir Richard Sutton's Hunt, out of Lincolnshire, on a visit at Mr. Meynell's, whose name we could not learn.

P.S.—It gives us much pleasure to find that the Master of the Pack is fast recovering from his slight attack of lumbago, and that he will very shortly again be able to ride to his hounds.

This sounds very fine, but the diary dismisses it with "a very bad rainy day." Both accounts evidently refer to

the same occasion, for the diary states that Sir Thomas Salusbury rode Waxlight.

On December 15th there was a capital ball, the success of which was principally due "to the politeness of the stewards, particularly H. S. Wilmot, Esq. Knowing every one, no one escaped his courteous and affable attentions; and all acknowledged the more than civility of his demeanour throughout the whole evening."

On December 23rd they had a great day in the woods, and all round Draycott and Hound Hill, Coton, and Draycott, finally running to ground at Marchington Cliff, at dark, after two and a half hours. They dug him out by *candle light* and killed him.

They began the new year with what is described as a magnificent day; but all we are told about it is that it started at Ravensdale Park and ended at Radburne, with nobody with them but Tom on his brown horse, and little Tom on his old favourite, the black mare. Joe got to the end of Spotless, and had to stop.

After a week's frost they "found a fox at Wichnor, and went away by Shivel Lodge * and Yoxall Lodge, crossed over Crop Plane through Nettlebed to Stone's Gorse, through the Hare Holes up to the Hanbury Road, where he was headed, and came back through the corner of Huntswood by Fauld to the meadows, crossed the Sudbury road by Draycott, went under Hound Hill to Woodford Rough, where we ran several rings and viewed him close before the hounds to the river, crossed opposite the Doveridge Hare Park, where he was headed, and we lost him at the river, where I have no doubt he was drowned, as the stream was very rapid. This was a capital run, with very few checks, and at a good pace all the way." The master rode Aaron, and Joe had a bad fall with Sailor.

January 20th was the Duke of York's funeral, but they hunted all the same at Blithbury, and there was a very good scent, in spite of the ground being frozen so hard that they had to stop the hounds on that account.

* Probably Sherholt Lodge.

On February 3rd they had a capital run from Radburne. After drawing the Pastures blank they heard there was a fox in the earths at Radburne, came back and bolted him, and ran very fast between the Ash and Sutton, along the meadows under Etwall. They then crossed the road by Egginton Bridge and the river by the osier bed nearly opposite Stretton. After crossing the Dove hounds were brought to their noses and hunted prettily by Stretton, through the corner of the Henhurst, through Knightley Park, by the New Inn, over Stockley Park, and were stopped at Rolleston, as it had been freezing all day, and the hounds were all lame from the hardness of the ground.

All these parks, which are so frequently mentioned, are not, as a stranger would naturally suppose, enclosed deer parks now. They were so in remote times, but at present, for the most part, differ not at all from the country in general. Nothing is left of the park but the name.

After a week's frost hounds ran (after starting from Longford!) from Marchington Cliff and lost their fox at Hamstall Ridware, which is not by any means a bad run —close on a seven-mile point, over a capital line, and done in forty-five minutes. It elicited no further comment from the diarist than "very pretty." In fact, when he does say "a very fine run," or "magnificent day," the commendation is well merited, so we may well believe that the following, on April 5th, which he describes as "the most brilliant thing of the season," was something out of the common. They found in Shirley Park and went away at a great pace by Wyaston, past Osmaston, through Bradley Moor, leaving the Gorse on the left, and killed him by the cotton mill at Kniveton after forty-seven minutes without a check. Every horse was beat, and no wonder, going that pace over those hills. Mr. Meynell, on his black horse, could not catch them at all, and came home, giving it up as a bad job. Tom's brown mare carried him first rate, and little Tom, on the black

mare, as usual, was all right, but the honours of the day remained with Joe on Kedleston.

April 12th was the last day, and they met at Holly-bush, found in the Banks, and lost at Henhurst. Then they drew the Greaves, Castle Hays, Stone's Gorse, and Brakenhurst blank.

Foxes killed, sixteen brace; lost, twenty-four brace; to ground, five and a half brace; blank days, three.

Old men often say nowadays, how frequently they hunted in the woods in old times. Taking the season just mentioned as a sample, we find that they hunted sixty-one days after the opening of regular hunting, sixteen of which were in the woods.

Shirley Park figures in almost every run in that part of the country, so some slight account of its history may be interesting. It derives its name from a Saxon word, which means "a clear place or pasture." From the village of Shirley the famous family of that name took its cognomen, and they appear to have come there first in the time of Henry I.—of course through a grant of land from Robert de Ferrers. It was not, however, till the reign of Henry III. that it became the principal seat of the family. Yeavely and Stydd were formerly part of the parish of Shirley, but Washington, fifth Earl of Ferrers, about a hundred years ago sold a great deal of it. Shirley Park was once of great interest, in fact, Sir Thomas Shirley, writing in the time of Charles I., says that it might be "more aptly termed a forest." At the present time Sir Peter Walker owns a good deal of it. His father, Sir Andrew Walker, bought it with the house and land at Osmaston, close by, from Mr. John Osmaston. The latter's father, Mr. Francis Wright, who married a daughter of Sir Henry FitzHerbert, Bart., of Tissington, bought the property, and built the present magnificent house some time in the fifties, at an immense cost. His son John, who assumed the name of Osmaston, sold it to Sir Andrew Walker, and the house and pleasure grounds immediately surrounding it, the cost of which must have exceeded

Sir Peter Walker, Bart.
From a photograph
by
Dickinson.

£100,000, were only estimated to bring £11,000. Mr. John Osmaston was at one time a regular follower of the Meynell hounds, and went well, especially on a grey, the General, which he sold to Mr. Walter Boden. He had a *penchant* for that colour, always driving greys in his coach, and he also started a herd of pure white shorthorns.

The present owner of Osmaston is a staunch fox-preserver, but is probably fonder of a gun, and more especially of a rifle, than he is of horse and hound. Yet he kept at his own expense for some time the Dove Valley Harriers, about the year 1894, when Colonel Fleming, a capital all-round sportsman, gave them up. This country has also to thank him for instituting the point-to-point races, which are usually called after him. A peculiarity of these is, that in each—the light weight (open), the heavy weight, and the Meynell Hunt race—the competitors must be nominated by a lady, who must have received a nomination from Sir Peter Walker. The nominator of the winner receives a bangle, and the owner gets the stakes.

No one enjoys big game shooting more than the popular Baronet of Osmaston, and he has been all over the world in pursuit of it. The trophies at Osmaston bear witness to his success, while another most interesting result of his travels is the establishment of a herd of elk, or, more strictly speaking, Wapiti, in the Park. These, at first, twenty in number, were delivered at a cost of, *on dit*, £100 a-head, which seems a very reasonable remuneration for the risk, trouble, and expense of collecting and shipping them. They have thriven and multiplied greatly in their new home, but it is not safe to allow them to be at large, like ordinary deer, on account of their rather queer tempers, as they are dangerous at times. Consequently they are fenced in on a large tract in the Park, with iron fencing of an immense height.

Osmaston is famous for its hospitality, and its owner is always doing something for other people's pleasure, in which he is ably assisted by Lady Walker, daughter of Mr. Okeover, of Okeover.

CHAPTER IX.

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON—CONTEMPORARY OPINION—A KEDLESTON DAY—RADBURNE.

1813–1826.

In the seasons preceding Mr. Meynell's start in fox-hunting on his own account, he went out with the Sudbury hounds in 1813–14, and 1815.

The first mention of them is their meeting at Hoar Cross, on November 1st, when they had a pretty fair run, during great part of which there was nobody with them but Mr. Meynell and a farmer. There were two curious incidents. The first was, that the fox ran *through* a drain near Abbots Bromley; and the second was, that the fox was eventually killed by a greyhound near Hamstall Ridware. This latter does not seem to have been a very uncommon occurrence. It would seem as if there was some truth in the stories of jealous riding between the wearers of the Vernon orange coats and the redcoats, for Mr. Meynell mentions, in several runs, that there were but one or two besides himself with the hounds, and very often that Thomas Leedham or some one of the Hoar Cross horses went best. Like most other Masters, he is rather inclined to pick holes in the neighbouring packs, and does not credit the Sudbury hounds with being very steady. But he does not find much fault with the pace they went, especially in a brilliant twenty minutes from Sudbury Coppice, when nobody but he, Captain Pole,* and William Lawley were with them.

* Probably the present squire's grandfather.

One great day was in the Forest Banks, when they ran till dark, hounds divided, and one lot stayed out all night.

On Monday, February 14th, when the frost was barely gone, they had a great run from Shirley Park, by Yeavely, Bentley Car, Cubley, and to Doveridge, where they took to the meadows. They suppose some of the hounds crossed the river. Nobody was with them owing to the impossibility of riding on account of the snowdrifts. They hunted up to April 13th, finishing the season at Hollybush, when it was so hot that the hounds were all quite beat.

For some reason or another he only hunted with them the next season in March, when they did nothing remarkable. In October of the same year he began hunting with Mr. Osbaldeston, whose style of hunting did not meet with his approval; he continually mentions losing the fox "through getting into confusion," or "through bad management"; the hounds were not at all steady.

After the end of the season 1815–16 there is no further mention of Mr. Osbaldeston. Mr. Meynell saw these hounds find nine and a half brace of foxes, of which they killed two brace, and ran one to ground. Of course allowances must be made for a Master being prejudiced in favour of his own kennel; but at the same time neither the Sudbury hounds nor Mr. Osbaldeston's had any runs so remarkable as fell to the share of Mr. Meynell's pack.

In the season of 1823–24 they began cub-hunting on August 21st, and amongst other places visited Willoughbridge, which was an innovation. For some reason, possibly from ill-health, the Master himself missed a good many days, and no doubt the Leedhams had a good story to tell when he was not out. For we find that they ran from Shirley Park to Longford and back, and killed after fifty minutes, which they said was the fastest thing of the season, and on a similar occasion from Radburne they ran for three hours and ten minutes, and all got to the end of their horses, who had carried them amazingly. Tom lamed Sultan, then tired out Pigg, and changed on

to Muslin, "who carried him wonderfully to the end," and Joe did quite as well on the new mare.

Next day he rode Patriot till he stopped and lay down, and well he might, for they had run from Sudbury to Foston, and over the Dove to the plaster pits by Castle Hays to Rolleston, across the river again by Eggington and back to Marston, and were stopped at dark by Tutbury, after running two hours. A few days afterwards they ran from Shirley Park by Bradley and Hulland, and left off close to Matlock, "where they believed the hunted fox was killed, as the hounds were seen to view him. Afterwards fresh foxes got up, and they stopped them; a magnificent run, most horses tired. Tom, brown mare; Joe, Needwood; and little Tom, Patriot, who was lame at starting. Seventeen couples."

Though he is not always mentioned, it would seem from contemporary writers that Little Tom went out regularly from this time as second whipper-in. This latter run was a twelve-mile point.

On January 24th they had a wonderful run from Bagot's Park, where they "found in the woods, and went away very fast below the Frame Bank, over to Woodford, across the Dove, and went between Sudbury Coppice and Maresfield Gorse, across the Park to Boylestone, through Bentley Car to Yeavely, came to the right through Alkmonton bottoms, and killed him at the old barn by Longford Car, an hour and fifty minutes; one of the finest runs we ever had. Only Tom, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley, Richard Turnor, and a servant with them. Tom rode Fanny, but Aaron was lost in the woods at starting." It does not appear who was riding him, probably Joe.

Saturday, January 31st, they had a wonderful gallop from Armitage as hard as they could go, "by Beaudesert over Style Cop, to the right of Moor's Gorse and along the Teddesley road to the Warren, where he turned along the ditch of the new enclosure for a mile, came over from Mainstay Wood, turned again on to the Chase, where we

could not get over the new fence till the hounds were out of sight. I came home, but Tom, Joe, little Tom, and Mr. Walmsley met with them again near New Coppice, and they ran him through all the gardens at Rugeley, and killed him in Wolseley Park—the finest thing I ever saw, an hour and a quarter."

On Thursday, March 25th, a great many strangers came to see if the reports they had heard of the great sport with the Hoar Cross hounds were true. Amongst them were Sir H. Mainwaring, Sir N. Brook, and Mr. Hay. As good luck would have it, they had a capital run, from Shirley Park by Bradley, and back to Brailsford Gorse and almost to Ravensdale Park; going away from here they fairly raced, and running from scent to view, killed near Shirley Park, after a wide ring of two hours. At the end of the day the master expresses himself thus: "The work of the hounds most capital and highly satisfactory."

They finished the season at Hollybush on April 17th.

Foxes killed, thirteen and a half brace; to ground, nine and a half brace; lost, twenty-four and a half brace; blank days, three; badgers, one.

It will be interesting to compare what is said by contemporary writers with what has gone before.

There is not much to be gleaned from the old magazines and so forth about early days with the Meynell hounds, partly, perhaps, because the Meynells themselves were averse to publicity. However, here and there there are allusions to the hounds and country, such as the following, which refers to the Donington country:—

About thirty years ago (1794), the Earl of Moira, now Marquis of Hastings, kept a pack of harriers at Donington Park, which, in the course of a few years, were converted into fox-hounds, with which he hunted the neighbouring country. In a short time afterwards these were sold to the late Sir Henry Harpur, afterwards Sir Henry Crewe of Calke, with whom they remained until his death; his son, the present Sir George Crewe, discontinued the establishment.

The country continues to be hunted by Mr. Meynell, though it is difficult to get a fox away, on account of the great extent and number of the covers. There are several strongholds for foxes at Calke; there is Robin Wood; there is the large and strong cover called Cloud Wood, near Breedon, near to which is the

still more extensive Spring Wood; at no great distance is Oakley Wood, to say nothing of the minor covers near Donington and Melbourne Parks. When a fox is driven from one he makes for another, and, unless they can force him across the Trent, there is seldom much good running. The foxes frequently attain a considerable age in this neighbourhood, as I found, upon inquiry, that many grey-faced ones were occasionally recognized. One of these old gentry led the hounds, at the latter end of last season, twice across the Trent. It was not without much difficulty that he was originally forced to cross the river just mentioned, and finding his pursuers gaining upon him, renard turned again, made for his own country, recrossed the Trent, but perceiving it impossible to reach his own abode, he entered the town of Melbourne, which he was not able to leave, but seeking shelter in a privy, he was there run into and killed, after a chase of uncommon length and severity.—*Sporting Magazine*, December, 1825.

The same, 1826 :—

On the 3rd of January, the fixture for Mr. Meynell's hounds was Kedleston, and I therefore moved to within about four miles of the place the day before, and took up my quarters at the Bell Inn, Derby. . . .

The writer arrives at the meet at 10.30, with grave doubts as to whether the frozen state of the ground will admit of hunting. He goes on to say—

The hounds, I apprehend, arrived the evening before, as the kennels (Hore Cross Hall, Needwood Forest) are situated at a considerable distance. . . . I had been informed by a gentleman who attended them, that these were the swiftest hounds in England. It frequently happens that sportsmen who are in the habit of hunting with a particular pack, become very partial to it, and are apt to speak rather as they wish than as they know. If I was allowed to form a decided opinion on the subject, I should place the Quorndon pack of bitches at the top of the list on the score of speed, and very probably Mr. Meynell's might rank the second. As fox-hounds, Mr. Meynell's dogs are not large—nay, they are considerably smaller than the generality of the Yorkshire hounds, than the Duke of Rutland's, those of the Earl of Londsdale, Sir Henry Mainwaring's, or Mr. Osbaldeston's, his bitch pack excepted. But they are high-bred, and I soon became well convinced that they deserved the high character that they had acquired for speed, though not well calculated, I should suppose, for hunting a cool scent.

Mr. Meynell appeared with his hounds, not, however, as huntsman, that office being performed by an active veteran, who had spent his life in the family, and who for more than twenty years had acted as coachman to Mr. Meynell's mother. Two of the sons of this man assisted him as first and second whippers-in, so that it might be said to be a family concern. We proceeded to Kedleston Hall, from which a very fine young man came and mounted a beautiful hunter, which was waiting to receive him. It was Sir Roger Griesley, Bart., of Drakelowe, near Burton-on-Trent, son of the late Sir Nigel Bowyer Griesley, descended from the celebrated Norman Rollo.

The hounds and the assembled sportsmen proceeded down the Park in the direction of Ravensdale Park, into which the hounds were thrown at 12.20. For several minutes all was anxious expectation. No tongue spoke to a scent,

and fears began to be entertained that the favourite cover held no fox. I heard some mutterings about returning to draw Kedleston Park, when a hound gave tongue, another spoke, and another, and another. A view holloa was heard, Renard was off, and the hounds went away close at his brush, and I confess I never saw hounds go faster. We had not been running, however, more than five minutes, if so much, when in going at a clipping pace along a narrow lane, rendered very slippery by the frost, my mare's feet shot completely from under her, and I, of course, measured my length on the ground. Several sportsmen immediately behind me were more fortunate. The shoes of their horses were, I apprehend, prepared for the frost, which unfortunately was not my case. They passed along, not, however, without the customary inquiry, "Are you hurt, sir?" I answered in the negative, yet, though I had sustained little injury, several minutes elapsed before I was able to mount, and the hounds ran with such speed that I was not able to reach them again; but I kept on, and was able to follow the track by the marks of the horses' feet as well as what, for want of a better term, I will call the wrecks of the chase. A few minutes brought me in sight of a prostrate brother sportsman, who, I was glad to find, had, like myself, sustained no injury. As I progressed I continued to come up with dismounted and beaten Nimrods; some had lost their horses, and others their way, and one gentleman appeared to have sustained a considerable injury in his side from a fall. He was riding very slowly, and expressed himself apprehensive that one or more of his ribs were fractured. At last I came in sight of the happy chosen few, who had enjoyed the delights of the run. It had been a brilliant run of thirty-eight minutes. The fox had taken shelter in a slough at Darley, a mile and a half from the town of Derby. One of the whippers-in had been despatched to Kedleston for a terrier. I waited a few minutes, but the genius of the chase had forsaken me. The animal on which I rode had gone in fear all the time. She was not properly shod for the slippery state of the ground. It was doubtful if they would be able to bolt wily renard. Further, I thought Mr. Meynell did not appear anxious to kill him, as foxes are scarce in Kedleston. Under all these circumstances, therefore, I accompanied Mr. Statham to Derby, but I was afterwards informed that they succeeded in getting the fox out, when he made away for Kedleston, and there again taking shelter in a slough was suffered to remain.

Mr. Meynell's hounds were not very successful in the early part of the season, but latterly they have been more fortunate. Of the last seven foxes which they had ran up to January 3rd they had killed six, which is certainly more than the general average.

Mr. Meynell's hunt is extensive, and the Derby side seems to be at an inconvenient distance from his residence, but such a circumstance is regarded as a mere trifle by a true fox-hunter like Mr. Meynell, nor is the Derby country reckoned the best. On the contrary, I was informed that Kedleston seldom produced a good run. Tuesday, the 3rd, however, proved a brilliant exception. The country on the other side of the river is in higher estimation. Calke frequently produces a good run, and foxes from this place generally take the direction of Ingleby or Foremark, which is a fine country, though there are some extensive and strong covers from which a fox is not easily got away. This part is what the sportsmen of Derby call the other side of the river, being situated on the right bank of the Trent. Foremark, the patrimonial seat of the Burdett family, is one of the many splendid mansions which ornaments the banks of this river, but it has been somewhat neglected by its present proprietor, Sir Francis. His grandfather, Sir Robert Burdett, kept an excellent pack of foxhounds at this

place, and hunted the adjacent country, part of which is now Mr. Meynell's and part Mr. Osbaldeston's.

Saturday, the 7th of January, the hounds of Mr. Meynell met at Radburne, the delightful seat of G. Poole (sic), Esq. As I proceeded towards the place of meeting I met with the hounds about two miles before we reached it. I thus had an opportunity of more minutely observing them. They were well-sized, and it was evident that much pains had been spent to render them as complete as possible. They appear indeed to be studiously formed for motion or velocity. "Their wide-spread hams and low-dropping chest confess their speed." Eighteen couples were now proceeding to Radburne, under the conduct of the old veteran already noticed and his two sons. Radburne is considered one of the surest finds in this part of the country, and I therefore calculated on good sport. A field of about one hundred sportsmen was collected in a very few minutes after the arrival of the hounds, which were soon after thrown into a cover immediately adjoining the house. Here were pheasants in abundance, if not foxes. They rose almost by scores, and I could scarcely help entertaining a suspicion that foxes suffered from the penchant for pheasants. I was happy to find myself mistaken, as fox-hunting is too highly prized at Radburne to suffer poor Renard to be killed unfairly. However, no fox was to be found, but it must be observed that all the covers immediately surrounding the house were not tried. On the contrary, the hounds were taken to others more remote, which they drew unsuccessfully till they reached what is called "the Pasture," and here they had scarcely entered when Renard took the alarm. He left his kennel in good time, as if he intended to run. He was well viewed off, and I confidently anticipated a brilliant chase from so animating and so hopeful a prelude. The hounds went away with the utmost impetuosity and with uncommon speed. They crossed the first field from the cover, then entered the second with a headlong dash, and, after running halfway up it, leaned to the right (which was not the direction of the fox), and I immediately suspected the atmosphere was not so favourable as I had supposed. However, as Renard had been viewed off by many, hounds were immediately got on the very line of him, yet the few seconds which were lost enabled the mercurial part of the field, the random riders, to head the dogs in some degree. The hounds in the next field seemed to be well settled to the scent and went gallantly away. A trifling check occurred; the impatient gentlemen again headed; in fact, the scent was repeatedly ridden over, and, on the whole, I never recollect seeing hounds so unfairly treated. Yet we had a run for a considerable time, but certainly not a brilliant one. Long before the end I was convinced we should never reach our fox, unless, indeed, he chose to wait for our coming up, a step which Renard seldom thinks advisable. After passing over some extent of country, during which we once approached the town of Derby, we found ourselves again at the place of meeting—Radburne, and, as we passed close to the house, a bevy of female beauty presented itself on an exterior elevation and gave incontestable proof of the interest they took in the scene. Here we might be said to be completely at fault. The hounds were kept longer in the immediate vicinity of the house than was consistent with the true principles of fox-hunting, and I much lamented, not merely from the loss of the fox, but also on account of a gentleman who got what appeared at the moment an ugly fall. This gentleman—Mr. Bingham, I believe—put his horse to a *scrawling* sort of leap, and one over which, by the way, there was no occasion to go. A gate had been removed, and in its stead some loose thorns had been carelessly introduced, thus presenting an elevation of not more than 3 feet. I happened to be close by the spot. The horse

seemed to go awkwardly at it, and this awkwardness was further increased by the rider himself, who, as his horse rose, appeared to pull his nose to his breast, by which the animal's fore feet were brought amongst the thorns, and his face almost perpendicularly upon the ground. In consequence he turned completely over. I never recollect witnessing so complete a revolution of both horse and rider. And, strange to say, they both immediately assumed a perpendicular position, the rider's hand, instead of his foot, in the near stirrup. Very little injury was sustained by either, though the fall was produced by unskilful horsemanship, and arose from not slackening the reins or giving the horse his head as he went up to the leap, and particularly at the moment of rising at it. The gentleman was perhaps trying the manœuvre called *lifting* horses at their leaps, which can only be successfully practised by the very first horsemen. In no case, however, is it of the least service, and too frequently is it productive of mischief. A horse, when left to himself, lowers his head immediately before rising at his leap, and this movement is the perfection of the leap. By this he unties or gathers himself up for the spring or bound, and whatever prevents the animal from thus compressing, as it were, his elastic energy must counteract the very effect it was so injuriously meant to produce. We loitered in the immediate vicinity of Radburne so much longer than necessary that we lost all trace of the fox, and ultimately trotted away to other covers.

The writer then goes on to say how hounds drew Sedley Gorse, a likely place, and a favourite one with the late Lord Vernon, but they did not find. He describes an odd-looking sportsman, of whom he says :—

He was mounted on what I should have taken for an old carriage horse rather than what I should have taken for a prime hunter. Instead of breeches and boots he displayed a pair of monstrous duck trousers with other habiliments, etc., equally out of the common way, and therefore I regarded him altogether as an extraordinary character, some mighty but not well-defined member of the chase.

However, this gentleman was a desperately hard rider, in spite of his queer get up. The writer, "T.," winds up with—

There was a good field. Amongst the sportsmen appeared Sir C. Constable, Mr. Poole (sic), Captain Ramsey, Mr. Every, Dr. Fergusson, many gentlemen from the town of Derby, and, amongst this number, that enthusiastic fox-hunter, Mr. Brearey, and also Mr. Statham, and I embrace this opportunity of acknowledging the civil attention which I received from the last-named gentleman.—T.

CHAPTER X.

MR. MEYNELL'S DIARY.

1827–1832.

CUB-HUNTING began on August 17th in the Brakenhurst, and was much more satisfactory than the year before, for they killed nine brace of cubs, ran seven brace to ground, and only failed to account for three brace.

The first day of regular hunting was October 22nd, at Sudbury. November 1st was an interesting day in the annals of the Meynell, for they met at Bretby on that day, Thursday (though they had been there on the Monday), for the Duke of Wellington, who was a guest of Lord Chesterfield's, to have a day with the hounds. There was an immense field out in honour of the "Iron Duke," but, as usually happens on these show occasions, there was not much sport. On December 3rd they had a good run from the Birch Wood, Hoar Cross, and killed at Durstall after an hour and five minutes. But the interest of the day is in the postscript, as they say of a lady's letter, which is: "Little H. greatly distinguished himself." This is the first mention of the future Master.

Sport was not so good this year up to Christmas; in fact, the best day was on December 22nd, from Wichnor, when hounds divided in the Forest. One lot, with most of the field with them, ran by Yoxall Lodge, and Byrkley Lodge, where they ran clear away from their followers, who never saw them again till they had killed their fox by Stone's Gorse, at Needwood. Meanwhile, Tom, with

eight couples, ran hard to Dove Cliff, where he stopped them.

On January 26th they had a good day, and tired all the horses. They found in the Greaves, ran to the Brakenhurst, came away from there, with a bad scent, back to the Greaves. From here they ran with an improved scent, by Coton, and crossed the Dove to Foston, past the house, and along the brook side to Sapperton. Thence they turned over the hill for Sudbury Park, swung to the left, when the fox was viewed with the hounds close to him; ran by Aston, across the river again below Hanbury, into the Greaves, and they stopped the hounds at Marchington Cliff, as it was nearly dark.

The next day which is of much interest, and that more on account of the hounds mentioned than anything else, was on February 2nd, when they had a long, ringing, run, with a middling scent, from Wichnor all round Dunstall, Barton, Brakenhurst, Jackson's Bank, Yoxall, Rough Park, Hadley End, Bancroft—in fact, all over the country round about—till dark, and finally they had to stop the hounds "going up to T. Lawley's. A very hard day, and the hounds worked beautifully. Darter, Symmetry, Ganymede, Basilisk, did the most. Matchless worked well at the end."

It is a curious thing, but the writer has seen many diaries of masters of hounds and of huntsmen, and yet Mr. Meynell's is almost the only one which mentions the individual work of hounds.

On the 17th they had a good, old-fashioned Radburne day. "Bolted a fox out of the earths, and went away very fast, round the house, and back, over the brook, almost to Mickleover, came a large ring almost to the Ash, back through Radburne Car, across Dalbury Lees, almost to Brailsford, turned to the right by Langley and Mackworth, by Radburne, two or three rings towards Mickleover; the fox having lain down in a ditch by the Parsonage at Radburne, we killed him in the Car. Two hours and three-quarters; almost every horse tired, and

some could not be got home. Aaron carried me capitally. Tom, roan mare. Joe, Jasper, tired. Little Tom, black mare."

The season, which was a moderate one, finished at Hollybush, with a kill, on April 12th.

Foxes killed, twenty-one brace; to ground, seven; lost, twenty-one; badgers, one; blank days, eight.

1828–1829.

They began cub-hunting on August 25th, in the Brakenhurst, but it was very hot and dry, and they did not go out regularly, so when they did hunt, they had out as many as thirty-four couples. The result was four and a half brace.

Regular hunting began on October 20th at Sudbury, when they drew everything blank, till they got to Eaton Wood.

On December 1st they had a wonderful day for hounds, all round the woods and thereabouts for four hours and a half. Blameless, Bravery, Fencer, and Gamesome were running hardest at the end.

There was a lot of good sport this season, but nothing which could be called historical. Probably they had killed many of the old foxes, and others had met with an ignominious fate (for there is often a mention of a wire round the leg, or a three legged one, and once the keeper shot one in front of the hounds!); and so there were only young ones left.

Foxes killed, fifteen brace; to ground, seven; lost, twenty-two; blank days, four.

1829–1830.

Cub-hunting began on August 17th, in Bagot's Woods, and they had their opening day at Sudbury very early, viz. October 19th.

The first day which is worth mentioning was from Morley Tollgate, on November 5th, when they "found at

Horsley Castle, and went away very fast through the Park by the Priory" (probably Breadsall) "almost to Chaddesden wood, where we were brought to hunting, through Hay's Wood to Shipley, where we got up to a fox, and went away fast by Ilkeston to Kirk Hallam, when the fox lay down in a garden, and we viewed him. One hound caught him by the brush at a fence, but he got away, and beat us back thro' Shipley by Cotmanhay Wood, and we stopped them when close to him after hunting some time by moonlight. A hard day. I rode Barleycorn; Tom, Miss Fearn; Joe, Spotless; little Tom, Muslin." This was on a Thursday. On the Saturday following they ran hard from Radburne by Mickleover, by Wheat hill (where Mr. Christopher Chandos-Pole has built his new house), over the brook between Mackworth and Langley, up to Kedleston village, turned to the left below Mugginton, and killed their fox in Breward's Car. Tom's brown horse gave him no less than three falls!

On the 12th they found a good hill fox at Longford, and ran him by Bentley Car back to Longford, where they changed, and away they went best pace through Alkmonton (here spelt Orkmington) bottoms to the right of Cubley, by Stydd, over the road between the Tollbar and Darley Moor, almost to the lime quarries, turned to the right by Snelston, crossed the Dove between Mayfield and Calwich, and stopped the hounds at Stanton Wood.

The best run of the season up to date in Mr. Meynell's opinion was on February 15th. Hunting had been stopped by frost for over a month, and they met at Longford. Finding there, they ran through Bentley Car, turned to the left, crossed the Ashbourne Road beyond Cubley Tollgate, went to the end of Lord Chesterfield's covert (Cubley), down to the Ellastone Road, where the hounds turned short back, and ran a ring, coming back by Marston, over Marston Park, down to the meadows by Rocester, and back again by Marston Park to the Aldermoor, through Sudbury Coppice, over Locker's Knoll,

to the gorse, and killed him in the round plantation in the Park after two hours and a quarter.

Shortly after this the Master had a good deal of trouble, for while out hunting in the Bradley country, on February 25th, a note was brought to him, telling him of his son's illness, and he went home at once. Then he took the boy to London, and, while there, his father-in-law, Mr. Pigou, died, and the hounds were ordered to come home from Kedleston in consequence, and did not hunt again that week. Mr. Meynell came home again on March 15th. The weather was curious, for in the last week of March it was too hot, while in the first week in April there was a snowstorm.

A moderate season ended at Wolseley with a blank day.

Foxes killed, nine brace; to ground, six brace; lost, twenty-seven brace; blank days, four.

1830–1831.

Cub-hunting began this year in Bagot's Woods on September 6th, and they found a fair number of cubs all through the season. The celebrated actor, Mr. Young, stayed at Hoar Cross this season, and kept a horse or horses there, which the squire often rode, probably while his guest was engaged on his professional duties. Regular hunting began on October 25th at Sudbury Coppice. Sport was quite up to the average during the season, but there were no sensational runs. The first day of note was December 13th at Radburne, when they found in the Pooltail, ran a ring out to Burnaston and back, then away again through the gardens at Radburne, by Mackworth and Kedleston, where they turned to the left by the pleasure-ground, and up to Mugginton, through Ravensdale Park by the Limekilns, and stopped the hounds beyond Shottle, near Alderwasley.

They were then nearly thirty miles from home, which they did not reach till nine o'clock.

There is nothing much else worthy of remark, except perhaps that the Master had greater cause for complaint about his hounds being over-ridden, probably because sport was not quite so good.

On June 1st, 1831, there was a great discovery of coins in the river-bed at Tutbury, as many as a hundred thousand being found altogether. They were said to have been thrown into the Dove by the Earl of Lancaster when Edward II. ousted him from the castle as a rebellious subject.

Foxes killed, seventeen brace; dug out and let go, two brace; to ground, six and a half brace; lost, twenty-one and a half brace; blank days, two.

1831–1832.

The pack, which was always steadily on the increase, now consisted of forty-two and a half couples, and drafts had been from time to time introduced from all the famous kennels, including the Duke of Beaufort's, Lord Fitzwilliam's, Lord Lonsdale's, Lord Middleton's, Mr. Heron's, Mr. Foljambe's, Mr. Savile's, Lord Tavistock's, Sir T. Mostyn's, Mr. Shaw's, Mr. Shirley's, Lord Anson's, and Sir H. Mainwaring's.

Cub-hunting began in the Brakenhurst on August 22nd, and they found during cub-hunting only fourteen and a half brace of cubs, of which they killed six and a half and ran three and a half brace to ground.

The first interesting item is on October 8th, when little Tom had it all to himself in a good run from the Henhurst and all through the woods. At the end he had his fox "dead beat all amongst the hounds," but he escaped after all, as he frequently did under similar circumstances. The Master, having his rheumatism to think of, had gone home because of the heavy rain. His field did not like rain much either, for he very often mentions how he and the men were left alone, everybody having gone home on account of the rain.

Possibly it was on account of his performances on this day that "little Tom" is promoted to "Tom Junior"!

Regular hunting began on Monday, October 17th, at Sudbury Coppice. There was a good run on November 26th from Cubley Gorse, across to Bentley Car, where there were two or three foxes on foot. However, they came away from there, and ran to ground in a drain at the Cubley brook. From this they bolted their fox, and ran, by Marston, through Eaton Wood, over the Dove near Crakemarsh, up to Nott Hill, Wood Farm, and Madeley Wood. Here they probably changed, for they came back to ground at Alton. There were no end of falls, and Mr. Arnold killed his horse.

They had a certain amount of good runs, notably one of four hours and a half, with a kill at the end, all round about the Bretby country, but no run with any great point till March 10th, when they met at Kedleston, and did not find till they got to Bentley Car. But when they did find it was to some purpose, for they had a tremendous run. They went away at a great pace nearly to Sudbury Coppice, swung round by Cubley to the gorse, crossed the Ashbourne-Cubley road, opposite Stydd Hall. Then they ran on by Stydd over Darley Moor, past Edlaston, Wyaston, by Shirley Park, Bradley, Hulland, and Atlow, nearly to Hopton, where the Master stopped the hounds, after they had been running hard for two hours and twenty minutes.

This was undoubtedly the run of the season, which ended on April 16th at Blithfield.

Foxes killed, twenty-two and a half brace; to ground, seven and a half brace; lost, twenty-one brace; blank days, five. The total finds, therefore, come to a hundred and two foxes; in 1899–1900 the total was three hundred and sixty.

	Foxes Killed.	To Ground.	Lost.	Blank Days.
1812–13	—	—	2	—
1813–14	—	1	3	—
1814–15	1	—	2	—
1815–16 *	10	1	15	—
1816–17	17	16	40	8
1817–18	15	10	36	10
1818–19	38	13	46	10
1819–20	26	8	36	6
1820–21	22	7	39	11
1821–22	35	19	49	7
1822–23	39	19	56	1
1823–24	35	16	53	4
1824–25	27	19	49	3
1825–26	26	19	47	5
1826–27	32	11	49	3
1827–28	42	14	42	8
1828–29	30	14	44	4
1829–30	18	12	53	4
1830–31	34	17	43	2
1831–32	45	15	42	5
Total	492	231	746	91

This is practically for sixteen seasons, as, prior to 1815–1816, Mr. Meynell Ingram did not profess to be hunting foxes, but ran one if he was lucky enough to find him.

We now, unfortunately, come to a great gap in the diary, which lapses till it is resumed in 1858 by Mr. H. F. Meynell. It is, therefore, necessary to have recourse, during that interval, to what scanty materials can be gleaned from public sources.

1833, January 23rd.—A writer in the *New Sporting Magazine* says—

> The season on the whole has been a bad scenting one with us, and though there have been scarcely two days together to keep hounds in kennel, the number of foxes killed has been unusually small. The Atherstone hounds, the last time I was out with them, had numbered but sixteen brace, and Mr. Meynell's but twelve, yet both these packs hold a high rank in the field.

It sounds odd to us, who are more highly favoured in these days, to hear, "the Staffordshire farmers" (*i.e.* in

* From January 1st he gave up hunting hares, and confined himself entirely to foxes.

Mr. Applewhaite's country) "are too fond of the plough, and Mr. Meynell's district is still more arable." Hunting men have cause to bless the repeal of the Corn Laws.

From the old *Sporting Magazine*, February 20th, 1833:

The best things I have seen have been with Mr. Meynell's hounds. On Thursday last we had a capital day from Catton, with a large field out. The old favourite find, the osier-bed, was under water from the previous heavy rains, and consequent overflowing of the river; we were obliged, therefore, to proceed to the wood on the hill. Here the hounds had not been in above two or three minutes before a hollo was heard. You know what riding to a hollo in a thick wood is, Mr. Editor, bumping your knee every now and then against a great brute of a tree that won't stand out of your way, and scratching your eyes out with scrambling through bushes and briars, with the constant vexation of a brother sportsman in front pulling up to regain his hat, which you hear smashing under your own horse's feet. We got to the hollo at last, but the hounds would not have a word to say to it. "Are you the man that viewed that fox?" "Yes; he went away at this corner." The corner, however, produced no scent, and at last the man confessed that he was not quite sure whether it was a fox or not. We then proceeded to Walton Wood, where we were lucky enough to find a capital old dog-fox, and away he went as hard as he could rattle for Catton Wood. After a short excursion through the wood, he doubled round and broke again at the bottom; a wide brook, with a paling on the near side, now presented itself, which nothing but a regular flyer could carry one across. One scarlet got a roll with his horse, but *I don't think he was hurt*, and away we went up the hill quite fast enough to be pleasant. Roslistone was the first village we came to, then Caldwell, then Linton; I can't pretend to tell you the woods, gorses, streams, and hamlets, that we passed, for I wasn't born in the neighbourhood, and "the pace was too good to inquire." At Linton we had a long check (it was now a quarter past two, and we found exactly at twelve) and were proceeding to try for another fox at Drakelowe Grove when, by great good luck, we hit off the old chase across the road, and hunted him up to Gresley Wood, where he jumped up in view. We ran him a little further, and, on a sudden, and quite unaccountably, we were again at fault. After casting this way and that, and thinking it deuced odd where pug could be gone, we at last found him out under a carpenter's bench, where several people were at work, unaware of his presence. We soon got my gentleman out of his shavings, and turned him off before the hounds. They ran him in view about a mile further, when he took refuge in an old furnace-hole, but the sanctuary not being respected by the pack, he was followed to his corner and sacrificed to their vengeance.

A still better thing was enjoyed with these hounds on the Saturday preceding. They met at Radborne, found a fox, and had a rattling burst of an hour and fifty minutes, then a long check, after which they got on the line of their fox again, and killed him at a place called Thacker's Wood, two and thirty miles from their kennel, which they did not reach till eight o'clock at night.

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEA—MR. MICHAEL BASS, M.P.—TOM LEEDHAM'S LAST SEASON—GOOD CHARTLEY RUN—SIR MATTHEW BLAKISTON—MR. TREVOR YATES.

1833–1839.

There in search of sport I wandered, nourishing a verdant youth
With the fairy tales of gallops, ancient runs devoid of truth.

The writer of this couplet was more fortunate than the compiler of this work, for no fairy tales, true or the reverse, are to be found in newspaper or magazine for some time after the end of 1833. Not that that proves that there were none, for somewhere about that period, possibly in 1835, there occurred one of the most brilliant runs possible, so far as point and straightness is concerned.

The Rev. B. W. Spilsbury writes :—"I have found the map showing the two runs I mentioned, and hope it may be of use to you. . . . The runs appear to have been through *Leicestershire*, but I think the fox, in each case, was found in coverts belonging to the Meynell Hunt. They certainly used to draw the woods near Calke, Staunton Harold and Cole-Orton. I think the runs were about 1835, but I have been told there was a full account given of them in the *Derby Mercury* of the date on which they occurred." One of the runs here mentioned is the one described in the *Sporting Magazine* and in the *Derby Mercury*, as having occurred on February 23rd, 1826. The other is a far better one, but unluckily there seems to be no record of it, except a line drawn on Mr. Spilsbury's map, starting from Ashby Old Parks, a little

to the north of Cole-Orton Hall, crossing the Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Leicester turnpike, continued between Normanton and Ravenstone, straight on between Ibstock and Ibstock Grange, between Nailstone and Bagworth, then parallel with the main road from Barlaston to Blaby, as far as Enderby Lodge, seventeen miles as straight as a gun-barrel. It is a thousand pities that no one is able to tell us—

"How they pressed, how none forsook it through that brilliant hour,
How they ran their fox and killed him by the flooded Soar."

Not but what it must have taken considerably over an hour to do those seventeen miles, and "hour" does not quite rhyme with "Soar." This reminds one of the story of Ben Jonson and John Sylvester rhyming to their names. "I, John Sylvester, kissed your sister," rhymed the latter; and Jonson retaliated with, "I, Ben Jonson, kissed your wife." "That does not rhyme," Sylvester protested. "No, but it is true," was the stinging retort.

About the time of this run Mr. (afterwards Lord) Vernon was living at Marchington, and Mr. Bott—the father of those two good sportsmen, Mr. R. Bott of Church Broughton, and Mr. W. Bott of Somersal House—was at Coton. One night Mr. Bott of Coton was coming home from the Derby ball, with his wife in his carriage, with post horses and a postilion. The latter proved to be drunk, so Mr. Bott deposited him in the dicky, and, with his legs encased in woollen overalls, took the postilion's place in the saddle. The consequence was that he wore out the overalls and ran the carriage into his own gatepost. His wife was the niece of Captain Arden of Fulbrook, Barton-under-Needwood, a great character. His toilette was of the oddest description, and he never ceased smoking a huge pipe all the time he was out hunting, having even been seen to stop in the middle of a run for the purpose of lighting it. Both his horse and his coat were said to be twenty-five years old. Mr. George Moore, of Appleby, was also a very regular follower of the Meynell in those

days, and was considered a great authority on hunting matters. Mr. Michael Bass, the father of Lord Burton, was a desperately hard rider, too, and kept it up till quite late in life. He is even said to have cleared the Long Lane, somewhere between Longford and Langley—a sufficiently wide margin—lane, double hedges, and all. It is a tremendous jump, and, in places, the bottom of the lane must be quite thirty feet below the land on each side.

Wishing to authenticate this story, the writer bethought him of going to see James Whitely, Mr. Bass's second horseman, who came to him as long ago as 1845. The veteran, still hale and hearty, though in his seventy-third year, was living in his own house at Stapenhill, where he finds the garden, in which he delights to work, a harder master than ever was the human one, whom he served so well, and about whom he was nothing loth to talk.

In the full swing of his narration, he came to a run in which Mr. Bass was riding Warwick, a white horse, and a wonder. "They came away," he said, "at a tremendous rate from Radburne Rough—what a lot of good runs there have been from there: no place like it for good, wild foxes—and ran hard Brailsford way. Mr. Bass jumped clean over Long Lane, and never knew he had done it. What a horse that must have been to have made such a jump, and his rider never to feel as if he'd done anything extraordinary! Yes, some one saw him do it. I nicked along the roads a bit, cutting a corner here and there, and presently heard the hounds turning to me. They crossed the road right in front of me, and the first man with them was Mr. Meynell Ingram, without his hat. I knew by that they must have been running hard, and next to him was Mr. Bass, with a scar on his forehead. He'd been down. I was the only second horseman there, and Mr. Bass got on his second horse, the Sweep we called him, a black thoroughbred one he was, and said, 'Take the old horse home; he's about done for. He'll never come out again.' They've got him at Rangemore now, and Coquette, a rare water jumper. Yes, their pictures, I mean, of

course. And the hounds ran on, a great ring, for Kedleston, and just before they got there there was some tremendous high timber. Mr. Meynell Ingram had a go at it first, and got over it, hitting it hard all round; the Sweep jumped it clean, and Mr. Bass gave Jack Leedham half a crown to go and measure it the next day. It was just six feet two inches. Nothing ever stopped Mr. Bass; he never knew where he was, but just went where the hounds did. About Mr. Hamar jumping the Sapperton brook in cold blood on a six hundred guinea one? No, I don't remember anything about that. We had a six hundred guinea one once—a poor one he was, too. A thoroughbred horse of Lord Wilton's, called Freetrade. Mr. Bass used to buy a good many horses from Darby of Rugby. He once brought down six for two days' hunting. They met the first day at Chartley. I was riding a grey to show to Admiral Meynell. Before long down he comes on his knees on the road. I told Darby, and he was in a nice way about it. The horse is in no condition, I said. He was beat. Jack Leedham rode another. He often rode Mr. Bass's new ones, just to try them. A fine rider Jack was, but he always said Tom was a better. I think he was, too. Well, when the run was over, Jack came to me, and said, 'You'd better get this horse home; he is regularly beat. He's in no sort of condition.' I did have a job to get him home—had to drive him in front of me. He ran right into a gate, and I found he was blind. He was down as soon as they'd dressed him, and it was a long time before he got up again, and the soles of his feet and his frogs came off. You were asking about Grasshopper? He was a grand horse; could jump anything, but Mr. Bass never liked him. The way he came to ride him in the great run of 1868 was this. They checked at Brailsford. Mr. Bass was riding Derby—one of his best; and he said, 'I think it is about over. You may as well take this horse home.' But it had only about begun. That was how he came to ride Grasshopper. He got to the end, though, and he and

Miss Meynell came home together. They had tea on the way home. The tea was green, and Mr. Bass said it poisoned him. But the Trusley brook was the worst of all. He would get over it somehow; he was an old man then, and did not want to ride at it, so he waded across, and I drove his horse over to him, and then jumped mine over. I tried to persuade him not to do it, but he would, and he caught a chill, and was never the same man afterwards. He went to Putney for his health, and that did him good. Once, out with the Warwickshire, he lamed his horse over the first fence: the poor brute had put his shoulder out. I took him to a farm, and fomented him for two hours. Then I put him in a floater, and started for Birmingham. Mr. Bass overtook me, and told me to take the horse to the Hen and Chickens, and then I should have done with him, 'for,' said he, 'I've sold him.' 'Then you've done well,' I said. And he told me he had told some one that the horse had put his shoulder out, and the gentleman would not believe it, so Mr. Bass said he might have him at his own price. So the horse was sold for twenty-five pounds: well sold, too, for they had to shoot him in the end."

Then we went and looked at the portrait of the man we had been talking about, and certainly the keen face which gazed out from the picture-frame was no bad index of the bold spirit which played so prominent a part in the world of business, politics, philanthropy, and sport, for the long term of eighty-four years.

This digression about men, however, must give place to the doings of the hounds, and in 1835, in spite of the advanced age of Tom Leedham, who was now seventy-one years old, they showed capital sport, as may be seen from the following accounts of good days which appeared in the *Derby Mercury*, the *Sporting Magazine*, *Bell's Life*, etc. In the first mention of the hounds a terrible accusation is brought against the gentlemen of Derbyshire, from which, however, by this time they have nobly cleared themselves.

Sporting Magazine, January, 1835, p. 253 :—

Mr. Meynell's hounds are in high force. Their first meet for the regular season was on Tuesday, at Aston-upon-Trent. It being the village feast, there was a large field out, principally brown coats, but with a respectable sprinkling of pink, and a great consumption of beef and ale before starting. Unfortunately the coverts in the neighbourhood were drawn blank, to the great disappointment of the village belles and their numerous fair friends, who were thus prevented seeing the exploits of their smart beaux, who, doubly inspired, could have stopped at nothing. We found at Arleston Gorse, ran hard for ten minutes towards Ingleby, came to cold hunting, and lost. The Derbyshire gentry are very bad preservers of foxes. I will back their country against any other in England for blank days and long draws before finding.

Sporting Magazine, May, 1835, p. 36 :—

A DAY WITH MR. MEYNELL'S HOUNDS.

Sir,—On Monday last Mr. Meynell's hounds met at Chartley Park, in the county of Stafford, the seat of the Right Hon. Earl Ferrers. We soon found a fox in the Park, which, after a very sharp run of twenty-five minutes, went to ground. All parties seemed of opinion that it was a bitch fox, except the keeper (who, by the way, is a most excellent preserver), and he begged to dig it out; and a true sportsman who was out with us desired to have the fox to turn out in another part of Mr. Meynell's country.

We then proceeded to draw for another fox, and soon found a brace—one of which, a fine old dog-fox, was chopped; the other ran a short distance and was lost, owing to a great part of the ling in the Park being lately burnt, which prevented all chance of scent.

It was then proposed to draw Gratwich Wood on the way home. It was now about three o'clock, and many had given their horses a day's work. The wood was drawn very judiciously by Joseph Leedham (the head whip), his father, "Old Tom," not being out. The wood is very thin of under-covert, and by Joe not making any noise the hounds got away close to their fox, and went at a tremendous pace back to Chartley, straight through the wood that bounds the Park. Fortunately for the field they got upon a gravel footpath by the side of the Park pales, the Wood and the Park being so heavy no horse could live. The pace may be imagined at this part of the run, when I tell you the hounds beat the horses out of the covert (which is a very strong one) some distance: every one was going as hard as his horse could gallop. Away went the hounds over a very heavy country to Birch Wood Park, through the woods there. The country begins there to improve. The fox crossed the River Blithe, and went near to Leigh Church. We now got into as fine a country as any in England. The hounds still went on at a rattling pace. Some good ones begun now to cry, "Enough!" but bold Reynard told them, "Not quite yet, for I am come from the Northern Hills, and to them I must return;" but he little knew what a pack were in pursuit of him! The hounds now ran faster, if possible, than before, and went in direction of Draycott Woods, but bold Reynard disdained them, and away he went for Huntley Hall. Here the first check occurred, but it was only for a few moments; he then went away for some large plantations near Dilhorn, the seat of E. Buller, Esq., M.P. He was now no doubt getting into his own

country, but the gallant pack forced him through these stately plantations, and he again took the open and bore away for the town of Cheadle, and was finally killed, after a run of an hour and thirty-five minutes, in a garden close to the town, the distance from point to point being not less than ten miles, and making angles from four to five miles. It was certainly as fine a day's sport as ever was seen, and, considering the heavy state of the country, and that in many parts of this superb run the hounds had great difficulties to contend with (having very strong coverts to run through), it proves that this most excellent pack are not to be surpassed even by the Old Meynell's of Quorn. The field at last only consisted of twelve real good ones; amongst them Capt. Meynell, on his brother's horse Clasher, who went well all through the run.

These hounds have not had altogether what may be termed a good season; but this day's sport, and a former day from Sudbury equally good, make a season of themselves.

A True Fox-Hunter.

Uttoxeter, April 10th, 1835.

Another account of this capital run also appears in the *Derby Mercury* and in *Bell's Life*, probably by the same pen.

The run on the following Friday was equally brilliant, but differing in the character of the country over which it was coursed. The meeting was at Wolsely Bridge, and at the usual hour the hounds commenced trying the grounds about Shugborough, from whence they went to Cannock Chace, and a scent was hit upon which, although the fox appeared to have been disturbed some long time before, yet afforded considerable sport, but eventually was lost in the direction of Teddesley. The hour being early it was determined to try for a fresh fox, and after ranging over the wild heath of Cannock Chace, with all descriptions of game rising up from under the horses' feet, which served as a pleasing contrast to the enclosed country we passed over on Monday, we were suddenly delighted by the eager appearance of the hounds, which evidently were near to their game, and in a few seconds they darted forward with a burning scent, on a part of the Chace called Brindsley Heath, as if for the grounds about Teddesley Park. The chace was continued without a check for fifty minutes at a most rapid pace; many miles were run over the Heath to Hednesford, but at length the enclosures were approached, and passed in the same straight line, at the same rapid pace as before. Passing by Norton, and proceeding onwards towards Walsall, the fox crossed the Canal, and was killed in gallant style, in full view of the sportsmen, after an hour and twenty minutes; thus closing a most brilliant day's sport. The distance ran is supposed to be from thirteen to fourteen miles.

From *Bell's Life*. The same account also appears in the *Derby Mercury*.

So ended old Tom Leedham's last season as huntsman. That he understood his business and showed sport can be readily gathered from the accounts of it, meagre though they be, which have appeared in the previous pages.

Naturally there were plenty of other good runs of which no record exists, except the innumerable noses on the doors at Hoar Cross, which are now so dried up as to render it very difficult for any one to recognize them as having once been part and parcel of a fox. There was that run from Radburne, for instance, to Ambergate, when Joe Leedham, their first whipper-in, was bitten in the heel by the moribund fox, and fainted from loss of blood. Many others, too, there must have been, besides the great runs in Mr. Meynell's early years.

Of the season of 1836 there is only one record of any run at all. But it need not be inferred from this that the new huntsman was not a success. Many years after this the editor of one of the sporting papers writes, as if smarting under a sense of personal injury, "The Leedhams are, as usual, the component parts of Mr. Meynell Ingram's establishment, where the grim god of Silence seems to reign supreme."

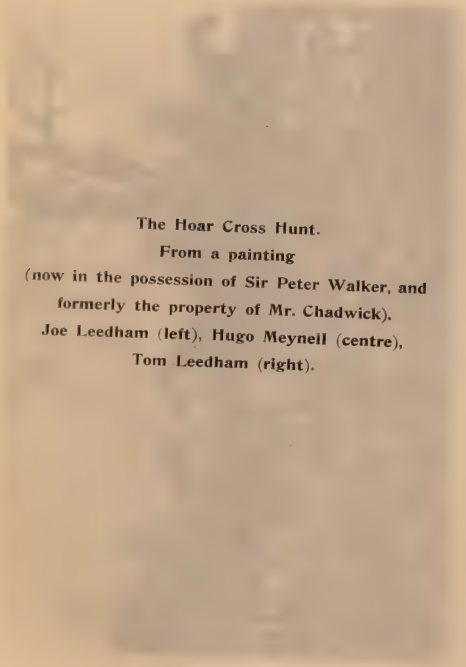
Bell's Life, March 27th, 1836 :—

GALLANT RUN WITH MR. MEYNELL'S HOUNDS.

On Thursday week, the hounds of Mr. Meynell had a most superb day's sport. They met at Sudbury Coppice, and found their game almost instantaneously. A fox—a most gallant one—crossed the pond head, near to Alder Car, through the midst of sportsmen, who at that moment almost lined the road. He then pursued his course back to the coppice, and made his point as if for Cubley Gorse, but bore eventually away for Eaton Wood, where he was at length run into, after a chace of one hour and seven minutes. Here, however, the day's sport did not end, but a fresh fox was found at Foston, which took a line through Foston Wood, and thence, at a most severe pace, to Sudbury Coppice, which, however, he did not reach, but bore away over a very fine country to the right, and persevered over the open to Alkmonton, and nearly to Longford Car; but, again bearing to the right, crossed the brook above Barton Fields, and was killed at Thurvaston, after a most beautiful run of one hour and twenty-five minutes, the first fifty of which was without a moment's check.

This run must have been close on twelve miles.

In 1837, so far as we know, nothing of any importance occurred. In the last year of his reign Old Tom Leedham did not go much out of his own kennel for sires; but his successor made amends for it pretty freely the next year,



The Hoar Cross Hunt.
From a painting
(now in the possession of Sir Peter Walker, and
formerly the property of Mr. Chadwick).
Joe Leedham (left), Hugo Meynell (centre),
Tom Leedham (right).

dipping into the blood of Lord Segrave's, Lord Yarborough's, the Duke of Beaufort's, and the Belvoir kennels. The entry resulted in producing, at least, two good ones in Fatima, by Lord Yarborough's Finder—Rosebud, while Draco, by Lord Segrave's Hotspur—His Dulcet, proved a more than useful draft, remaining in the pack for nine seasons.

Unfortunately, hunting was stopped a great deal by frost, which was so severe in January that a man walked across the ice on the Thames, though not without difficulty, and two people drove in a cart across the Serpentine. There were cricket matches on skates in Essex and at Sheffield, but the best story about this very severe frost hails from London. We are told quite seriously that a glass of gin was frozen into a solid mass in the mouth of a coalheaver, who remained gagged till placed on the kitchen fire, when the dangerous mass dissolved!

In this year, also, there is the first mention of a mangy fox, which occurs in rather an amusing way. "Colonel Wyndham's hounds in Sussex had a twenty-mile run after a fine grey dog, which was supposed to be a fine grey, or mange-d, fox. The hounds ran up to him, but did not kill him." The Tegleaze Wood, just above Mr. Reginald Wilberforce's house at Lavington, has always been held by local tradition to have been the starting-point of this extraordinary run, but the dog was always said to have been killed and eaten.

To make up for the long stoppage by frost, they hunted later than usual this year, winding up with a smart ring from Chartley. In this run we have the first public mention of Mr. Trevor Yates, who lived at Sapperton, and was such a well-known figure in the country.

Bell's Life, April 22nd, 1838:—

GALLANT FOX CHACE WITH MR. MEYNELL'S HOUNDS.

This crack pack met on Saturday, the 14th ult., at Chartley Park. Drew Lazarus Wood blank, but found Pug in the Brand, scent cold; and, after an ineffectual attempt to pick it out, gave it up, and started for the park, which was drawn blank, as well as the Moss. Away we steered for Newton Gorse (a covert

of Lord Bagot's)—found instantly. The view holloa having been given by the huntsman, away started the gallant pack at the best pace, by Booth Farm, through the Moss Wood, nearly up to Chartley, through Lazarus Wood, almost up to Field, thence to the left, through Birch Wood Park, over Fradswell Heath to the Brand, and Chartley Park into Lazarus Wood, where this gallant pack ran into their fox, after a run of one hour and three minutes, over a very severe and heavy country. Among the leading riders we noticed Lords Alford and Tamworth, Hon. Wm. Bagot, M.P., Rev. Charles Landor, Messrs. Meynell, Boucherett, F. Bradshaw, Bott, Trevor Yates, Potts, Jackson, etc.

It is extremely difficult to assign the exact date of the following run, but it seems probable that it occurred in 1839.

"Monday, the 12th inst., afforded, perhaps, one of the most satisfactory days to the master of hounds, the field, and the hounds themselves, that can be recorded in the annals of sporting. We met at Sudbury Coppice, and found the worthy squire there—not more celebrated for his love of the chace than for his urbanity of manners and truly gentlemanly conduct towards every one. We threw the hounds in, and soon unkennelled our fox, who took the open country, and, after a remarkably quick burst of forty minutes, was killed. We then trotted off to Foston Hall, where, in one of the plantations, the fox was drawn away, the hounds laid on, and away they went down the meadows for Sudbury village, where he passed at the back of the Hall gardens and across the Uttoxeter Road for the Alder Car, through the coppice, and over the hill for Marefield Gorse. Leaving this to the right, he took the direction of Somersal village, and over the hills for Eaton Wood. He then bore away for the left, ran through a small wood of Lord Waterpark's, and up to Doveridge village. Here he was so hard pressed that he took to the gardens and outbuildings of several places, but, alas! broke away again, and ran back by Ley Hill and straight away for the Alder Car again, thence up to the turnpike road and into Sudbury Park gorse. The gallant pack rattled him through this, and ran him to the top of the park, out by Mr. Chawner's, of Hare Hill. Here, alas! many of our best riders and best horses were brought to a standstill, and went home again. Those old sportsmen, however,

who had been careful of their horses in the early part of the run, still pursued with hound and horn. Crossing the Boyleston Road, he went down for Cubley brook and through an osier bed to the right, over the next hill, making his line for Bentley Car. Here the hounds were seen gallantly carrying a head, and running at a good pace for the gorse, which they did not allow him to hang in for an instant, but pushed him out on the far side towards the village of Yeovely (*sic*), evidently meaning to reach Longford Car if possible. But the staunch pack were getting nearer to him every field, and their pace increasing, so that by the time we got to Alkmonton bottoms he was fain to try two small woods, where they got so near to him that, on being barred out, he made, or rather was attempting to make, back when they ran into him and killed him in gallant style after a run of two hours and forty minutes. The squire, and his brother, the captain, with about sixteen more, including the huntsman, out of a field originally consisting of near a hundred men, were up. On those who stayed, perforce, I will not cast any reflection. Suffice it to say, that they had ridden well and fairly, through a heavy country, for two hours, and when they found their steeds fail, they had too much feeling for them to urge them cruelly forward." *

"Sir Matthew Blakiston, Bart., was descended from Matthew Blakiston, Esq., an eminent merchant of London, who was elected an alderman of that city in 1753, and Lord Mayor in 1760. In 1759 he was knighted and was afterwards created a baronet." This is what Debrett says of one, who, in his day, was perhaps the best man in the Meynell country. He lived at Sandybrook Hall, his own place, near Ashbourne, where Mr. Peveril Turnbull, a regular follower of the Meynell hounds, on their Ashbourne side, now resides. Latterly Sir Matthew, owing to straitened means, lived in a much smaller house close by. The late Sir William FitzHerbert, who was a great friend of his, used to say there was no harder man.

* The writer is unable to find out who wrote the above account.

Unfortunately he was also very hard of hearing, which led to rather a catastrophe one day. There was a wire clothes-line about the height of a horseman's chin just in front of a fence which the baronet was going to jump. With his eye fixed on the place he had chosen, he was quite oblivious of the wire. In vain those behind him, who saw it, shouted to him; he never heard a sound, and, going on, was swept clean out of his saddle. Though quite an old man at the time, he was not much hurt. He was out the first time hounds found in Brailsford Gorse, and ran over Atlow Whin.

There was no more noted man in his day with the Hoar Cross Hounds than Mr. Trevor Yates, and yet nothing very much can be learned about him. He lived at Sapperton, where he kept a pack of harriers, and also at one time hunted Mr. Okeover's harriers at Okeover. He was practically one of the staff with the Hoar Cross Hounds, wore a huntsman's pink frock-coat and cap, knew every hound in the pack, acted as a supernumerary whipper-in, and sometimes mounted one of the Leedhams. This was probably with a view to selling the animal, which was most likely being ridden on trial, as Mr. Yates, in addition to farming, made a nice little income by breaking and selling young horses. Some of his cracks made as much as three hundred guineas. Mr. Arthur Yates, the famous steeplechase rider, owner, and trainer of steeplechase horses, is his nephew.

Having got thus far in the notice of a well-known Meynell character, the writer wrote to Mr. Copestake of Barton Blount, who very kindly furnished the following copy of an obituary notice which appeared in the *Derby Mercury*, April 7th, 1880:—

THE LATE TREVOR YATES, ESQ.

Mr. Trevor Yates, of Sapperton, who died on the 19th day of March, 1880, at the age of seventy-seven years, was almost the last of a class who combined the good qualities of an old English gentleman with the position of a tenant farmer. The son of Harry Yates of Sapperton, he succeeded to the farm long held by his family, under the Squires of Snelston, upon the death of his mother,

about the year 1846. Before this period, his fine judgment and excellent horsemanship had made him famous with Mr. Meynell Ingram's Hunt, as being a "maker" of high-class hunters, some of which he sold at very high prices to the members of the Hunt. As the owner and huntsman of a fine pack of harriers, he had, of course, every opportunity of making young horses perfect; yet that he enjoyed hunting for its own sake, every one who has ever ridden with him knows full well. . . . To what grand perfection he got his pack, an account of many runs, by the few of his hunting friends now left, might be given in ample proof. A correspondent tells us of one (whether with a bag fox or hare is immaterial) when the run was from the Duke of York, on the Ashborne and Buxton road, to Warslow Hall, the seat of Sir John Crewe, nine miles from point to point, and crossing the rivers Dove and Manifold. Again, finding at Bradbourne, they killed at Bonsal, after a run, without a check, for two and a half hours. His hounds and himself were so famous that Lord Chesterfield invited him to come and try his skill at an outlying stag that his Lordship's staghounds were unable to take. Our friend was invited to breakfast at Bretby Hall, and between twenty and thirty gentlemen in "red" were there, and first one and then another asked him, "Well, Yates, do you think you can take him?" Now, up to a certain point, a better tempered sportsman never lived; but at last a certain gentleman, who was not a great favourite in the hunting-field, came to him and said, "Ah! Yates, do you think your little dogs can take the deer to-day?" So "Old Trevor," rising from his chair to go to his hounds, replied with one of his looks, "Well, if I cannot, I will cut every hound's throat when I get home." The result was, after a splendid run of two hours, the stag was brought to bay, with a most select field at the finish. Lord Chesterfield was so pleased that he offered Mr. Yates another run, which took place shortly afterwards, the stag being uncarted in a field near Ashbourne, and taken, after a splendid run of three hours, within a mile of Belper.

So highly was Mr. Yates esteemed as a sportsman, and such was his consideration for wheat and seeds, or anything else that might sustain unnecessary damage, that he was welcome wherever he went. One of his best runs took place when, invited by Mr. Watts-Russell, he went to Ilam Hall, and, finding a hare at Thowley Hall, killed her, after a run of two hours and three-quarters at Caldon Mill. He sold this famous pack afterwards to Prince de Joinville. He afterwards hunted a pack for the Squire of Okeover, and the distances he rode to his meets would hardly be believed by our railway-hunting sportsman nowadays; but a keener sportsman and finer horseman the present generation would have a difficulty in finding. With all his love of sport, a more industrious or more intelligent practical farmer did not live. Up between four and five o'clock in a morning, he would, before starting with hounds, be amongst his servants, sharing the milking and giving general directions. The eye of the master was never wanting, and his crops were the best, and his land the cleanest in the district, and he was (all farmers know what is meant by the expression) a good neighbour. His hospitality was genial and hearty, but never overstrained; there was a welcome so long as his friends would stay, but no undue pressure beyond what was convenient to them. For many years increasing infirmities, the result of years of hard work and exercise, had prevented him mounting a horse, but it was cheerful and delightful to hear him tell tales of his hunting days with Old Squire Meynell, and of the horses he had sold to the Admiral, and other good sportsmen, who went out to hunt, as well as to ride; on the difference between which pursuits old Trevor was wont to express himself very strongly.

Well, Trevor Yates has gone—a good man, a good sportsman, and a good neighbour. There are not many left now of the old cronies who hunted with him in days of yore; but many of our readers knew and valued his honest sterling worth, and will lament over his death. At his funeral, which took place last Wednesday, there was a large attendance of his friends and acquaintances, from whose recollections this brief obituary notice has been compiled.

MERCURY.

CHAPTER XII.

CHARTLEY—QUEEN ADELAIDE AT SUDBURY—THE REV. GERMAN BUCKSTON.

THERE is no more sporting place in the Meynell country than the above, and few which are wilder or more picturesque. As you stand in the centre of the park, with its scattered clumps of fir trees, and nothing but the white cattle, the deer, and the rabbits to keep you company, you might as well be in the solitude of the Rocky Mountains. The latter term is used advisedly, for surely it is very like what is called "a park" in those parts, especially in autumn, or on a frosty day in winter, when the sky is blue overhead and the rough, tussocky grass is yellow under foot, while the rabbits have honeycombed the surface like any badgers. For these latter flourish greatly in the foot-hills of that far-off western land.

For aught the writer knows to the contrary, there are very few parks anywhere in England like those two in Staffordshire—Bagot's and Chartley. For where else do you find the park without the house? No doubt there were plenty of others at one time, though in many cases only the name remains without the pales. But Chartley is exactly as it was when the Conqueror came—or many a century before his time, except so far as it is enclosed by its fence, which is said to have been put up in the reign of Henry III., when the white cattle were driven in from the forest.

Its castle,* which is now in ruins, was built in 1220,

* Redfern's "Antiquities of Uttoxeter."

by Richard Blunderville, Earl of Chester, on his return from the Holy Land, and from him descended to William Ferrars, Earl of Derby, whose son Robert forfeited the estate by his rebellion. He was, however, afterwards allowed to retain it. Subsequently it came by marriage to the family of Devereux, and was in their possession when Mary, Queen of Scots, was taken there from Tutbury Castle, in December, 1585, and remained there till she was removed to Fotheringhay, in September, 1586. Before her arrival Lord Essex wrote to Mr. Bagot of Blithfield, asking him to have "all the bedding, hangings, and such like stuffs, removed to your own house for a wile; and, if she come to Chartley, it may be carried to Lichfield, or els (she being gone to Dudley or els wher) it may be carried back." From this letter it does not seem as if Lord Essex quite approved of having his house turned into a sort of State prison. While there, the queen embroidered a bed with her own hands, which is still at Chartley. Queen Elizabeth came there, on her way to Stafford, in 1575. In 1781 the curious old manor house was burnt down, while, about fifty years ago, the new one caught fire. Abberley, who is now one of Lord Bagot's keepers, and who lives at Abberley's house, on the outskirts of Bagot's Wood on the Uttoxeter turnpike road, remembers the fire, and was struck with the number of old guns, pikes, bayonets, and the like, which came out of it on that occasion.

"It is traditionally said," Mr. Redfern observes, "that Robin Hood found asylum at Chartley Castle, and its founder, Randall of Chester, is thus named in connection with the famed Robin, by the author of 'Piers Plowman.'

> "'I can perfitly my paternoster, as the priest it singeth;
> I can rhyme of Robin Hood, and Randall of Chester.'"

Does the coupling together of these two names favour the idea of a Robert de Ferrars being no other than a Robin Hood?

From the Devereux the property came to the Shirleys, from them to the Townsends, and so to the Ferrars.

Apart from its historic interest, it is famous as the home of the white cattle, akin to those at Chillingham, and said to have been introduced by the Romans. But they are nothing like as wild as their kinsfolk in the Cheviots, to judge, at least, by the Druid's description of the latter, nor in the least dangerous.

But it is, perhaps, after all as the home of the fox that it interests us most. Rare runs there have been from it after its good, wild foxes. Its gorse takes a lot of drawing, and requires a bold hound to face it. You want a pack of "Linkboys" to make it fairly shake on a bad scenting morning, and no doubt many a fox has been left there lying *perdu* in its bristly fastnesses. Then there is the Moss, a grand, wild, natural covert, full of heath, and good rough lying, but a place where a wild fox is apt to be off before any one can get to the distant farther end to view him away. It is a queer place to ride through, like an Irish quaking bog, and woe betide the unwary rider who gets off the right path. Many years ago a pack of harriers was kept at Chartley, and some of these sank into the bog and were never seen again, while more than one rider has had cause to thank his stars that he did not follow them, when his horse, with wild eye, distended nostril, and heaving flanks, has, by a series of herculean efforts, extricated himself from the clinging morass which threatened to engulf them both.

But the said Moss has brought us to the boundaries of Blithfield, which of right claims a chapter to itself. Still this account must not close without mention of two good sportsmen, diametrically opposite one to the other, for one is an out-and-out horseman, and the other an equally enthusiastic houndsman. There was a time when, both in Derbyshire and Leicestershire, Mr. Nuttall was always in the front rank, and, given a horse he likes, and a good start, he takes a good deal of catching to-day. If any one

goes away hungry or thirsty from his house, Park Hall, it is the wayfarer's own fault.

He has had some capital horses in his stable, many of which left it at high prices to go to other people, which is the greatest criterion of merit. One of them, Walnut, was good enough to win the Meynell Red Coat race with that beautiful horseman, the late Mr. Harry Bird, in the saddle, at Uttoxeter, in 1894. This was not exactly the easiest horse in the world to ride, but he was very fast and a capital stayer.

Mr. Radcliff, who lives at Broad Moor, Weston, is devoted to hunting, knows every yard of the country, and so sees most of a run without any unnecessary jumping. He does his best in the interests of the Hunt to keep wire down, and to have it marked where it does exist; and there is no more thankless task than this.

While dealing with this side of the country, Mr. Harrison, living at Chartley Castle, must not be forgotten, for he is a capital fox-preserver, though he does not hunt, and deserves all the more credit on that account. However, he is represented in the field by his daughter, who goes well, especially on her favourite chestnut mare, Mabel, as good a hunter as any one need wish to ride.

A little further away, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are settled at Fradswell, and always have plenty of foxes both in the Birch Wood and the Home Coverts, besides seeing where hounds go when they run. Mrs. Murphy knows more about hunting than most people, and wants no one to show her the way over the country. They have both of them had their share of falls, but it seems to make no difference, though broken bones have been the result of some of them.

The Fradswell dumbles are very awkward places to get over, unless you know your way about, but, once clear of them, you are in a beautiful country to ride across, go which way you will, and it carries a good scent. Unfortunately there is a good deal of wire on the North Staffordshire side. The palings in Chartley Park are a formidable-

looking obstacle, if they come in the way, but Mr. Power proved they were jumpable one day. The horse was only a four-year-old, but the pace was good, and he was going just to his rider's liking. Thus a bold heart in both man and horse, and active limbs, carried the pair over in safety, and put a hundred and fifty pounds into the owner's pocket that same evening over the dinner-table, Sir Peter Walker being the purchaser.

To resume, however, the thread of our story, it is necessary to go back to the years 1839–40. The principal event of 1839 was the death of old Tom Leedham on September 7th, and he was laid to rest in Yoxall churchyard at the ripe age of seventy-three. He had been out with the hounds the year before on a grey pony, and may possibly have seen Abelard, by Lord Yarborough's Finder out of Adelaide, giving some proof of his future excellence in the Brakenhurst that same year, for they began cub-hunting early. Had he lived a little longer he would have heard some grumbling about his son, Joe, who probably did not have the best of luck this season.

On March 24th, a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Meynell, by the gentlemen who hunted in the country, at the King's Head, Derby, in recognition of the end of his twenty-fifth season. About sixty sat down to dinner. E. S. Chandos-Pole was in the chair, while Mr. Calvert of Hound Hill acted as vice-chairman.

In the season 1839–40, frost interfered to a great extent with hunting, and, so far as can be gathered from all available sources, sport was only moderate.

On March 9th, however, they met at Black Slough and had a memorable day, only marred by a serious accident. It is thus described: "A fox was soon found, and immediately went away at a slapping pace for the Quartz wood, and, skirting by Lopland's farm, passed over the Tacton Brook, which is at present swollen by floods. Here, on the grounds of the Rev. Mr. Colman, Mr. John Harding, as gallant a sportsman as ever followed hounds, was dangerously hurt by his horse catching his hind legs

in a gate, which snapped it short off, and the gallant rider was thrown, and, I am sorry to say, is not expected to recover, having received some internal injuries. He was immediately carried to the Crown, Tamworth, and speedy assistance given.

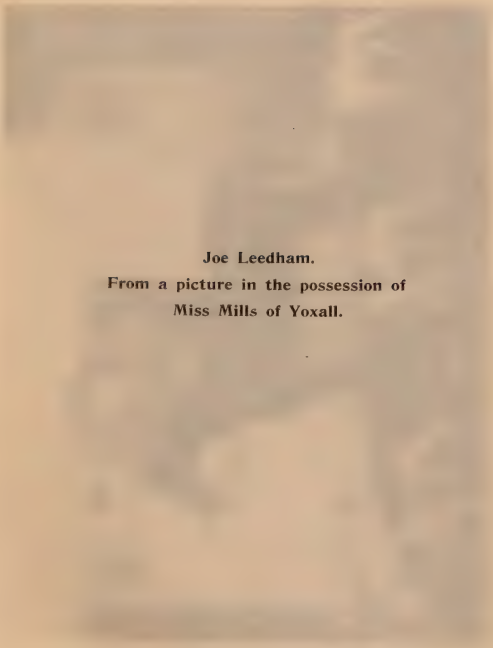
"The hounds followed and killed after an eighteen miles run, which was done by a select few in an hour and a half, over hard ground, with only one slight check, and, with the exception of the accident to Mr. Harding, is one of the finest runs which has occurred in this part of the country throughout the whole season. During the whole of the run the hounds were hunted by Mr. Joseph Slacker in the most masterly style."

Who the Mr. Joseph Slacker here referred to was, the author has failed to discover. It may possibly have been a nickname for Joe Leedham, for writers for the sporting press were allowed more freedom of speech than is considered proper nowadays, and Joe seems to have had his detractors.

On Michaelmas day, 1842, just as the indoor and outdoor servants were sitting down to roast goose in the servants' hall, as the custom was, there came the news that the old squire had succeeded to the Temple Newsam estates in Yorkshire, and he ordered something good to be served out to wash down the roast goose. "We had the liquor after that," an old man told the writer, "but no more roast goose, for the squire used to spend Michaelmas at Temple Newsam." Sciatica, too, had him in its grip, and he went hunting very little afterwards, his active duties as master devolving on his brother, the Admiral, and his son, the young squire.

On January 18th, they met at Foston Hall, at the time when Queen Adelaide resided at Sudbury, and several of her distinguished guests attended the meet, which was not a large one. A correspondent sent the following account of the day's sport to *Bell's Life*:—

A fox was soon found and went away at a rattling pace, and, after a good run of forty-five minutes, was lost near Sutton, owing, we believe, to the flooded



Joe Leedham.
From a picture in the possession of
Miss Mills of Yoxall.

The Lesbians.

From a picture in the possession of
Miss Alice de Vere Cole.

state of the country, which also was the cause of many falls and duckings in the course of the day. The field had not long to wait before a brace of foxes were viewed away from Sutton Gorse. The hounds were again laid on, with a capital scent, and Reynard, fortunately, took a beautiful line of grass, with regular, stiff, and severe fencing, and such as none but those who were well mounted could get on with. The pace, very good at first, soon became tremendous. Longford, Thurvaston, and Radburne were passed without a check, and the gallant fox then turned straight for Etwall, and led his pursuers across the well-known brook—near that village—at any time a rum one to get over and now bank full. The run up to the brook was an hour and twenty minutes at racing pace, but, as soon as the hounds were over, scent began to fail; and, after a quarter of an hour of slow hunting, the hounds were flogged off, after as good a run and over as fine a country as any sportsman may wish to see. From the severity of the pace and the length of the run but few were with the hounds at the finish. Amongst the lucky few were Captain Meynell, Mr. Meynell, jun., Messrs. Johnston, Bass, Wilmot, Arkwright, Mouseley, and one or two others. Every judge of hounds and hunting, who has seen Mr. Meynell's pack this year, has expressed an opinion that there were few packs equal to them—none superior.

On February 28th they had another good day, described by a "Lover of Fox-hunting," in *Bell's Life*:—

This gallant pack met at Sudbury, drew the Coppice and found lots of foxes; went away with a vixen, and, after a ring of twenty-five minutes, ran into her. Drew Cubley Gorse blank (*Proh Pudor!*), thence to Bentley Car. Found a brace and went away with a regular old Derbyshire fox sharp to Longford, thence to Cubley Gorse, and hark away to Snelston, over Darley Moor—very heavy and deep—then, skirting Shirley and Shirley Park, back to Longford, skirting the Car away to Bentley Car, and thence at a good hunting pace by Boylestone to Sudbury Coppice, and, by the indefatigable exertions of the huntsman, Joe, backed by the Earl of Chesterfield on his third horse, ran gallantly into him, after as hard a day's sport as need be seen. Amongst the few, of a very numerous field, we observed at the finish the Earl of Chesterfield, H. S. Wilmot, Esq., the Rev. G. Buckston, and F. Bradshaw, Esq. Several of the horses were left in the fields, dead beat, and one gallant mare has since died.

This must have been a most punishing run of at least eighteen miles as hounds ran. The writer well remembers telling Charles Leedham about a wonderful run with the Hon. Mark Rolle's hounds when Stovin was huntsman. They ran a regular old Dartmoor Hector till all the horses were beat. Then Stovin took to his feet, the hounds could not gain on the fox, nor the fox get any farther away from the hounds. At last, the former sat down and barked, the hounds lay down all round him, and the huntsman knocked him on the head. Five horses died, and hounds did not get back to kennels till two o'clock in

the morning. Charles's comment was, "I call that foolishness."

Nimrod, junior, in *Bell's Life*, writes the following graphic account ofthe same run :—

This crack pack met last Monday at Sudbury, and, notwithstanding the frost in the early part of the morning, the ground was in very good condition. They soon found, and after running round the coverts a short time, it was killed, and proved, much to the chagrin of Joe Leedham, to be a vixen with seven cubs in her. Lord Chesterfield being out, Mr. Meynell Ingram, out of compliment to his lordship, trotted off to Cubley Gorse, a new covert belonging to his lordship, but Pug was not at home. Bentley Car was then tried, and two of the "varmint" were immediately on foot—the hounds close at the brush of one—and off we went best pace. The crack riders, *par excellence* of the Hunt, the Rev. German Buckston, and another reverend gentleman, Mr. Spilsbury of Willington, had each a tremendous fall at the same fence, which they charged abreast here. Fortunately, it only made their eyes strike fire a little, and no harm was done, for they were soon up and off again. I need not trouble you with mentioning a long list of places of which most of your readers are ignorant, but suffice it to say that the run, without any material check, was within five minutes of three hours. They took us through Snelston, up as far as a village called Wyaston, and then turned back, leaving Shirley Park and Longford to our left, and ran into Sudbury coppice, where we met in the morning. After running him in the covert about ten minutes he was killed. He was so beat that he sat down many times till the hounds were within five yards of him. At one time the field was very select. Neither the huntsman nor whip were with the pack, and it was only through the exertions of that famous sportsman, Mr. Trevor Yates of Sapperton, that the hounds were kept to their work. There was a great deal of hard riding at first, and it told on the bellows of the gallant steeds. Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Massey Stanley were forward most of the way, till his lordship's second horse threwa shoe, and he was obliged to ride "a young 'un" that Tom Beal * was instructing. Mr. Massey Stanley was up at the finish, as was also the Rev. German Buckston, Mr. R. Chawner, Mr. P. Waite, Mr. Wilmot, and several others, Joe Leedham on Mr. Yates' horse, old Traveller, which he had kindly lent him, and little Jack. The rest came in by various routes within a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes after, except some few who were nowhere. I was much pleased to see Mr. Harrison, junior, of Snelston Hall, riding straighter than most there. I suppose he put on too much steam at first, as he was not to be seen the last hour.

NIMROD JUNIOR.

The name of the Rev. German Buckston, now mentioned, was at one time a household word in Derbyshire. His grandmother was a daughter of the great fox-hunter, Sir Edward Littleton of Pillaton, so he had a strong infusion of hunting blood in him, and we all know the old

* Lord Chesterfield's stud groom.

proverb about "What is bred in the bone," etc., and in the Rev. German Buckston it came out very strong indeed. He came of a good old family, the earliest known progenitor of which was Henry de Bawkestone, 1256, and one Thomas Buxton was high sheriff of Derbyshire in 1415. But his immediate ancestor was Henry Buxton, who was living at Bradbourne, in the seventeenth century. From the last-named place, of which Mr. German Buckston was vicar, he used to ride his hunter on in the morning, even to the most distant meets on the Staffordshire side, hunt all day, ride him home at night, and the "creeping parson," as he was styled, was never very far from the hounds all day. He could not have said, like the famous parson in the story, that he was never in the same field with them. The story goes that once the well-known Bishop Wilberforce remonstrated with a clergyman in his diocese for going out hunting, and that the latter, in self-defence, said—

"But, my lord, I saw that you were at a State ball the other night."

"Perhaps I was," said the prelate, "but I can assure you, I was never in the same room as the dancing."

"And I can assure you, my lord, I am never in the same field as the hounds!" was the clever retort.

The story is so venerable, that, on that account, at least, it should command respect.

Possibly there was something in the air at Bradbourne, which stimulated its vicar to indulge in the pleasures of the chase, for as long ago as 1214, William, who was then vicar, was accused in the court of Rome by his prior, amongst other irregularities, of going a-hunting, and neglecting his clerical duties. Not that the former by any means presupposes the latter. From Bradbourne, Mr. Buckston moved to his other property at Sutton-on-the-Hill, of which he was Rector for some years. He died in 1861, in his 65th year. His son, who is as good a fox-preserver as was his father, is still with us, living at Sutton-on-the-Hill, of which place he is the rector.

Bell's Life, December 31st, 1843 :—

Mr. Editor,—This pack of foxhounds have shown remarkable sport, and on the nine hunting days of the last three weeks, have killed their thirteen foxes, after some of the best and fastest runs ever witnessed. Where all have been so good, it is almost invidious to particularize; but the runs from Blythfield, on Monday the 18th, and from Longford, on Thursday the 21st, have seldom been excelled. The hounds are in splendid condition, and many of them, particularly some of the ladies, are equal in beauty, symmetry, speed, and stoutness, to any hounds in the world. On Saturday, the 16th, Old Draco and two couple of others got away from Brakenhurst with a fresh fox, and killed him, unassisted, after a splendid burst of thirty-five minutes, and on that day three foxes fell victims to these determined vulpicides. It was the fashion last season to say, that Joe Leedham could neither ride to hounds, nor kill his foxes, but he has shown them this year what he can do when properly mounted. The proverbial kind-heartedness of Mr. Meynell Ingram may, in some instances, have been carried too far, where he has been unwilling to discard an old and faithful slave, so long as he could enjoy the sport; but neither Timothy, Old Pigg, nor Aaron, could last for ever, nor can Joe, an old clipper, be expected to keep his place with hounds when the pace is too good for thoroughbred ones. When mounted on horses that can carry him, he has proved himself not only a bold rider to his hounds, but also a clever and scientific huntsman; the way he has handled his hounds in difficulties having won universal admiration, whilst the musical voices of Tom and Jack have resounded through the woodlands, in tones which Herr Standigl or Foruasari might envy. We are sorry that Mr. Meynell Ingram is unable to join in the sport, from a sprain he received some time since, but Captain Meynell has hunted regularly, and young Squire Hugo has not only inherited the family love of hunting, but has acquired a dashing style of riding, that is seldom to be found in any family. He knows the place of a master of hounds is with the pack, and there you may always see him. May the conclusion of the season continue as prosperous as the commencement.—*December 26th*, 1843.

Unless they used the same names more than once for horses, Timothy, Old Pigg, and Aaron, must have all been well over twenty years old before they were discarded. When Mr. Fort is mounted on one of his two marvellous evergreens, Pugilist or Beaufort, who are about fifteen years old, he sometimes says jokingly, that a horse is not safe to ride over Derbyshire, till he has reached that age! But Mr. Meynell went one better, or rather some years better!

A complimentary dinner was given this year in honour of Mr. Meynell Ingram, and a beautiful silver gilt representation of the old oak below Hoar Cross, the huntsman, and earth-stopper, was presented to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THREE MEN OF MARK—MR. HENRY BODEN—MR. CLOWES' DIARY, 1844–47—MR. WILLIAM TOMLINSON.

1844.

ONE of those who was hunting with the hounds about this time was Mr. Okeover, of Okeover, who will always be associated in the minds of his contemporaries with a famous black horse, whose picture hangs in the smoking-room at Okeover. The latter is a charming place just outside the boundaries of the Meynell Hunt, though, once, at any rate, hounds ran there—on a foggy day in the seventies—from Shirley Park. Not a soul was with them, and the keeper shut them up. An account of it, therefore, hardly comes within the province of this volume. As to the Okeovers themselves, they have been there from time immemorial. At the time of the Conquest, Ormus, or Orme, was lord of Acover and Stretton, and from him the Manor of Okeover descended in a right line to Thomas de Okeover in the reign of Henry VI. Shortly before the present owner * came to reside there, the place was let to Mr. Robert Plumer Ward,—the talented author of "Tremaine"—who married the widow of the Rev. Charles Gregory Okeover. This was about 1839. The church there is not only most interesting in itself, but its restoration can claim to be the *chef d'œuvre* of an artist in Gothic architecture—Mr. William Evans, of Ellaston, the original of Adam Bede. In an account of an interview with him, which appeared years ago in the *Gentleman's*

* Ashbourne and the family of the Dove.

Magazine, he said: "To my feeling, the most complete work, as a piece of art, I ever accomplished was the little church of Okeover. . . . Mr. Okeover gave myself and Gilbert Scott free hands to do as we desired; cost was nothing; perfection and artistic beauty were to be all in all; we were bound by no contracts, and I put my whole soul into it, and so did Scott. Yes," he continued, as if speaking to himself, "I think that was the most beautiful thing I ever did. But, then, Mr. Okeover is himself an artist by genius, and he can comprehend art."

This Mr. Okeover was the predecessor of the present squire. The surroundings of the place are a worthy setting to such a gem, for the house itself, and the park nestling under the hill, where the trees throw deep shadows on the long summer afternoons over the clustering deer, while the Dove glides placidly through rich pastures hard by, is a thing to dream of, amidst the rush and hurry of modern life, even as one thinks of the "shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land."

No one can appreciate all this more thoroughly than the owner of it, for he, too, has the artistic temperament, and thus cannot fail to extract the greatest enjoyment from the moving panorama of light, movement, and colour into which his sporting tastes have continually led him. Whether standing by the rushing river in Norway, or walking through covert, or over turnips and stubble, or heathery moor, no charm of colour or grace of outline would escape his eye. He is a sportsman of the school of old Christopher North, or Gilbert White of Selborne. And when he and his sporting ally, Mr. Trevor Yates, went out of a morning, with the harriers which the former kept at Okeover, we may be sure that, while both were equally intent on the business in hand, there was always present for the squire an æsthetic delight in the sky over his head, in the harmony of the sounds around him, and in the form and colour of everything on the earth beneath his feet, of which his companion was unconscious.

Mr. Okeover is still with us, and, though he has passed the span allotted to man's existence, he is as alert and

active as men who are many years his juniors. He stands somewhere about six feet six in his stockings, and his contemporaries at Oxford tell a story of how he once went to see a giant, and the latter sent him a private message, asking him to leave the room, as there could not be two giants there at once! As a matter of fact, Mr. Okeover was requested to step on to the platform to illustrate the height of the giant by walking under the latter's extended arm without having to stoop.

This year was memorable for the famous dead heat for the Derby between Colonel Peel's Orlando and the Hon. E. Petre's The Colonel, and also for the *début* in the hunting field of a little boy of eight years of age, who was destined to make his mark in after years. This was none other than Mr. Henry Boden, who has by this time fairly earned the reputation of being, perhaps, the best all-round man of his age in England. On his sixty-second birthday he walked from Derby to Foston (eleven miles in two hours and forty minutes) to dine and sleep with Mr. Fort, and offered, after dinner, to walk back again for a wager of fifty pounds, which no one was rash enough to lay. Whether he owes his remarkable staying powers to his abstention from alcohol in any form, and almost entirely from tobacco, can be left to the discussion of the curious in such matters. He thinks nothing, now in his sixty-sixth year, of riding from Derby to Sudbury—and a weary road it is—fifteen miles, hunting all day, and riding home, perhaps, seventeen miles at night. As to his nerve, it is as good now as it was twenty-five years ago. He took to polo in his sixty-fourth year, having never hit a ball with a polo stick in his life before, and was very soon good enough to play at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Rugby, while he is a constant player at Elvaston. Since he first came out hunting, in 1844, with the Donington Hounds, in the mastership of Mr. Story, of Lockington, and Sir Seymour Blane, Bart., of the Pastures, he has never missed a season, and hopes to begin his fifty-eighth this winter.*

* He broke his collar-bone out cub-hunting, with the Meynell, just before the opening meet, and was therefore unable to be present on that occasion.

He won his spurs, too, between the flags, riding at most of the old meetings, and winning over the St. Leger course at Doncaster, besides carrying off the Ludlow Cup, and the Harrington Cup twice. When Sir Peter Walker started his point-to-point races in 1894, he was most anxious to ride. But to do so he had, under the conditions of the race, to be nominated by a lady, and the, perhaps, wiser counsels of Mrs. Boden, who comes of an ancient Derbyshire stock, the Holdens, prevailed.

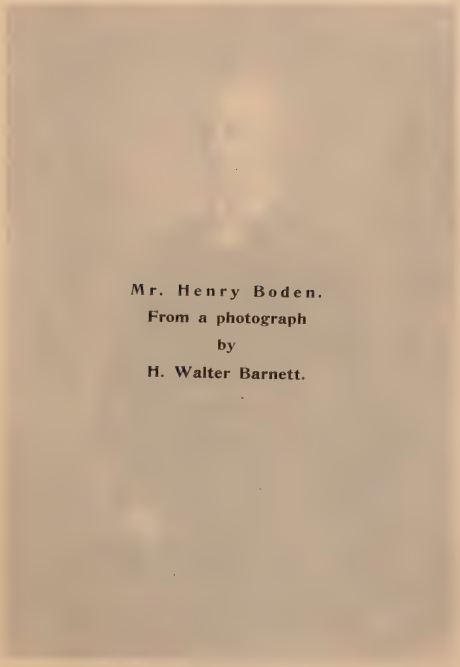
In his younger days, before his marriage, he could wield the willow to good effect, playing for his county, and at the Oval, in most of the best matches.

Neither does he despise a day's shooting, and used to enjoy it to the full in Scotland with his friend, the late Mr. Hamar Bass, when many a brace of grouse, and many a lordly stag, fell to the crack of gun and rifle. But, perhaps, one of his greatest achievements was, in conjunction with his brother Walter, in raising the Derby meeting from the mire to the very pinnacle of racing excellence, while the mention of "Boden's Thorns" sends a thrill of delight through the veins of every hunting man. His stable is always full of the best of horses, and as empty on a hunting morning as the needs of his many friends can make it, for he is not one of those churls—

> "Who keeps for nought else, save to purge 'em with balls,
> Like a dog in a manger, his nags in their stalls."

A stranger coming here a year or two ago was at a loss to know which to admire the most—the horsemanship or the *tout ensemble*—and, of a surety, both are very hard to beat. He might almost lay claim to be the original of the following verses, which were written of the famous Mr. Banks Wright, Sir Richard Sutton's half-brother :—

> "At Styche arrives, and then bewitches
> The ladies with his azure breeches :
> The well-turned leg, the well-made boot,
> The hat, the tie, all follow suit.
> In fact, they all at once declare,
> None in their Hunt so *debonnaire*."



Mr. Henry Boden.
From a photograph
by
H. Walter Barnett.

Like the gentleman quoted above, Mr. Boden would say—

> "Of lengthy runs let slow ones prate,
> Of foxes killed by light of moon;
> Give me the sharp and rapid rate,
> The burst that takes me home by noon."

Not that the last line is quite appropriate, for no day is too long for him, but he prefers a short, sharp burst to a long hunting run. Probably, in a lengthy experience, no run has such pleasant memories for him as a regular helter-skelter from White's Wood, Brailsford, about forty years ago. There are not many alive now who remember it, but those who do say that Mr. Boden had it all to himself, and hounds fairly flew. It was on a Tuesday early in November, after a meet at Kedleston, and the few who remained out induced Tom to draw the covert in question. Not thinking they were likely to find, he threw his hounds into covert, though it was getting late. They found, and away they went. Mr. Boden was riding Dinah, a little blood mare, and he fairly sent her along for all she was worth. There was no time to open a gate; the brook, in its serpentine windings, seemed to be always throwing itself in the way, as they raced along it, towards Sutton Gorse. Alone with hounds, and going that pace, it is no time for "peeping," and you cannot well take a leisurely view of the situation, so it is not surprising that the little mare was asked to jump it each time hounds crossed it. Just before they reached Sutton Gorse Jack Leedham, who had come best pace by the road, saw Mr. Boden clear a scaffolding pole nailed to the top of two gate-posts. It was a desperate jump, after coming between five and six miles at racing pace, and Jack used to talk of it to his dying day. A noble lord offered four hundred pounds for the mare, but nothing under a "monkey" would tempt her owner, and the pair were not parted.

Donna Maria was another good one, and pretty nearly invincible at the Midland meetings; so was Clansman, a three-hundred-guinea one, which came from Mr. Arthur

Markham, of Baggrave Hall; and Tiptop, a Harrington Cup winner, was a wonder. He had no stouter horse than Dan by Daniel, which went to Mr. C. B. Wright, of the Badsworth. But, when all is said and done, there never was a better than the brown snaffle-bridle horse, Knight Templar, now in his possession. He is up to sixteen stone, never turned his head in his life, and jumps the top twig on the end of a run just the same as he does at the beginning. After some such eulogy as this, the writer asked Lawrence, Mr. Boden's stud-groom, who was quite a character, how many days a week the horse would come out, and the answer was, "As often as you want him." There was an emphasis on the "you;" and in that case the horse was a good one; and, indeed, he looks it. As a four-year-old he carried his owner through the great hill run of 1894: had twenty-eight miles home, and was none the worse for it.

Mr. Boden has four sons, who are true chips of the old block; especially the three elder ones—Messrs. Harry, and (the twins) Anthony, and Reginald. Of the former, a local paper says, in a good run with Mr. Rolleston's hounds on January 1st, 1881, from Farley's by Belper, by Denby, by the Kilburn Colliery, by Horsley Church, by Morley, and eventually by Horsley Car, to Coxbench Woods, back by Horsley Car, finally stopping the hounds on the hills above Morley after one hour and fifty-five minutes; "that Master Harry Boden, riding a very clever grey, rode straight all the way." He was then only thirteen years of age. The others were Lord Petersham, Mr. Palmer of Stanton, Mr. Charlton of Chilwell, Mr. Feilden, Mr. Sitwell, jun., Mr. Wright of Wollaton and his son, and Mr. Canna. So the boy was in good company.*

But take any of these three, put them down in any country in England, and they will give a good account of themselves, and people will be sure to ask who they

* Since the above lines were penned a grievous loss has befallen Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boden through their youngest son, John, meeting with a fatal accident while playing polo at Rugby. He was a very promising lad, and a great favourite with everybody.

are, if they happen to be anywhere where they are not known.

Thanks to the kindness of Captain H. A. Clowes, of Norbury, the following interesting extracts from an old diary of his father's can be published. It is a plain tale of odd days with the Meynell—Mr. Clowes being at this time established in rooms at Atherstone with a good stud of horses, which he rode indiscriminately with all the neighbouring packs. From the extracts it would appear that there was some reason for there being so little mention of the hounds in the current sporting literature.

Mr. Clowes' diary :—

1844.

February 24th.—Rode from Appleby to Henhurst with Moore. Hounds did not come, though but six miles from kennels and a good day.

1846.

November 17th, Meynell at Swarkeston.—Found in the Gorse, ran fast by Osmaston, and ringing about the railroad to Arleston Gorse—forty-five minutes out of covert. Pretty good. Back slow and lost at Swarkeston Gorse. I left them, having to ride to Appleby. They ran a cub from a hedgerow and killed in Arleston Gorse, from which seven foxes were said to go.

Thursday, December 10th.—After ball night. Meynell at Radbourne. Found at Radbourne, ran a ring there, and lost near Mackworth. Hounds went away as if there was a scent at one time. Rainy afternoon. Found again at Breward's Car. Very cold, but hounds ran very like business for a few fields, and then lost. N.B.—With a huntsman we should have had a run. Very cold and hard frost next day, which lasted till the 19th.

Thursday, January 7th, Kedleston.—Drew all Kedleston blank. Fox jumped up in a dumble near Ednaston. Got away close at him, but at first check Joe cast back among horses, and then hit him off forward, ran well nearly to Hopton, over a very rough and hilly country, and lost.

1847.

January 9th, Swarkeston.—Gorse blank. Found in Arleston Gorse, but could not run. Found there again, but no good. Joe Leedham very bad. Found again at Potluck osier bed. Pretty find, and looked like a run for a few fields, but soon got to slow hunting, and left off at Swarkeston Gorse. A good many falls, but no sport.

February 4th, Meynell at Radbourne.—Threw off at 1 p.m. on account of frost. Found in osier bed. Very fast ring for about ten minutes to Parsonage, then slower near to Sutton and lost. Second or same fox in Langley Common. Ran some time in covert, then fast through Radbourne and killed. Thirty minutes, but mostly in the Gorse. Cold. Rode Humbug. Freezing at night.

February 7th, Swarkeston.—Tollitt's chestnut horse ; a good hunter. Found

at Arleston Gorse. Ran a quick good ring to Osmaston and lost near canal. Fox gone to Aston, I think. Second fox in Spilsbury covert, ran very fast past Mr. Mosley's house, then a little to the left and up to Mickleover and to Radbourne. Through that and Radbourne Wood and right away to Sutton, and lost beyond Cooper's farm, near the brook. Twenty-five minutes to Radbourne without a check, and to Mickleover very fast. I think we changed foxes at Radbourne Wood, where I got wrong side of wood, and never caught them till near Sutton. Capital day's sport. All in the rain to Mickleover. Large field. A week's hard bright frost.

March 6th, Swarkeston.—Found at Potluck osier bed, ran fast back to Arleston, across Canal and down the meadows nearly to Swarkeston, then back to Anchor Church, and across Trent, through Foremark to Repton Shrubs and lost. I missed the first part by crossing railway. Forty minutes; rather good. Good ford at Anchor Church, but bad scent after crossing and going down wind. Alfred Barton out.

March 11th, Ednaston.—Drew two small coverts, and then left off on account of frost.

Thursday, March 18th, Spread Eagle.—Found in Spilsbury's covert, and ran by Mosley's, very slow near to Park Hill, and lost. Drew Egginton and Potluck blank and left off. Very hot and dusty.

1847–1848.

November 11th, Drakelowe.—Chopped a cub by river. Found an old fox in Grove, who stood still to be killed. Found again in Walton Wood, ran fast to Catton Wood, hunted him back to Walton Wood and killed. Five or ten minutes very fast. Saw all Derbyshire men, and Buller, Cox, etc.

January 7th, Radbourne.—Found in squire's Gorse. Fox got a long start. Hunted him all round Radbourne and lost. They would not go to Sutton, but made pretence of drawing some small spinnies near Langley, and went home. . . . Mosse went day before. Boucherett went too. Large field for Meynell. Frosty morning. Edwin Hill bad from fall day before.

February 8th, Meynell at Kedleston.—Blank day. Good lark from Kedleston to Markeaton. Staying at Radbourne.

February 10th, Radbourne.—Found in Langley Gorse, ran a very fast ten minutes towards Langley and back to the other gorse; slight check there. Then away half way to Longford, turned to the left down meadows and ran over the grass very straight and well to Sutton without check. Twenty-five minutes from last gorse and fast enough to shake field off. Hunted him into gorse and back down wind slowly to Radbourne, and, getting on better terms with him, hunted beautifully nearly to Burnaston, and killed just before we got to an osier bed. Altogether one and a half hours; very satisfactory. I got a fall by my stirrup coming off at starting, but caught them at second gorse. J. Stanley and Lord Chesterfield out. Banged Clerk's knees against a rail.

February 21st, Drakelowe.—Found directly in Grove and ran a good twenty minutes over a nasty country to Bretby, crossing a new railway, which gave hounds time to settle. Lost in Bretby Park. Pace good enough for the heavy state of the country. Found again in Repton Shrubs, where I left them. They ran through Gorstey Leys, down meadows to Donington Park and lost.

February 24th, Spread Eagle.—Found in Mosley's Covert, a brace. Went away fast with one, through Etwall, a short ring, and lost near Burnaston.

Found again in Sutton new gorse, ran a small ring, and then pretty fast across brook pointing for Radbourne, and lost. Fair fifteen minutes. Drew Parson's Gorse blank and left off.

March 2nd, Bretby.—Found a brace in Repton Shrubs. Ran one round wood and by house and lost. Found again in Ticknall Gorse and ran a good ring, through a beastly country, by Several Wood and Hartshorn back to Bretby and Repton Shrubs. Changed foxes and ran again past Ticknall Gorse and Pistern Hills, hounds dividing in Several Woods, where another brace jumped up. Left off, hounds, foxes, and men being all over the country. Good scent, and lots of galloping, hunting, and halloaing, and a vile country. Horse tired. Staying at Appleby these two days. Colvile there and out hunting. Wet ever.

1849.

November 8th, Radbourne.—Found in Langley Common and ran hardish a twisting fox, ringing about for twenty minutes, and killed. Drew Parson's Gorse blank. Found again in Rough, ran slowly to Buckston's small gorse and back to large gorse and killed a vixen, which would not go a field away. Plenty of foxes. Five afoot at least. O. Bateman out.

November 10th, Swarkeston.—Found in gorse. Old fox went away directly, but Joe stopped hounds and got away with a cub and lost him in four fields with a fair scent. Found again at Arleston, a twisting brute, but a fair scent. Ran him back slow to Swarkeston by old Abbey, over canal, and to Chellaston, and killed. About forty-five minutes. Good for hounds. They would not draw again. Fine day. Home early.

December 18th, Kedleston.—Found in Rannsdale Park, and went away well, pointing for Bradley, but he turned back for Breward's Car. At length got away again with cold scent, but mended, got nearer him, ran a very pretty ring up and down hill by Lilies to small covert near Farnah, where they were in the same field with him, but he got back to the Car, and he, or another, ran again to Rannsdale and back to Car, all over foiled ground, and they left him. Every one but me said they changed foxes. Train from Leicester with Dawson. Latter rode my mare. Sir R. and two young Sutton's out, Okeover, two Cromptons, etc., Maynard.

There was always, it seems, some difficulty about preserving foxes, to judge from correspondence which appeared from time to time in the papers, and in this particular year there is a letter protesting very strongly against the non-preservation for such a generous, courteous, open-handed master as Mr. Meynell Ingram. Matters did not seem to be much better over the border in the Atherstone country. Moreover, there seems to have been a good deal of fox-stealing going on. The following letter, bearing on this subject and also on the arrangements in two neighbouring hunts, seems to be worth publishing.

Bell's Life, April 14th, 1844 :—

MR. MEYNELL INGRAM'S HOUNDS.

Mr. Editor,—Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds finished the season with a blank day. Up to the frost no hounds in the kingdom could have shown more sport, but after that period they did nothing particular, except meeting with a succession of blank days. With such hounds and so liberal a master this was truly provoking. Owners of coverts should either refuse a master of hounds permission to draw them, or should take care to preserve foxes for him, as a blank day disappoints the master and the men, the hounds and the field, ah! and I think I may say the horses also. Arrangements have been finally made by those two first-rate sportsmen, Sir Seymour Blane and John Story, Esq., to keep on the hounds of the late Marquis of Hastings, under the name of either the North Leicestershire or the Trent Vale, it is not yet quite determined which. That prince of horse-dealers, Potter, of Talbot Lane, is prepared to horse the men in first-rate style, and a brilliant season may be expected. The Atherstone hounds have been purchased by the committee, but are at present without a master. Several are talked of as likely, the latest being Mr. Lowndes. It is a nice country for any man desirous to be at the head of a capital hunt, and few such can be obtained where so little money is required. Should no definite arrangement be come to, there is little doubt that George Moore, Esq., of Appleby, will be master *pro tem.*, and a capital master of hounds he will make; it would be indeed desirable that he should take them into his own management at once.

The year 1846 is remarkable for the entry of one of the most famous of Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds, Agnes, to wit, and also of her scarcely less notable brother, Adamant, who was used very freely later on. How much the former was valued may be reckoned by the fact that she remained in the pack till ten years later, and in the entry for the season after that we still find her to the fore with Absolute and Alice by Pillager. Through their grand-dam on their sire's side—Adelaide—Agnes and Adamant get two crosses of the Pytchley Abelard, a hound to which Mr. Meynell Ingram seemed to be very partial, and also go back to Bridesmaid, whose grand-dam came direct from Quorn. *À propos* of this, it seems strange that old writers should make so much ado about the three or four hounds which are *known* to have come from that fashionable quarter, if, as others assert, the whole of the Hoar Cross Harrier pack was formed from undersized drafts from the same source.

Whatever the cause, the records of the sport shown become very meagre for some time, and it is not till 1850

that any mention of them is to be found, when the following occurs :—

Bell's Life, March 24th, 1850 :—

CAPITAL RUN WITH MR. MEYNELL INGRAM.

Dear Bell,—Though no professional penny-a-liner, I cannot resist giving you a short account of the run of the season. The meet was Snelston (near Ashbourne), and in a very few minutes we found a brace of foxes, but in consequence of the dusty state of the ploughed land we could not run. We then drew Cubley Gorse, Eaton Wood, and Sudbury Gorse blank. Found at Sudbury Coppice, and ran through the park towards Foston; when, not liking the park palings, pug doubled back through the park, crossed the Uttoxeter and Derby road, and followed the Valley of the Dove to Woodford. Here a quarter of an hour was lost, as the huntsman (and, in fact, all the field) supposed he had crossed the Dove. But hitting him off again, we ran full speed through the village of Doveridge, under Lord Waterpark's noble mansion, across the road, and leaving Eaton Wood on our left, we ran into our fox near Snelston; two hours twenty-three minutes, with but one check of any consequence, over a magnificent grass country, and at a killing pace. In conclusion, I may say that huntsman and hounds performed in first-rate style; the fox was a good one, and we separated at half-past five o'clock, leaving none more contented than

One who Followed at a Respectful Distance.

Mar. 14.

The exact date of a great hill run, which occurred about this time, is unfortunately lost, but as Mr. William Tomlinson of Bradley Pastures was the prime actor in it, and as he has left us a brief account of it, it seems only fitting to give an account of him here.

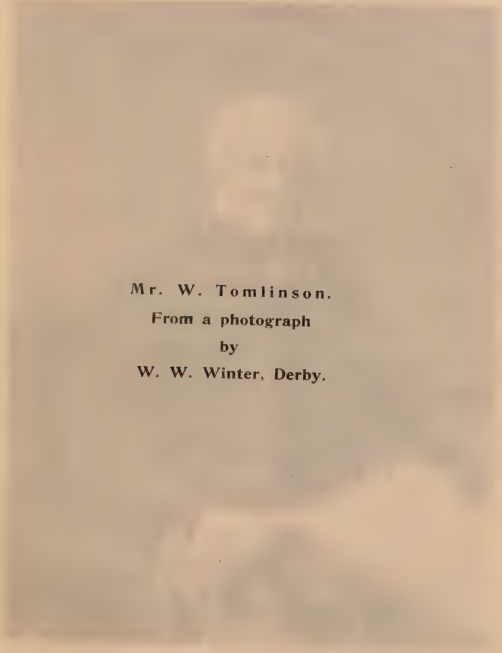
"When thickest the fences and quickest the burst,
'Tis a thousand to one that a farmer is first."

So sang Whyte Melville of a class, and in the instance under consideration the couplet may well apply to the individual. On green, young horses, probably not in tiptop condition, Mr. Tomlinson, thanks to good hands, a strong seat, and an iron nerve, could hold his own with the best of them. His pleasant, weather-beaten face, with its clear, keen blue eyes, was indeed pleasant to look upon, though his back was what many of us saw the most of when hounds ran. More than once he caught the judge's eye between the flags at local steeplechases, and he

was a rare judge of stock, besides winning at the Royal and other shows with young hunters of his own breeding. He it was, too, who was chosen, as being the most fitting person, to make the presentation to Mr. Chandos-Pole, when he retired from the Mastership of the Meynell in 1888. After Mr. Tomlinson's death in March, 1901, the following notice of him appeared in the *Derbyshire Advertiser*:—

By his death one of the best-known and highly esteemed agriculturists in the county has passed away, full of years and honours. Mr. Tomlinson belonged to an old and respected Derbyshire family, which had been settled at Sturston Hall, near Ashborne, for upwards of three hundred years. The deceased gentleman for nearly fifty years occupied the large farm of Bradley Pastures, near Ashborne, having succeeded his father in the year 1851. Unflagging industry, fine judgment, and a minute knowledge of every branch of farming (to which may be added inflexible integrity) made him not only a successful but a distinguished farmer, who battled with difficulties and bad times on a large and highly-rented holding, as few could have done. He was a keen sportsman, and rode well to hounds, being often seen (up to the age of seventy-two) in the front rank with the Meynell Fox Hounds, with which pack he hunted regularly for over fifty-five years. He was also a large breeder of hunters, several of which he himself rode, not only in the hunting field, but at sundry local steeplechases and flat races, when he ran side by side, and often to the winning post, against such veterans as the late Sir Matthew Blakiston, Bart., and Mr. Lucien Mann, and other notable men of fifty years ago. His services were in frequent request as a judge of hunters at the various shows, where his keen discernment and long experience as a breeder made him quite at home in this capacity. In politics he was an energetic Conservative, and in his time did good service for his party in many a hard-fought election contest. In private life he was a warm-hearted, genial character, ever showing marked zest in the vast range of conversation (and public meetings) in which he took part. He was a true friend and sympathetic adviser to all who referred to him and came in contact with him. His hospitality was unbounded, and everybody was made at home when they entered the house at Bradley Pastures. Loved, too, he was by his servants, some of whom lived with him as much as forty years; for in him they ever found straightforward dealing and kindly consideration. His life was happily participated in by a wife, who entered heart and soul into all the events of the day. She gave a cheerful welcome to all visitors, and brightened the ever lively home. By his death we have lost one who reminded us of days that are gone. He was a devout Christian and a staunch Churchman. His wife pre-deceased him only last year. She was the daughter of the late Rev. John Hides, vicar of Greasley, Notts, and was the mother of six sons and three daughters.

The following letter, written a few years before his death, which his sons—the Rev. F. Tomlinson, of Long Eaton, and Mr. T. H. Tomlinson, of Willington—have kindly placed at the writer's disposal, is interesting:—



Mr. W. Tomlinson.
From a photograph
by
W. W. Winter, Derby.

Mr. W. Tomlinson.

From a photograph

by

W. W. Winter, Derby.

Your Mother tells me you wish me to send you some particulars of a good run with the Meynell Hounds over some of the same line as the grand run they had from Brailsford Bridge last week (January, 1896). It is now nearly fifty years since, so I cannot remember very accurately, but I well remember I was riding "Modesty" to gather Income tax for Father, and had started as far as the Hall Ground, when I met the Revd. Hugh Wood, Rector of Blore at that time, coming galloping down the road. He said the hounds were here from Kedleston, and immediately they came streaming towards us as we stood in the road, and through the gate into Bather's ground. I followed them for the Jack Fields. Hounds were making for the Limekiln Rough. The fox crossed the (Henmore) brook, and went up the hill to the right of Hall Fields House and on to Atlow Winn, crossed the road and went for Heaven Hill by the White House beyond Kniveton. Mr. Meynell's hat was knocked off in going over a fence under an oak tree, but he could not stay to pick it up, and Jack Leedham got off his horse and picked it up, and shouted to Mr. Meynell to stop, for he should never be able to catch him again. The hounds went through the Plantation [probably Heaven Hill Wood] and I, knowing the country, was first over the hill, and crossed the brook at Bradbourne mill. Hounds were racing their fox up the Gorse Hill field, and then turned to the right for Shaw's farm and pulled the fox down a little beyond Crakelow. Only a very small number were up at the death. The pace had been very fast all the way from Kedleston. It was considered the best run of that season. You see *I* only found them at Bradley, and more than half the field gave up pursuit before they got to Atlow Winn. Another most extraordinary run was from Ravensdale Park, Mugginton, by Bradley, Atlow Winn, by Carsington, Hopton, Kirk Ireton, Biggin, and Hulland Ward, when the fox was killed on his way back to where he started from. Hounds were about half a mile before the horsemen when I found them at Bradley in pursuit and no horsemen were with them, when the fox was killed and eaten; and Mr. Sampson of Langley and myself took them to Kedleston and had them put in their place at the Inn nearly an hour before the huntsman and whips arrived. They had never been able to catch the hounds after Bradley had been reached, and Sampson and I just happened to be fortunate in taking the road to Callow to the right from Knockerdown. We never saw the hounds after they got to Beeston's of Woodhead. When we got to Callow we had given up all hope of getting to the hounds, when, seeing two men standing on a wall near a stone quarry, I said to Sampson, "Those men are looking towards the Petty Wood. I wonder if they have heard or seen the hounds. I will just go and ask them." They told me they had heard them, and they thought they were coming towards us, as they could hear them better; and, strange to say, we stood with our horses until the hounds came nearly to us, but we had never seen the fox. So that was the cause of us two being the only horsemen in the hunt. When I was coming away from Kedleston I met the huntsman. I said to old Tom, "Where the deuce have you been to?" and he replied, "We could never get anywhere near the hounds after they left Bradley."

After leaving Hopton they had given up trying to get to them, and this country was so difficult no horses could live with hounds. Stephen Sampson often speaks of us two being Huntsman and whip and taking charge of the pack to Kedleston.* Poor old Bob [a favourite hunter] galloped all the way up the hill to Atlow Winn, and after we got to hounds went first-rate. Tom Smith of

* This was on February 6th, 1869.

Clifton bid me seventy pounds for him about a couple of months before I lost him from disease of the kidneys.

Another good run with the Meynell was with a fox from Lime Kiln Rough and I was on old "Utilis." He had been only taken up one night and I never thought of following them until the old horse began to pull at me and *wanted to go*, for I was in everyday attire. [The Rev. F. Tomlinson says, "As told in conversation Father was wont to describe himself as saying to the old horse, 'Go, then, you old fool; if you want to go, GO.'"] The fox ran for Atlow, Hognaston, back over Atlow Winn, Nether Bradbourne, through Brassington churchyard, and up the steep hill above Brassington. Then for Ballidon, and Royston Grange. Then making in the direction of Newhaven, when he was lost. The Duke of Portland was with them. When returning back near the Grange above Brassington, I heard a gentleman asking Mr. Tom Smith of Clifton how far we were from Bradley where the fox was found. Mr. Smith said, that person (myself) could tell him better than he could. So the gentleman asked me if I could say what distance we were from Bradley. I said we were about six miles as the crow flies. He said, "We have had a splendid run," and then remarked jocosely, that my throat strap to my bridle was undone, and told me to mind and not lose the bridle. The gentleman, as I found afterwards, was the Duke of Portland. His coat bore evidence that he had been down. I did not know I had been talking to the Duke until Tom Smith informed me.

This calls to mind an amusing story of a farmer who rode up to the Duke of Bedford out hunting, not knowing who he was, and asked if his cob was for sale.

"No, it isn't," the Duke said.

"Well, never mind," said the farmer. "There's no harm done. My name is Atkins, and I live at Farleigh. There's a pretty good tap there, if you like to call."

To which the Duke replied by handing his companion his card, adding, "There's a pretty good tap there too, if you care to call!"

Another rather good case of the same kind happened to the late Mr. Arnaud when he first came to the Grafton country. He had lost the hounds in Whistley Wood—no uncommon occurrence with any one—and found an old gentleman standing quietly by a hunting-gate, of whom he inquired where the hounds were.

"Oh, they've been gone some time," said he.

"Then, what the dickens are you doing standing here?" Mr. Arnaud asked testily, in the sort of humour in which a man usually is when he has lost the hounds.

The old gentleman proved to be the noble Master, the late Duke of Grafton.

CHAPTER XIV.

BLITHFIELD—SPORT IN 1844—THE HORN DANCE.

1844.

THE very name of Blithfield cannot fail to conjure up pleasant recollections in the mind of any follower of the Meynell hounds, for where in this delightful country are you more sure of a fox—nay, of foxes enough for a dozen days' sport—and of a line unsurpassable anywhere to hunt one over, not to mention the woods, which are the *pièce de résistance* of cub-hunting. And for all this we are indebted to the Bagot family. How long that same family has been settled there and thereabouts is uncertain, but that it was at Bagot's Bromley in 1086 is proved beyond all fear of dispute.* In the general survey of estates made by command of William the Conqueror, they are recorded as possessors of a moiety of Bagot's Bromley, which they held of Robert de Stafford. In those days Bramelle stood for Bromley, and Staffordcire did duty for the Staffordshire of to-day, while the Bagot in question spelt his name with a "d" instead of a "t."† In the reign of Edward III., Sir Ralph Bagot, Knight, married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Richard de Blithfield, a very ancient family, seated on the manor of that name, within two miles of his residence at Bagot's Bromley. With her he became possessed of the estates at Blithfield and Littlehay in Colton, which had been in her family from the Conquest. It appears most probable that on his marriage

* "Memorials of the Bagot Family." † Ibid.

he quitted his mansion at Bagot's Bromley and came to reside at Blithfield. Some of his descendants appear to have resided at Field Hall, for Sir Hervey Bagot died there in the time of Charles II.

In 1811 Lord Bagot pulled down the old farmhouse within the moat at Bagot's Bromley (where had been the ancient residence of the Bagots), when he discovered considerable remains of the old mansion; and with the foundation stones (of what appeared to have been the Hall, and upon which rested many oak carved pillars) built a monument in the form of a pillar.

In the time of Edward the Confessor (*vide* Domesday Book), Blithfield was the inheritance of one Eadmund, but was at the Conquest given to Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury. It was held under him by one Heremannus, who was succeeded by his son, William. This William had three sons; Amalric, the eldest, was lord of Hulcrombe (now Hill Crombe, the seat of the Earl of Coventry) in Worcestershire; John, the second son, received from his father this manor of Blithfield, and thereupon took the surname of Blithfield, and, as I have read somewhere, "The arms of the (then) extinct family of the de Blithfields."

From him was descended Elizabeth, who brought Blithfield to the Bagots.

There were five townships in the Parish of Blithfield, viz. Blithfield, Admaston, Newton, Bold (now Booth), and Hampton.

St. Stephen's Hill, which so pumps our horses to-day, when hounds scurry merrily up it from Blithmoor, once boasted a hamlet, and was the residence of the family of de Stevinton. It was also known as Stean Wood or Stean Hill. Admaston used to be called Edmunds-town.

About the year 1588, Fulke Greville (afterwards the first Lord Brooke) received a grant of all the lands, woods, iron works, etc., formerly belonging to the Lord Paget of Beaudesert, and forfeited to the Crown on his attainder. For his iron works at Abbot's Bromley he cut a canal,

which can still be traced, from Blithmoor to the Forge farm, which latter no doubt takes its name from the works.

Perhaps the most amusing incident in the Memorials, from which these extracts are taken, is the furious letter, dated February, 1589, from Lord Stafford, grandson of the Duke of Buckingham, to Richard Bagot. In it he falls foul of Mr. Bagot in no measured terms, while the reply is both moderate, courteous, and convincing.

Of this letter, Lord Bagot, the author of the Memorials which, by-the-by, were written in 1823, says :—

It certainly stands pre-eminent for insolence; and for ignorance (if ignorance could be supposed) most unbounded. For possessing as he did all the "faire recordes" as well as the great Cartulary of Stafford deeds, and asserting that the name of Bagot is nowhere to be found in them, is most wonderful! My surprise, however, has been lessened since the Stafford MSS. came into my possession, for I find that the name of Hervey Bagot has in many, if not all, the places in which it occurs been blotted out with a pen—doubtless by Edward, Lord Stafford at this very time. I shall here introduce both Lord Stafford's letter and Richard Bagot's answer to show the different characters of the men—the violence and folly of the one compared with the quiet, composed, gentleman-like firmness of the other.

Like as the High Shreef of this Shyre told me that you pretend my name to be Bagot and not Stafford, which untrew speeches you have said unto dyvers others, although some drunken, ignorant Herawld, by you corrupted, therein hath soothed your lying. I do therefore answer you, that I do better know the descents and matches of my own lyneage than any creature can inform me; for in all my records, pedigrees, and armes, from the first Lord Stafford that was pocessed of this Castle, afore the Conquest, bearinge the very same coate that I do now, *The Feeld Gould, a chevron Gules*. I cannot finde any Stafford hath married a Bagot, or they with him. I have faire recorde to prove that the lords of my hows were never without heirs male to succede one after another, and therefore your pretens, in alledginge that Bagot married an ancestor of mine (as peradventure she married her servant), yet will I prove that neither she nor no wydow of my hows did take a second husband before they were grandmothers by the children of their first husband; and therefore the lady of my hows was too old to have issue by yours. Besides this, we have been nyne discents Barons and Earles of Stafford before any Bagot was known in this shire; for Busse, Bagot, and Green, were but rayzed by King Richard II. And to prove that you were no better than vassals to my hows, my *Stafford Knot* remeyneth still in your parlour; as a hundred of my poor tennants have, in sundry shires of England, and have ever held your lands of my hows, until thateynder of the Duke, my grandfather. Surely I will not exchange my name of Stafford, for the name of a "Bagge or Oates," for that is your name, "Bag-ote." Therefore you do me a great wrong in this surmyse as you did with your writing to the Preevy Counsaile to have countenanced that shame-fast Higons to charge me with treason—whereof God and my trawthe delivered me.

Your neighbore I must be,

Edward Stafford.

It is interesting to note here that Hervey Bagot, in the third generation from the Bagod mentioned in Domesday Book, married Millicent de Stafford, daughter and sole heir of Robert, the last Baron Stafford. The present heir to this title is Mr. Francis Fitzherbert of Swynnerton, through his mother.

The answer to the above letter runs as follows :—

Richard Bagot, Esq., in answer to Lord Stafford.

Right Honorable,

I perceave by your letters delivered to me by your Chaplen, Mr. Cope, on Monday last, your lordship is greatly discontented with some, my speeches used to Mr. Stanford, in pretending your honour's surname to be Bagot. I do confesse, I spake them; and not offending your lordship (as I hope you will not), with troth, I do avowe it. Not upon any "Dronken Herehaught's report by me corrupted to soothe my lieing," but by good records and evidence, under ancient seals, the four hundred years past. And if it may please you to send any sufficient man as Mr. Sheriff, or Mr. Samson Eardswick, Gentillmen, of good knowledge and experience in these ac'cons; I will shew them sufficient matter to confirme that I have spoken; being very sorry to heare your Lordship to contemne and deface the name of Bagot, with so bad tirmes, and hastie speeches, as you do: more dishonourable to yourself than any blemishe or reproche to me. And therefore if your Lordshipe take it in such disdaine, that I touche you ether in credit or honor, you may (if you please) by ordinary proces, bring me before the Right Honorable the Erle Marshall of England, Chief Judge in these causes; when I will prove it—or take the dis-credyt, with such further punishment, as his honour shall inflict upon me.

Thus humbly desiring acceptance of this my answer, in good part, till a further triall be had herein, I do comyt your Lordship to the protection of Almighty, this first of March, 1589.

Your Lordship's at commandment,
If you please,
Richard Bagot.

Here, apparently, the matter rested, for there seems to be no more mention of it in the memorials. But, whatever Lord Stafford may have thought of it, the name of Bagot has always been held in estimation in Staffordshire, and has been prominent in its annals for centuries. Whether as soldiers, statesmen, or churchmen, they have always kept their good name unsullied, and, to judge by old letters, etc., have done themselves credit in whatever position they found themselves.

There is no more charming place than Blithfield itself.

As you come into the park from the Uttoxeter-Abbot's-Bromley turnpike, you canter by the side of the drive over down-like turf, which rides springy and elastic in the driest weather, till you come to the gate into Duckley wood, lovely in the summer-time from its masses of rhododendrons, and a sure find from cub-hunting till the end of the season. The drive takes you on, with Stansley wood on your right—another good fox covert—through the undulating, beautifully timbered park, by what will some day be a fine beech avenue, to the bridge over the north fork of the Blithe. Thence under a charming over-arching avenue of vigorous oaks to Blithmoor, and the bridge over the southern fork of the river, whence you ascend the hill to the house itself. Looking back from the eminence on which it stands, you seem to be gazing into the depths of a vast forest, for the tops of the trees of Blithmoor hide the space between it and Duckley wood, which fringes the horizon. A ha-ha divides the lawn in front of the house from the park, in which stands a group of noble oaks, older than the house itself, great thorns and a wide-spreading Spanish chestnut. At the back of the house are the gardens, a favoured haunt of foxes, and the whole is backed by stately trees, which surround the house and gardens on all sides except in the front. In the gardens stands the church. The house itself is built of stone, now of a very dark colour, and is wonderfully picturesque on account of its quaint nooks and corners, noble chimney stacks, and oriel windows, all of which give an air of irregularity, which is in charming contrast to the stiff, straight façade of some houses. It is built round a quadrangle, which not only adds to its beauty, but is a sign of its great antiquity, for in old days a man's house had often to be literally his castle.* The front of it is covered with the foliage of the American creeper, which in the autumn is a most lovely sight, showing crimson against the old grey walls. Many a member of the hunt must

* This was the case with Blithfield in the time of Charles I., when the Parliamentarians besieged it.

have turned round to admire it, after passing from the back through the stable yard, to the front of the house.

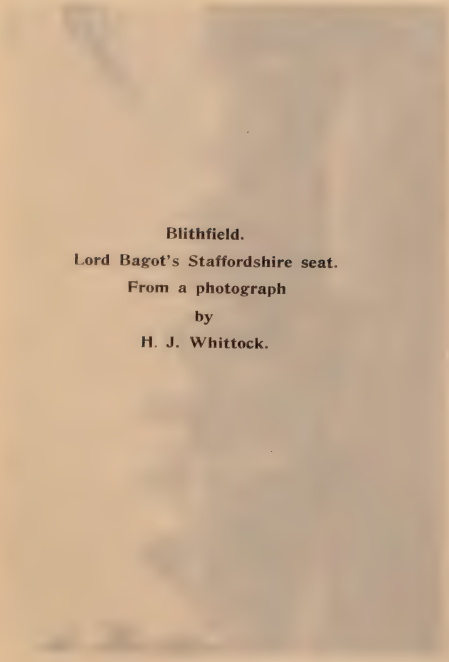
The Bagots may claim the honour of having founded the oldest known hunt in Staffordshire, for they established one styled the Blue Coat. So far as the writer is aware there are no records of its sport in the field, but it showed its keenness for the Pretender, in 1745, by assembling and drinking deeply to his health in Uttoxeter and other places, and its members were once very nearly caught, *flagrante delicto*, with all their treasonable papers on the table. Luckily, however, they were warned in time, and the papers were consigned to the flames just before the arrival of the king's messenger to arrest them.

The fact of the late Lord Bagot having been chairman of the committee of the Meynell hunt from 1873 to his death in 1887, showed the interest he took in it. In 1885 his son, then the Hon. W. Bagot, succeeded Lord Waterpark on the committee, becoming vice-chairman in 1891, and chairman in 1897, which office he still holds.

There is still a smack of feudalism about Blithfield, as the Copes, Abberleys, and Hollingsworths of Dunsfields, came there with the Bagots, and are there still, as it were *ascripti glebæ*.

But what has all this to do with the Meynell hounds? the impatient reader may reasonably exclaim; but let him have patience and remember that this humble work purports to be a history of the Meynell *country* as well as its hounds, and to those who love that country and all that is in it, these details may be of some interest, if they know them not already, while if they do know them, or do not care about them, nothing is easier than to skip them and turn to subjects more purely venatical.

Take the coverts for instance, which, at least, must each contain a memory of some cheery gallop. First and foremost are there not the woods, beloved of the few, detested of the many. Charles used to say that, in old Hoar Cross days, when there were hounds and horses with a bye day in them, it was always, "Let us go and have a



Blithfield.
Lord Bagot's Staffordshire seat.
From a photograph
by
H. J. Whittock.

day in the woods." The rides are deep, it is true; but you need not stick to the rides, if your horse is handy. And, if he is not, a gallop through the trees, with unexpected ditches confronting him every minute, will soon make him so. With a scent it is rare fun. Without one it is not so good, as hounds divide and give no end of trouble. The deer, too, are a source of annoyance, especially in cub-hunting time, when the leaf is on, for then even the old hounds are apt to indulge in a romp with the forbidden game when no one can see what they are up to. Like a great many other people, they are only good when they have to be. Woodland foxes, too, take a lot of catching, and, when they have had enough of the woods, they are off to the park, where scent always lies; but what is the good of that, when hounds run best pace to the foot of a giant oak, and stand with their tongues out, looking foolish, while their quarry chuckles inside. Sometimes you can spy him high up in the fork of the tree. But, even if you dislodge him thence, you do not always catch him. Both Tom Leedham, who would never go into the woods on a very windy day, and his nephew Charles, were quite at home in them, and their splendid voices were of great service. With the exception of Colonel Chandos-Pole there never was a quicker man through the woods than Charles, and there was not much to choose between them. They both had the knack of keeping going without pulling their horses about.

Then there is Duckley Wood, the Square or Rhododendron Covert, Stansley Wood, the Gardens, Blithfield and Newton Gorse, all good holding coverts, in the middle of a capital country, go which way they may, with no danger of wire and the best of gates to open, all over the Blithfield estates, and now that ill-health keeps the owner of it out of the saddle so that he cannot participate in the sport himself, how grateful we feel to him for his unselfish goodwill.

To turn to the sport of the year 1844, which would seem to have been a first-rate season.

Bell's Life, January 7th, 1844 :—

MR. MEYNELL INGRAM'S HOUNDS.

Mr. Editor,—On Tuesday, the 26th ult., these hounds met at Catton, and had a blank day. There is no doubt many foxes have been stolen from this country this season, but with such a pack of hounds and so liberal a master, the carelessness in preserving foxes is really too bad. On Thursday, the 28th, met at Ingleby, had a fast scurry to Bretby, where they unfortunately changed foxes, and had a slow hunting run through the strong woodlands of the Marquis of Hastings's country, finally losing him at the Upper Lorent Wood. Saturday the 30th at Henhurst; had a good burst round Sinai Park, to East Hill, and back to Henhurst, from thence not very fast to Rolleston, where he got shelter in a drain. On Monday, the 1st, the Marquis of Hastings had no sport from Moira Baths, having unfortunately chopped two foxes, one at the Reservoir Head and another in Several Wood. Pug was not at home in any of the other coverts. On Tuesday and Wednesday it appeared set in for a determined frost; the weather, however, gave way again on Wednesday night, and it is now raining delightfully. We are happy to hear that Lord Chesterfield is likely to come to Bretby again, to finish the season with us.—*January* 4, 1844.

Bell's Life, January 14th, 1844 :—

MR. MEYNELL INGRAM'S HOUNDS.

Mr. Editor,—On Thursday, January the 4th, these hounds had a good run from Langley; not being present, we can only say that it was described to us as a capital ring of an hour and five minutes, and a splendid kill at the end. On Saturday, the 6th, in consequence of the lamented death of Sir George Crewe, Bart., the fixture was changed to the Spread Eagle, where an immense field attended, including many of the crack men from the Marquis of Hastings' and Atherstone Hunts. A fox was found in Mr. Mosley's gorse, and after a fast scurry round Burnaston, went to ground in a drain. He was soon bolted by a little terrier, and after a pretty run, took shelter, dead beat, in a privy at Mickleover; here some brute, in human form, cut off the brush and part of his behind whilst the poor animal was alive, and threw him into the soil. We only wish the rush of the varmint pack had hurled the miscreant in after him. The country was awfully deep, and the fences very awkward, so that the falls were numerous. Another fox was heard of at the gorse, but he had been gone too long to do any good with him. We have not been out with them during this week, so have not heard of their doings.—*January* 11, 1844.

Bell's Life, January 21st, 1844 :—

MR. MEYNELL INGRAM'S HOUNDS.

Mr. Editor,—This crack pack had a capital day's sport on Thursday, the 11th inst. The meet was at Bradley, and the field more numerous than usual. The coverts at Bradley were drawn blank, as also was Jarrat's gorse. The hounds then went to Ednaston Lodge, and from the second covert a fox broke away as if making for Shirley Park; he was, however, headed by some of the sportsmen, who were rather too eager to get a start, and he turned back

through the Ednaston coverts, and went at a fast pace over some deep and boggy ground below Birch House, crossing two brooks, the second of them a poser to many of the field. The pace soon became very severe, and they ran by Mansel Park to the Intack Chapel, bearing to the right up the steep hill by Ravensdale Gorse, and came to a check of some duration near the Lilies. The field had now an opportunity of getting up, the thirty-nine minutes to the check having reduced it to a very select few. Some slow and difficult hunting now took place, displaying to great advantage the science of the men and the staunchness of the hounds, and many of the field left, quite satisfied with what had been done. The fox broke away from Handley Wood; the pace again became good, and he took a wide circle towards Wirksworth, over Alderwasley, and on by Quorn Common to Mackworth, where he turned short back, and was run into in the most brilliant manner at Kedleston, after a chase of three hours and forty-two minutes. The distance ran over has been computed at not less than thirty-five miles. The hounds had about twenty weary miles to travel home to their kennel, and did not arrive till near nine o'clock.—January 17, 1844.

This is probably the run of which Mr. Walter Boden has often talked to the writer, while hounds were drawing the oak coppice at Ednaston, from whence he said he had heard there was such a run, before his time. Hounds went, he had been told, round by Crich Tower and back to Kedleston — which would be something like the line mentioned above—but ran clean away from every one, and were not seen again except by some sportsmen who were returning home by Kedleston. These may have been the ones, who, according to the account in *Bell's Life*, left hounds between the Lilies and Handley Wood.

Bell's Life, January 25th, 1844:—

On Monday, January 15, notwithstanding the frost, this crack pack had a very pretty day's sport in the woodlands. The meet was at Hoar Cross, and they had very pretty scurries with four foxes, killing one in good style.

Though possessing no very remarkable features, it was altogether a very pretty hunting day, and displayed the quality of the hounds in a most satisfactory manner.

On Thursday, the 18th, Sudbury; the ancient seat of Lord Vernon, but at present occupied by Henry Clay, Esq., a wealthy banker. The young master, Squire Hugo, was absent on a journey, and Joe Leedham, the huntsman, was confined to bed with the prevailing influenza, or as it is more commonly called here, "this complaint which goes about." The field was, however, a very large one, many of the Derby and some few of the Leicestershire men being out. Mr. Clay, like a good brother sportsman, had a capital spread for those who wanted luncheon, but, alas! all the coverts were drawn blank—a very unusual circumstance at Sudbury. We then trotted on to Eaton Woods, to be again disappointed. The scarcity of foxes, and the inattention to their preservation by some owners of covers in this country, is, with so excellent a pack, and so

kind and liberal a master, to say the least of it, very provoking. At Cubley Gorse we found a fox, and went at a good pace to Bentley; had a short ring from there, and he got to ground in Bentley Car, the main earth having been badly stopped. There is every reason to believe it was a vixen, and as these hounds have had blood enough this season, in all conscience, it was a fortunate circumstance she escaped.

Saturday, the 20th, was a regular clipper; indeed, few better runs were ever witnessed. A fox was found directly in the wood at Chartley, and after dwelling for a less time than usual in those strong woods, went away at a tremendous pace, and after a splendid run of three hours and a half, got to ground dead beat, in a re-opened old earth at Warren Hill, Blythefield. This run was the perfection of a fox-hunt, for there was in it racing for the steeple-chasers, steady hunting for the true sportsman who loves to watch the sagacity of the hounds, and some very comfortable nicks for the slows. Joe, though more fit for bed, was out, for he is too game not to be at his post if able to mount his horse.

Monday, January 22, at Rollestone, got away from the Falling Pit Gorse, on rather a stale scent, ran fast to the turnpike road, and got a check which could not be recovered. It afterwards appeared the hounds had been over-ridden, and pug had got shelter in a drain under the road, from whence he was some time after seen to make his escape. Found a fox at Castle Hays, but soon lost him. Drew Forest Banks blank till we got to Woodford Cliff, where a brace of foxes were found; had a pretty run with one through the woodlands, in and out, till at last he was forced into the open, and run into most splendidly in the middle of a wheatfield.

Thursday, the 25th, the meet was at Ingleby, but in consequence of the death of Sir Francis Burdett, who was the owner of the coverts, it was changed to Swarkestone. In a few weeks death has deprived us of three good sportsmen and staunch friends of fox-hunting—Sir George Crewe, the Marquis of Hastings, and Sir Francis Burdett. Sir Francis was a capital sportsman, and a bold rider; indeed, we remember, when in his seventieth year, we believe, he was riding and making a young horse by Rattler, and popping him over all sorts of fences, as if for a lark. Found a mangy fox at Swarkestone Gorse, and after a quarter of an hour's scurry, marked only by the largeness of the field and the vast quantity of falls, killed him. Found again in Mr. Assheton Mosley's gorse—our never failing *pis aller*, and after a very brilliant burst, and some very pretty hunting, finally lost him at Radbourne. Charles Allsopp, Esq., on his grey, went most splendidly, showing what a heavy weight, well mounted and with plenty of nerve, can do. M. T. Bass, Esq., also took some extraordinary leaps, and went in a way to excite the envy of those not quite so well mounted. Altogether it was a capital day's sport.

This chapter began with Blithfield, and would hardly seem complete without some mention of a very curious old custom, which still survives at Abbot's Bromley, called "the Horn Dance." This is performed at the annual wakes. There are six reindeer skulls, with antlers attached, which are the property of the vicar for the time being, and which used to hang in the belfry of the parish church.

Three of them are painted white and three red, with the arms of the chief families who have been landowners in the manor. In the horn dance these heads are mounted on poles and carried about by men in fancy dresses, who cut various antics to lively dance music. Behind them another quaint figure rides on a hobby horse and whips up the deer, while last of all follows a man with a bow and arrow, with which he makes a curious clacking noise.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. G. A. STATHAM, M.R.C.V.S.—GOOD RUN IN THE WALTON COUNTRY—GREAT RUN FROM BIRCHWOOD PARK—DEATH OF JOE LEEDHAM—A FAST RUN.

About the year 1851 there arrived in Sudbury a young man of the much respected old Derbyshire family of Statham, who was destined later on to be known far and near, to rich and poor, by the familiar *soubriquet* of the "old Doctor." He and his cart became as much a feature in the country as Hanbury Church Tower or the hounds themselves. It seemed, indeed, as impossible to imagine the roads for miles round Sudbury without the frequent appearance on them of George Statham in his cart, as to think of the country without the roads themselves. In the hey-day of his youth he was a tall, handsome man, with a herculean frame, almost unequalled for pluck and endurance. And, even in his declining years, when the once tall figure was bent through rheumatism, the flat back rounded, and the active limbs crippled, there was something left to suggest the ancient strength, symmetry, and vigour. His still handsome face was good to look upon, with its kindly expression and the smile of infinite humour which lit it up as he brought out some of the dry sayings, for which he was famous. He was something of a hero too, this old doctor of animal ills. In spite of intense suffering, he was out in all weathers, with a Spartan disregard of discomfort, which set a noble example in this luxurious age. To the very last he despised what he called "coddling." His friends—and enemies he had not—begged him to accept fur coats, warm driving boots, and so forth; but he would

Mr. George Statham, M.R.C.V.S.

none of them. A light overcoat and a handful of straw in the bottom of his cart was enough for him. And thus clad he drove as many miles as ever walked the Wandering Jew, to relieve suffering in the brute creation, and all for what? For pure love and a sense of duty, for he never sent in a bill, and, when he lay on his deathbed, he gave directions that none of his accounts, which must have amounted to thousands, were to be collected. The poorest cottager's cow or pig was welcome to his services, which were given ungrudgingly, but his heart was in horse and hound. He had his favourites, human and equine, and for these there was nothing he would not do. In his last illness he sent for Taverner, the famous blacksmith of Marchington, second to none in his profession, and very much such a man as himself, and said to him, "I want you to tell me about the horses. They all come and talk to me about myself. It is very kind, but I don't want that. I want to know how the horses are, and whether any of them want me. You see, I might send something, or prescribe, though I can't go." Verily the ruling spirit strong in death. To the very end he struggled on. He could not bear to give up. At last the doctors told him that, in the state of his heart, it was not safe for him to go, and that he might fall down dead at any time, hobbling, as he used to do, on his stick, even the length of the stable.

Even then he must needs have one try more, but such a dizziness and giddiness overtook him that he recognized the truth of the verdict, came home, took to his bed, and, like Hezekiah, doubtless turned his face to the wall in the bitterness of his soul. But he bore his illness and intense suffering like a hero; there was always a cheerful word and a kindly smile for any of his old friends, and an inquiry after some one of his equine patients that happened to be in their neighbourhood. Probably one of the last of his friends that he ever saw was Mrs. Fort, "but then," as he said to the writer, "Mrs. Fort is one in a thousand."

For years and years before this, however, his life had been one long round of usefulness. He was a sort of

peripatetic stud-groom to the whole neighbourhood. The first thing nearly every one did on bringing a horse in lame was to send for the "doctor." This reminds the author of a rather amusing experience. Bonner came to his house at Hanbury one morning with the hounds. A lady staying in the house happened to be ill. "Would you mind, as you go by, asking the doctor to come up as soon as he can? You will pass his house on your way back to the kennels," he said to Bonner, as the latter took his leave. No doctor came that day, but early the next morning *Mr. Statham* came driving into the yard, and inquired anxiously what was the matter, saying that he had received a summons to come up at once, and was afraid the matter was urgent!

The kennels in Charles's time claimed a good deal of his time, and at least once a week the huntsman used to go and spend two or three hours with him of an evening. On one subject they always differed, and that was about the famous hound Colonel. The old doctor never could stand the dog's head. That prevented him seeing any merit in him at all. One day, in administering chloroform to a hound called Ladas, he sent him to sleep so effectually that he never woke again, which grieved him sorely.

His store of anecdote and memories of old days was simply inexhaustible. If only he and Charles could be set talking at this moment, how much more interesting would this chapter be. That being impossible, nothing remains but to jot down a few notes taken about three years ago. The old man sat in his cart just by what used to be the Tollgate between Densy and Draycott, and talked away, as he so loved to do, about old days, men, and horses. As it so happened, the conversation, or as much of it as could be remembered, was committed to paper immediately, and this is the gist of it. He began with the run of 1868.

"I remember both the horses Tom rode that day. His first horse was a big thoroughbred one, vicious in the stable. A horse with a big belly, no flesh, no

quarters. He carried Tom sixteen seasons, and, when he died, he was full of tallow as white as a sperm candle. A very stout horse he was too, but stopped, done to a turn, in Kedleston Park that day—stopped and neighed. The second horse, the one that died, was bred by Sir William FitzHerbert—a chestnut horse by Knight of the Whistle (owned by the racing Lord Chesterfield), a rare, good-looking quality horse, up to fifteen or sixteen stone. Mr. Henry Evans bought him of Sir William at the King's Head, Derby, could not ride him, and eventually Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram got him for fifty pounds. They had him out hunting two or three times and he went lame, and was so for two or three years. Gentlemen did not mind keeping a valuable horse for a bit in those days," he added, with a quizzing look at the writer. "They weren't so impatient, and did not expect a horse to be sound in a week. They blistered him for lameness in the roundbone and messed about with him, but did no good. At last they said I could take him in hand and see what I could do. I was to be at Hoar Cross by ten o'clock. It was about a minute past the hour as I rode up. Old Tom was as punctual as the clock. 'Just saved your bacon, my lad,' he said. 'How so?' I said. 'Why, I'd made up my mind to shoot him, if you were not here by ten o'clock, and then I said I'd give him five minutes' law.' I put in a couple of setons—we had to throw him—how he did fight!—and he got quite sound, and Tom rode him for two or three seasons, till he died in this run, and they say old Tom cried over him.

"Mr. Frank Wilmot? Oh yes. He rode very hard. I remember a farmer—you'd remember his name—what was it? I've forgotten. But he lived at the Spath farm. He said he was standing on the hill by Longford Rectory, and he heard the hounds coming. And he looked across the valley and saw three men galloping for dear life, and he said he never saw any men riding 'so resolutely and so determinedly' one against the other as these three, and they were Mr. Frank Wilmot, Sir William and Colonel

FitzHerbert. Mr. Wilmot had a wonderful horse they called Jesuit. He sold him to Captain Drury, a hard-riding heavy-weight, who lived at Hilton Cottage, and then he gave up hunting and went to live at Bradbourne, near Ashbourne. So I bought Jesuit. He was by the one-eyed Doctor Foster, out of a half-legged mare, and a wonderful performer, could go a fair pace, and keep on all day, but he wasn't much to look at—a narrow animal with a ewe neck, straight shoulders, and a short back. I rode him once. That was enough," he said dryly, with his eyes twinkling.

"Why?"

"Well, I was in bed for three days afterwards. He ran away with me, and he jumped in and out of a plantation, whether or no, without with your leave or by your leave. I never was so stiff and sore and bruised in all my life. So I entered him at Derby for the Midland Steeplechase (seventy-five pounds—a good stake in those days). There were a lot of good horses running. Will Archer, father of Fred, was riding mine, and all the others refused at the brook. It was a great, wide place, with a tremendously big hurdle in front of it. Jesuit came tearing at it, pulling very hard, and shaking his head which he carried right up under his rider's cap. Every one thought he must fall; but, at the last moment, he steadied himself, landed well over, and was away again in a moment. He always gained ground at his fences. Archer saw his advantage, kept pegging away, and won."

This is the only scrap preserved of memories which would have proved a veritable gold mine.

The following accounts of the actual sport of these years have been selected as the most interesting.

Bell's Life, December 26th, 1852:—

Mr. Editor,—Athough a novice in the art of writing, and fearing to prove wearisome both to yourself and your readers, I cannot let pass a very magnificent day's sport I had the pleasure of witnessing with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds on Thursday, December 16th. The meet was at Drakelowe, and the known hospitality of its kind master and mistress, as well as the great favour these hounds have obtained through their late prowess in the field, assembled a great

number of red, black, and green coats, and others of doubtful hue, most of the owners of which partook of the good cheer always prepared for them by this true lover of the noble science. "Gentlemen, I can give you no more time," exclaims the master of the pack, mounting his gallant grey. "Will you first draw the Grove," says the captain, the fox-preserving owner thereof—so, to the Grove we went, where pug, wondrous to relate, was *non est*. "Why, the train was late to-day," observed a waggish Lifeguardsman, as Joe called the hounds away. "The varmint will arrive in time," was the captain's reply, "and make you look rather blue before the end of the run." The captain was, sir, what few men are, a prophet in his own country. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Tom Leedham's joyous "Tally-ho" gladdened the hearts of all, and the captain, in his best and most sarcastic manner, said, "They have turned him out well," which made some of the *oi polloi* really believe that a commercial gentleman had just been enlarged. Were I to describe the distance we went, by Seal Wood to Lullington Gorse, leaving Rosliston on the right, and Catton on the left, finishing a most tremendous ring of twelve miles at the place we found him; or the numerous falls, the extraordinary pace, the fences that were jumped, the brooks that were floundered into and over, I should fill, dear Bell, many sheets of foolscap, which you would think more suited to my head. Still this gallant fox held on, and skirting an osier bed by the river Trent, gave us a glorious opportunity of viewing him, and judging whether he was fresh or beaten; and on hearing a heavy-weight exclaim, "A fresh fox for a hundred!" I could not help thinking of these appropriate lines:—

> "From Drakelowe's plantation he broke cleanly and dry,
> I've heard it before, 'A fresh fox!' was the cry.
> The gentleman wished to be knowing, of course;
> And perhaps he was fresh when compared to his horse."

But fresh or beaten, his days were numbered, and after ringing round about the plantations for an hour or more, he fell a victim to the energy and stoutness of the gallant pack, thus winding up a run of two hours and twenty-five minutes (the first hour of which was tremendously fast) over one of the deepest and stiffest countries a fox ever crossed. Whilst we were breaking him up, three foxes went away from a neighbouring cover, which is a proof of the vigilance with which they are preserved in that part of the country. Whilst riding home, I heard that many of the feathered pets belonging to the charming mistress of this domain had fallen victims to the incursions of bold Reynard, and was tempted to exclaim with the poet—

> "For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
> Thy sharpest vengeance!"

Yours, &c.,
HUMPTY DUMPTY.

"The hounds closed the season of 1853–54 on Thursday,* March 30th, earlier than usual by a week or two, on account of the spring being early. The meet on this occasion was the keeper's lodge, Chartley Park, and it is only due to Mr. Wilcox to say that, whether his noble

* This account is copied from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Henry Charrington of Tutbury.

master be at home or abroad, there is always a crust of bread and a glass of grog for those who like to accept of his hospitality—and, what is still more to his credit, there is always a fox to be found at home, and that, in a short time, without knocking horses about all morning from cover to cover. At the first meet of the season there, we found in less than ten minutes and killed after forty minutes without a check, and another day we found in the gorse to the north of the park, and killed after thirty minutes without a check; and I believe this meet, which has become a favourite one, afforded a run not only on every occasion of the hounds throwing off there throughout the season, but on other days when they met elsewhere.

"On the present occasion the hounds were trotted off at once across the park to the Birchwood Park covers, and were no sooner thrown into the plantations than 'Tally-ho!'—'Gone away!' was heard from the well-known voice of that gallant sportsman, Mr. Craven, of the Birchwood Park farm, and away we went through the plantations, past the gorse, and on towards Sherratt's Wood, but he turned to the right as though he meant visiting Heath House or Carry Coppice; but, after crossing a few fields in that direction, a second thought struck him, and, turning round to the left, he passed Middleton Green and to Draycott Woods, which he reached at his best pace, scattering a very large field in all directions. Having entered Bromley's Wood he bore to the right, and the pack being well together, and on excellent terms with 'the rascal,' we were not long in reaching the Cheadle and Sandon turnpike road, and it is here worthy of remark, that, so often as I had seen these hounds bring their fox from Chartley up to about this point, I never remember to have seen them on any former occasion get beyond here without a turn towards home again, from some cause or another."

(In the manuscript there is here a query interpolated in a different handwriting, "Were not the hounds stopped on some of these occasions?") "The case was different,

however, this time, for not half the run had been gone through, when, having carried the scent well over the pike, we were streaming away across the open tract of country lying between Creswell station, on the North Staffs. line, and Stallington Hall, the late residence of that true friend to foxhunting, Richard Clarke Hill, Esq., now, alas! no more. Here we had a deep drop into the lane leading up to the hall, which caused a temporary delay to some of the horsemen, but not so to Tom Leedham and his hounds, for by some contrivance he let himself down, and, having crossed the water meadow behind the hall, he was soon over the next road and in full cry for the Marquis's plantation on Mear Heath; but here our fox did not deign to seek for shelter, but still kept the open, and bore away for the right down to the Grange Wood, which he passed through and set his head towards Mr. Bernard Hallow's new gorse cover at Stallington Grange. But here again, as if determined to show sport as a wind-up to the season, he declined a shelter, and bearing to the left, reached the Newcastle and Blyth Marsh road, and was presently across the pottery branch of the N.S.R.

"Here he might have concealed his head for a moment in Caverswall Park; but, still bent on mischief, he left this cover to the right, and soon reached the grounds of Charles Coyney, Esq., of Weston Coyney, who (fortunately for his larder and ale cellar, but unfortunately for himself, as no one loves the sport better) was from home with his family. But this mattered little, for we were not at the end of our voyage, and having had no check as yet worth mentioning, we were soon across the Leek and Sandon turnpike, and presently found ourselves in front of Park Hall, the residence of Thomas Hawe Parker, Esq., in close proximity to the Staffordshire Potteries. Here, for the first time, we came to a most complete check, having hitherto had nothing but regular hard riding over very rough country, and, although the greater part of this run had been across the roughest part of the North Staffordshire country, our fox, until now, had scarcely deigned to

look at a cover, with the exception of Bromley's Wood and the Grange Wood. But here, whether because he had reached his home, or whether because he had gone as long as he could, and could crawl no further, he coiled himself up and squat down in a little thicket, and kept us quite at fault for at least twenty minutes, and, be it here observed, that, up to this point, many had gone well, but none bette rthan Lord Talbot of Ingestre, on old 'Blarney,' the Marquis of Stafford, Mr. Kendrick of Tittensor Common, the gallant old Admiral Meynell, and last, but not least, for she was first amongst the foremost, that celebrated horsewoman, Miss Meynell, of Hoar Cross, who was now between thirty and forty miles from home, two other ladies, Miss Chetwynds, were also seen to go well in the early part of the run—one of whom got an awkward fall at the top of Bromley's Wood. Of course the twenty minutes' check was not spent in standing idle, although men and horses had well-nigh had enough; it was, as well may be supposed, spent in every possible effort to recover the lost game. Sufficient, then, to say that Mr. Reynolds, in due course, having refreshed himself for the finish of this gallant run, jumped up in the midst of the pack and gallantly faced the hills above Park Hall, and bore away towards Wemington, leaving the Staffordshire Potteries in the rear on his left, and finally, winding his course to the right towards Hulme, fell a victim to his pursuers, and to his own gallant determination to show sport, in a farmyard at Bolton Gate between Weston Coyney and Wetley Rocks, by the side of the Leek and Sandon turnpike road. Of course the check at Park Hall let in many stragglers to see the wind-up of this famous run, which was not without its incidents and accidents. Mr. Hugo Meynell, who had been well with hounds up to the Grange Wood, there discovered that his horse was badly staked in the chest, and retired with him to the Stallington Grange farm in care of Mr. Walters of Checkley, who had himself been 'knocking along' famously. Mr. FitzHerbert of Somersal, than whom no one rides bolder or straighter, was

obliged to retire from the run early, and got to the village of Tean, from whence he was conveyed home in a carriage, and many a gallant steed was only *heard of* for some time after this day's work.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

> "When Time, who steals our years away,
> Shall steal our pleasures too,
> The memory of the past shall stay
> And half our joys renew."

This was the last day of Joe Leedham's last season, and a very good ending too, for the run was a good thirteen miles from point to point, and nearer twenty as hounds ran. Those who have seen Joe Leedham in the field speak of him as a competent huntsman, but for the last season or two he was not at his best, being given to nicking along the roads, and not always casting up when he was wanted, in which case Tom or Jack did duty for him, as Tom evidently did in the run just described. Joe died on April 3rd, 1856, at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine, and was buried by the side of his father at Yoxall. He was succeeded by his brother Thomas, a nice light weight, with a neat figure on a horse, and, perhaps, the best horseman of a family of good riders.

The season of 1855 is very barren of records in the public prints, and, unfortunately, there are only a few private diaries extant of these earlier dates, while the ones that do exist contain absolutely nothing of any interest to any one but the writer. There is, however, an account of a day in March in the *Field*, which, from this date, is the leading paper for all hunting news.

Field, March 24th, 1855:—

To the Editor of the *Field*.

Sir,—On Saturday, March 10th, this gallant pack met at Aston Hall, Derbyshire, the seat of E. A. Holden, Esq. When the "meet" is at Aston the "field" is generally large (as it was on this occasion), the "find" pretty certain, and the sport good. So it proved on Saturday. Upon the hounds being thrown into the covers, a fox was soon on his legs; and, making for

Weston Cliff and the Chellaston gypsum pits, ran a very smart ring for about twenty minutes. Here it was discovered that the fox was a bitch, and the hounds were whipped off. A gentle trot, of perhaps a couple of miles as the crow flies, brought the "field" to Arleston Gorse. This cover lies high and dry, and furnishes a capital bit of lying ground for the "wily animal." Arrived here, the hounds had scarcely entered, when they unfortunately chopped a bitch fox with cub of three young ones; but a dog was soon started, and away he went in gallant style, over a capital hunting country, at a good hunting pace, and was run into after a chase of an hour and forty minutes. I believe that this was one of the best days Mr. Meynell has had with his hounds this season.

RINGWOOD.

In the past season the hour of meeting had been changed from 10.30 to 10.45; there had been long and very severe frosts, so much so that people use the term a "Crimean winter" as a synonym for a hard one to this day.

The season of 1856 seems to have been a brilliant one, to judge from "Rover's" letter, and the new huntsman to have given great satisfaction. Poor old Joe, his father, only just lasted out the season. Jack Leedham and young Tom, Charles's brother, were whippers-in. Charles himself was riding second horse for "Squire" Selby Lowndes. The one topic of conversation in January was the infamous case of Palmer the poisoner, of Rugeley, who was fast in the toils, and, in fact, paid the penalty for his many crimes.

There is an amusing story told of Tom Leedham about this time.

A thrusting stranger, who had been making himself very conspicuous all day, and who had been rather too close to hounds on more than one occasion, rode his tired horse at a fence towards evening, and the animal stopped short and shot him over his head into the middle of the hounds, as Tom was casting them into the next field. Old Tom looked at the stranger as he lay on the ground, and remarked, "Theer, ar towd the' the's bin in to' mooch of a hürry all day, and now, dom the', the's in sooch a hürry the' canst na wait for th' 'oss."

In the run which is so amusingly described below, the field encountered something which would wait for nobody, and which must have caused considerable consternation.

Field, February 16th, 1856 :—

To the Editor of the *Field*.

SIR,—Well knowing your willingness to chronicle any event connected with field sports, and more especially the good old sport of fox-hunting, I gladly send you an account of a remarkable run which took place recently with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds. And, by-the-by, I may just remark *en passant* that the run which I am about to describe is only one of a series which this gallant pack (under the able mastership of their respected owner) has had this season.

On Saturday, the 9th ult., the meet was at Elvaston Castle, Derbyshire (upon the unique gardens belonging to which the late noble owner lavished so much taste and treasure), the ancestral seat of the Earls of Harrington. After partaking of the hospitality of the noble earl, "the field" trotted off to the covers of E. A. Holden, Esq., of Aston Hall, which, contrary to the usual luck, were this time drawn blank. Thence the pack proceeded to Arleston (an almost sure find), where an old game fox, one of the right sort, soon broke cover. He started as if he meant to cross Sinfin Moor; but, taking a new thought into his head, doubled to the left at the back of Stenson village, and went for the Derby and Birmingham Railway, the gates to which were found locked up. Perceiving that if they were to catch sight of the pack any more that day some risk must be run, a considerable part of the field got upon the railroad with the intention of crossing, "Tom Leedham" (the huntsman), followed by Mr. Richard Ratcliffe, having charged the rails.

Here an amusing scene ensued. Some one raised the cry of "Train coming up!" which, as a matter of course, quickened the motions of those on the road. There was before them a choice of two not very agreeable predicaments to be placed in : either, on the one hand, to remain until the train passed, or charge a thundering drop leap across an awkward flight of rails. Some took the leap, others got off their horses, and all parties recovered "their propriety" as well as they could. We believe some little incidents occurred worthy of having been delineated by a Cruikshank. The railroad passed, away went the pack across Hell Meadows, leaving Findern village to the left, and the residence of Sir Seymour Blane, Bart., to the right, and on in the direction of the Asylum at Mickleover—the ground being awfully deep, and giving the horses "bellows to mend." Then the hounds went directly on to the Derby and Burton turnpike to the Asylum, by the bottom of Burmaston, doubling again, and running up to Mr. Ashton Mosley's house, where the scent became a little more difficult. Tom Leedham, however, persevered with his hounds, and again they went across the Etwall road, where Master Reynard turned again to the left in the direction of the covers. There he ran to ground in a plantation near Mosley's house.

It is generally believed that, considering the state of the ground, this run was one of the fastest things ever known. Time about forty-eight minutes, without a check; the run at racing pace from end to end. The distance has been supposed to be little short of twelve miles. Amongst the "first flight" men were Lord Stanhope (who rode his favourite mare, "Mad Moll," in his usual manner, "straight as a bird"); Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram, "Tom Leedham," the Rev. James Holden, Lord Cavendish, Mr. Richard Ratcliff, Mr. Audinwood, and Mr. Cocks.

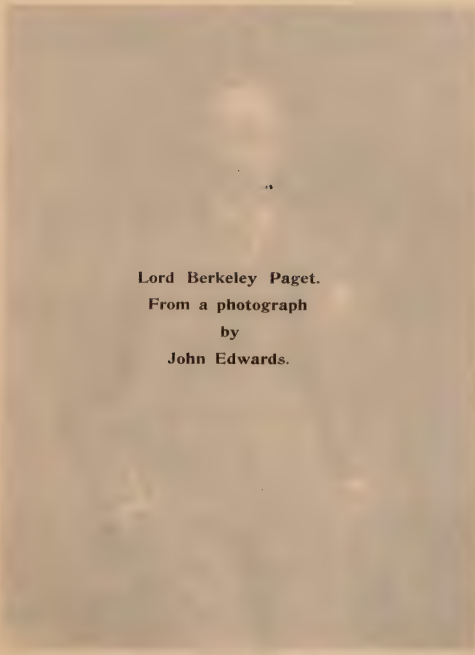
ROVER.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORD BERKELEY PAGET—A BRETBY DAY—CHARLES AND LORD SOUTHAMPTON — DAY ON CANNOCK CHACE—CAPTAIN DAWSON—MR. H. F. MEYNELL INGRAM'S DIARY —ASHBOURNE HALL.

1859.

"I REMEMBER seeing the famous Lord Anglesey ride his hack at that pace (a canter) nineteen times out of Piccadilly into Albemarle Street before it turned the corner exactly to his mind. The handsome old warrior, who *looked* no less distinguished than he *was*, had, as we know, a cork leg, and its oscillation no doubt interfered with those niceties of horsemanship in which he delighted. Nevertheless, at the twentieth trial he succeeded, and a large crowd, collected to watch him, seemed glad of an opportunity to give their Waterloo hero a hearty cheer as he rode away." So wrote Whyte Melville in his "Riding Recollections." This was the grandfather of the nobleman whose name heads this page, so it looks as if the grandson inherited that horsemanship for which he became so famous. Of him Sir Richard FitzHerbert, whose opinion is worth having, always says, "He was quite one of the quickest men to hounds I ever saw." But perhaps the best criterion of the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries is this. If you ask them who were the best men with the Meynell in their day, the combination of names may, and often does, vary, but one name invariably occurs in it, and that is Lord Berkeley Paget's. The following is a rough outline of his career, and it is worth noticing that he began really to



Lord Berkeley Paget.
From a photograph
by
John Edwards.

ride at an age when most boys are seen poking about with the family coachman or their father's second horseman :—

He first came into the Meynell country as a boy, when his father, Lord Anglesey, succeeded to the Beaudesert estates in 1854. Beaudesert and Cannock Chace were then in the Meynell country, and they always used to meet there and hunt it in the spring. It still belongs to the Meynell, but some years ago (in 1868) they lent it to the South Stafford, who hunt it at the present time. Lord Berkeley soon took to hunting, as the following cutting from a local paper of that period (1858) will show :—

MR. MEYNELL INGRAM'S HOUNDS.

We have much pleasure in recording a brilliant run of fifty-five minutes with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds on the 5th inst., when the accomplished and juvenile (sports MAN we must say), Lord Berkeley Paget, a boy of only fourteen years of age, led a field of about two hundred horsemen, and amongst them some of the hardest riders in the country. The hounds were in the neighbourhood of Derby, near to Lord Scarsdale's. Off they went across a fine grass country, equal to any in Northamptonshire, and away went the little lord, well-mounted, and looking the *beau ideal* of a British Nimrod—spurs, boots, and breeches. All started together, his lordship leading, and being soon twenty minutes ahead of them, crossing two big brooks, lots of bullfinches, ox fences, posts and rails innumerable, including formidable jumps, riding hard and well, and in at the death after a ride of fifty-five minutes, Lord Alexander, his brother, being a good fourth. During the run his juvenile lordship was literally ridden down by a stout, heavy yeoman; both horses fell down together. Lord Berkeley was the first up, and rather remonstrated with the awkward countryman. No matter, he succeeded in adding to his reputation as the best juvenile shot in the country, by showing those of riper age that he is also good across country, and, like his father, a true lover of English sport.

He hunted from home up till 1869, when his father died. That year he and Lord Waterpark went to America and shot on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains. On his return, he and his brother, Lord Alexander, took Field House, Marchington, and continued to hunt from there. During these years he had some remarkably good horses, worth anything you please, though the actual cost of the three best, First Flight, Quicksilver, and Apethorpe, was but two hundred and seventy pounds for the lot; in fact, the last-named was purchased for thirty-five pounds from Lord Westmorland,

who had bought him to go in a dog-cart. The recollections of the older Meynell men teem with anecdotes of the feats performed by Lord Berkeley on these and other hunters. Noteworthy amongst them was his great jump over the Mease in flood on Quicksilver, a little mare, only fifteen hands, one and a half inches, but an extraordinary water jumper. The river was in flood at the time, and most Meynell men know its ordinary width. When he jumped it he was hunting with the Atherstone, and Dickins, the huntsman, as bold a rider as any, did not think it feasible, and shouted out to his lordship, "You cannot get there," as he himself galloped off for a bridge. Tradition asserts that a Lord Lichfield jumped it at nearly the same place many years before, and Sir William Fitz-Herbert, too, had a crack at it. His horse got in, though he landed dry himself. Henry Turnor used to tell a story of how Tom Sebright, after "Squire" Osbaldeston, was "outlawed," as he called it, or warned off, as we should term it, jumped out of Bagot's Park over one of the great gates. So he naturally went to measure the place where Lord Berkeley, for whom he had a great admiration, cleared the deer fence in Blithfield Park. It was not quite equal to the park gates, but five feet six of solid timber is high enough for most people. It was too high for any one to follow the leader that time, and he had hounds all to himself for at least twenty minutes. But it is impossible to give in detail all the feats he performed. Every one who knows him can supply half a dozen. It is curious, though, how one man sometimes gets credit for what he has not done, while another gets none, do what he will. For instance, in the great Sudbury run of January 27th, 1873, an eye-witness told the writer that he saw Mr. "Dick" FitzHerbert, and Mr. Walter Boden, with a long lead of all the field, going across the meadows by the Dove, the former well to the fore. It transpired that Mr. FitzHerbert was not out at all that day, and that it was Lord Berkeley who had the long lead. He was riding Jabbawock, one of Mr. Arthur Bass's (now Lord

Burton's) horses, which he had never seen before he got on him at the meet. They were well acquainted before night, for, in the words of Mr. Godfrey Meynell, the horse got an unusually good hustling, and jumped down into a fearful-looking dumble, where no one else followed. And it may have been here that his lordship got his long lead. Not that there was anything uncommon in that, as all his contemporaries will allow.

The great feature of the sport with the Meynell in his day was the wildness of the foxes and the long points which they used to make. For instance, there was the run just mentioned with at least an eleven-mile point, and three in the same season from Loxley of ten miles and over. These last were probably all with foxes of the same litter. Hounds pulled down the first by themselves, near Dilhorn, the field having been all stopped by the River Churnet, and having to make a wide detour. When they did get up, there was not much left of the fox.

The following extract from a newspaper is too characteristic to be omitted :—

NARROW ESCAPE OF LORD BERKELEY PAGET WITH THE CHESHIRE HOUNDS.

Lord Berkeley Paget, who is hunting with the Cheshire hounds, has had a narrow escape of his life. His lordship was leading the field, when the hounds, pushing the fox, drove him across the river Weaver, which is considerably swollen. Lord B. Paget, without hesitation, plunged into the river and endeavoured to reach the opposite bank with the hounds. The current was running too rapidly for this to be effected, and horse and rider were washed down the stream. Lord Berkeley Paget thus became unseated, and a scene of excitement ensued; the huntsmen thronging the bank to assist his lordship, who, after a protracted struggle, effected a landing, though much exhausted in the effort. His hunter was also recovered shortly afterwards. Beyond the unpleasant effects of a prolonged immersion, Lord Berkeley Paget has happily taken no harm from the alarming accident.

This short notice of one, who has been a leading man over every country that he has ever been in, would be incomplete without the tribute which "H. H." paid to his prowess in his account of the Quorn in 1867. He says—

I have now, I think, said everything needful as regards the horses and hounds. Of the men who follow them I can say but little, as many have not

yet reached their hunting quarters, and most of those who have done so were not out on Tuesday. Of one of them, however, I think I may predict, in the words of the poet, from his style of going that day, that during this season—

> "What gallant runs the brave Meltonians share,
> He will be forward, or the foremost there."

I allude to Lord Berkeley Paget, who goes as straight as a man can do.

The name of a new writer appears in this year, who gives a capital description of Bretby and of a day's sport there, which seems worth preserving, as tending to show the popularity then of what is rather an unfashionable quarter now, though the capital run of this year (1901) may change that.

Field, January 10th, 1857 :—

Sir,—Thursday, January 1st, 1857, was a red-letter day in the calendar of sportsmen connected with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hunt. On that day the gallant pack of that gallant sportsman met at Bretby Hall, the hospitable mansion of the Earl of Chesterfield, where a splendid breakfast was provided. It so happened that an illustrious circle of friends was staying at the Hall, and the "meet" on the morning above-mentioned was one of the largest and most interesting that ever graced the lawns or parks of the midland counties.

The weather was all that could be wished. Although mid-winter, a glorious sun gleamed on the old brown woods, and the fair maid Morn tripped forth with as bright an eye, or as glowing a cheek, as when she revels amongst May flowers. Even the very birds seemed to assume a more joyous manner, and some of them, gladdened by the exhilarating character of the season, gushed into song. How lovely looked the old park of Bretby on that occasion—an occasion long to be remembered by those who are enamoured of sylvan scenery and who delight to see the nobility and gentry of England devoted to the chase. Utilitarians may say what they will; but distant be the day when a love for the noble science of fox-hunting shall wax less strong than it is now. At the appointed time let "Sam" still bring out the old bay mare; let me see the old squire trot quietly to the cover side; and, as long as age permits, join in the pleasures of the chase. Still let the hunting-field be the nurse of high spirit, endurance, decision, and self-reliance, foster the amenities of life, and cradle those mental and physical qualities which shine so conspicuously upon England's battlefields. But my hobby has got the bit between his teeth; I must "hold hard."

Well, it was a treat of no ordinary character to see the old park of Bretby on the morning alluded to. Here and there lay patches of dark brown fern, between which grazed the dappled deer, and beyond which lay noble woods apparently waiting to echo back the sound of the hunter's horn. There stood in the morning sun the battlemented hall, having in its aspect a touch of feudal grandeur, whilst on the lawn before it a noble and picturesque cedar added an appropriate feature to the scene. Near the hall and about the stables loitered some of the best blood of England, and the scene was rendered animated by fine horses, scarlet coats, and, toward the period when the hounds departed, gay equipages containing the fair daughters of nobility, all combining to make it a spectacle which one might live half a lifetime to see.

Somewhere about twelve o'clock—I cannot say to a trifle, for I took no note of time—the "field" turned out, comprising nearly two hundred horsemen, most of them in scarlet, besides several ladies on horseback, and four carriages filled chiefly with ladies. Amongst others the following were guests at Bretby, and some of whom partook of the chase:—The Earl and Countess of Derby and Lady Emma Stanley, the Earl and Countess of Wilton and Lady Egerton, the Countess of Glengall and Lady Margaret Butler, Viscount and Viscountess Newport, Lord Burghersh, Lord Ashley, Lord Henry Lennox, Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., Count de Jancourt, Miss Anson, Mr. and Lady Sophia Des Vœux, Mr. Norman Macdonald, Colonel Macdonald, Mr. H. Meynell Ingram, Mr. Sturt, etc. Amongst the neighbouring nobility and gentry at the meet were the Earl Ferrers, Mr. J. B. Storey (Lockington Hall), Mr. George Moore (Appleby), Mr. Clement (Snareston), Mr. Sutton, Mr. Briscoe, etc.

The "field" proceeded to draw Hartshorn Gorse, and the result was a beautiful find; Master Reynard went away nearly in view of the whole field. A brilliant twenty minutes over a stiff country, with a rattling scent, ensued, Reynard taking the direction of Smisby and Pistern Hills; he was run into in the middle of South Wood in capital style—at one time huntsman, dogs, and fox being within, perhaps, two hundred yards of each other. The pack found again at Repton Shrubs, and were led a smart chase to Repton Hays, the residence of Mr. Crewe, where they again killed their fox.

During the first run the pack skirted the village of Hartshorn, and some young ladies, evidently excited by the sport, were seen footing their way over some ploughed fields almost knee-deep. Their perseverance was remarkable.

NEEDWOOD.

Field, January 24th, 1857:—

On Saturday, January 18th, Jack Frost, who had so long put his veto on our engagement, relaxed his iron grasp; and every one who had a day to spare or a horse to ride, "tired" in hunting order to Elvaston Castle. The description of this extraordinary place, with its miles of clipped yew and holly hedges, its unique collection of pines, and statues with gold hair and beards, belongs rather to a gardening than a sporting chronicle. The noble owner of Elvaston having dispensed his hospitality in that way which barons and earls in olden time were wont to do, we went through the form of drawing the pleasure grounds, but Deodara cedars and monkey puzzles, as a certain quaint pine is called, proved no fit place for the wily Tod. We therefore proceeded to Mr. Holden's coverts at Aston, where we found two foxes and ate them; and then some six miles off to Sir John Crewe's covert at Apleston (? Arleston), which we drew blank. From there we journeyed to Mr. Spilsbury's small but well-tented covert, where we at once discovered that essential ingredient of sport, a wild fox. After one false start, away he flew in a direct line for Burnaston Hall, crossing the Derby and Burton road at the Spread Eagle; from thence he bore to the right, over a fearfully heavy country, nearly up to Burnaston village. Being here headed, he made a short turn to the left, and at a good holding pace to Etwall village, where, after passing through a gentleman's garden, much to the consternation of his gardener, he went over a fine country in the direction of Radburne; but, inclining to the left, he left it, as he did Dalbury, to the right, and set his head straight for Mr. Buckston's covert at Sutton. What an unpleasant scene now opened to our view—the Sutton and Dalbury brooks near the point of

their confluence, full to the brim and impregnated with the red clay of Radburne, looking for all the world like a huge dose of rhubarb and magnesia. Nothing was to be done but stick in the spurs and harden your hearts. Plop! plop! plop! went the three first into the middle in succession, others more fortunate got their forelegs on to the opposite bank, but few made a clean jump of it. The brook was full of sportsmen, and I saw a learned divine (who, by the way, is an excellent preserver of foxes) up to his neck in the turbid stream, administering the rite of adult baptism to two sturdy yeomen. Next to death, a brook is the greatest human leveller; the heir to a dukedom and a fishmonger fraternizing together chin deep in the sluggish stream, men and horses, horses and men, all higglety-pigglety, reminding me of the pictures one sees of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, barring the chariots; and, as we ascended the hill by the old Sutton covert, you might see poor, drippling wretches—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

endeavouring by force and stratagem again to possess themselves of their horses. But the brook, which so impeded men and horses, offered but little obstruction to the fox and his relentless followers. By Sutton covert and the Ash like pigeons they flew, till a fatal and inexplicable check near Hilton Cottage brought them to a stand, after a run of nearly forty minutes. To say who went best would be only to hurt the feelings of those who did not go best, but two Eton boys shall have their names recorded, Masters Townsend and George Moore. They went gallantly and steadily. Of the latter the huntsman said, "A good sort that, sir; wants no litter mark to show how he is bred." *Floreat Etona*, and may she send forth as many true-bred foxhunters as she has sent forth gallant soldiers and sailors to fight her country's battles. So ends my tale as did the very pleasant day with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds.

Yours, etc.,
CARRION CROW.

One of the Eton boys, at any rate, sustained his early promise, for he was in the great Radburne run of 1868, and Miss Georgiana Meynell and he are now the sole survivors of that little band. The learned divine was probably the Rev. German Buckston, while the heir to the Dukedom may have been the Marquis of Hartington, who used to hunt with these hounds.

1858.

The beginning of this season was marked by a sad event, which was the death of young Tom Leedham, on November 12th, at the early age of 19. He, too, was laid with his grandfather and father in Yoxall churchyard.

Charles came as second whipper-in from Lord Southampton, with whom he had been holding a similar position. There had been some little fuss about riding a certain

horse, the writer believes, and Charles had given notice. "Where are you going," Lord Southampton asked testily. "Back to those thulky old uncles of yours, I suppose? You'll just thuit them."

Charles was very fond of relating this little episode, and also another one, which was something of this sort. He had counted the hounds out of covert, making them all right, but Lord Southampton declared there was one away, mentioning the hound, and sent Charles back for him. Back he went, had some bread and cheese, and then came on again. "You have not brought Rallywood" (or whatever the hound's name was), Lord Southampton called out rather sharply, as he saw his whipper-in coming up houndless. "Where is he?"

"At your lordship's horse's heels," Charles answered demurely, with an inward chuckle.

The hounds seem to have had pretty good sport this season.

Field, February 13th, 1858:—

On Saturday last this well-known pack met at Swarkeston, a circumstance which insured a good meet. A little before eleven the pack trotted off to Arleston Gorse; drew blank. They then went through Stenson village, and on to the Willington Osiers, which were also drawn blank. The next point was Repton Shrubs, a well-known cover on the Earl of Chesterfield's estate, which, as usual, furnished a fox, whose pluck and endurance compensated for previous disappointment. After ringing round the cover, he broke in the direction of Hartshorn Gorse, but was headed and doubled back to the cover. He then broke away for Repton Waste, through Carver's Rocks, crossed the Hartshorn and Tickenhall turnpike, through Smith's Gorse, crossed the Ashby road for Southwood, turned short to the left, and went through the covers at Calke, and right across the park, where a slight check occurred owing to the deer crossing the line. The pace up to this time was exceedingly fast, without a check. The scent being soon hit off again, the pack went up to the park wall, over it, and crossed Derby Hills Farm, and bearing for Melbourne for a short distance; he then turned to the right, crossed the Calke road, through the Highwood, which they ran through in beautiful style, being close upon their fox. The pace now mended; and, running up a long spinney near the lodge belonging to Sir John Harpur Crewe, Bart., they entered Staunton Springs, a large and well-known cover. He went through it, but dared not face the open, and doubled through the wood again; endeavoured to break away on the Calke side of it, but the pack being at his heels, he again took to the wood, and was run into "dead beat." Time, fifty-three minutes. The manner in which these hounds ran into their fox, as is usually the case, shows their determination to have blood. We regret to

have to add that Captain Storey, an old Peninsular officer, and a well-known sportsman, in charging a fence out of the Calke road, met with an accident. His horse fell and severely shook him, but we believe no more serious injury occurred to him. Several ladies graced the field with their presence.

CHARNWOOD.

The next account of anything with the Meynell appeared in the *Field* of January 2nd, 1858 :—

On Thursday last these hounds met at Bretby, the seat of the Earl of Chesterfield. There are several circumstances which combine to make the Christmas Bretby "meet" one of the most popular of the season. Then it is that the noble Earl himself is usually there, surrounded by illustrious guests, and showing those courtesies and providing those hospitalities which so pre-eminently characterize him. Like many of its predecessors, the gathering was large, and presented a really beautiful spectacle. The morning was most delightful, indeed one of the most charming that has marked the close even of the late, almost unwintered year. Amongst the distinguished guests staying at Bretby were the following : The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Cecilia Lennox, Lord and Lady Derby, Lady Emma Stanley, Lord and Lady Wilton, Lady Catherine Egerton, Lady Glengall, Lady Margaret Butler, Lord Henry Lenox, Lord and Lady Colvile, Mr. H. Meynell, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Calthorp, Count Jacourt, Colonel Hardinge, Lord Cowper, Captain Lowe, Honble. James Macdonald, and Colonel Forester. Most of these were present at the meet, as also the Earl of Chesterfield (whom we are happy to see apparently in blooming health), Lord Stanhope, Lady Evelyn Stanhope, and many of the neighbouring gentry. Amongst the latter were Mr. George Moore (Appelby Hall), Mr. Michael Bass, M.P., etc. About two hundred sportsmen were present, and there was a considerable sprinkling of ladies on horseback. About half-past eleven the visitors left the hall in several carriages, and soon afterwards the hounds moved off. The scene at this juncture was very animated, heightened as it was in picturesque effect by the movements of gay equipages, of dappled hounds, and scarlet-coated horsemen, threading their way through the trees, by pools, or along the fern-covered slopes. The party trotted away to Hartshorn Gorse. This is a pretty sure find. On this occasion, too, Master Reynard was at home, and soon hove away like one of the right sort for Several Woods, then crossed Pistern Hills to Southwood, through which he threaded his way without a check, and forward for Calke Park, the seat of Sir John Harpur Crewe, Bart. He did not enter the park, however, but crossing Tickenhall and Ashby road, went away for the northwest side of Hartshorn village, and ran into Spur's Bottoms. Here the hounds lost him. Shortly, however, a view halloo was heard in the direction of Hartshorn Gorse, the cover from which he broke, and it was found that some pedestrians had seen him enter it. The hounds were again thrown in, and again the wily animal had notice to quit. But this time he was not destined to show much sport, for the scent grew cold after running over a few fields, and he was lost. The pack then drew Repton Shrubs, but we do not know with what success, as we were obliged to leave. Up to the time when reynard entered Hartshorn Gorse, he gave a smart little burst of perhaps twenty minutes, but we fear that the second draw would not be equal to the first. Among those ladies who honoured the field with their presence was one (we believe, Lady Catherine Egerton) mounted on a grey horse, who excited much admiration by the judgment with which she selected

her country, the fearless manner with which she took her fences, and her graceful style of riding. She was at the tail of the hounds every inch of the road. Late in the day, Lord Stamford's hounds, which had met at Donington Park (the residence of Colonel Daniel), ran through Spring Wood, near Melbourne, and on to Gorstyleys, just at the same time as Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds entered the same wood. Both packs were then whipped off.

CHARNWOOD.

Bell's Life for March 13th, 1859, has the following :—

MR. EDITOR,—February 28th, met at Black Slough, the property of that fine old English gentleman, John Newton Lane, Esq., King's Bromley Manor. The day being frosty, did not throw off until a quarter past twelve o'clock; the hounds were then thrown into Vicar's Coppice—blank; then to Black Slough; found immediately two brace of foxes. Rattling them round the wood several times, one was viewed away. After a very sharp burst, he was run to ground. While the fox was being dug out, trotted off to Tom Hay Wood, then to Elmhurst Gorse and Seady Mill Plantations, all unfortunately drawn blank; away then to Fradly Wood, where a leash of foxes were on foot; the thrilling voice of Tom Leedham, the huntsman, with his gallant pack, soon told bold reynard the ground was too hot for him. Gone away! Hark, hillo! Making his way over a fine country, through Black Slough to Vicar's Coppice and Haunch Wood, at a tremendous pace, then across the Shaws, over the canal bridge, then to the Brickhill Farm, running him into view at King's Bromley Park, killing him in Mr. Lane's garden, close to the kitchen. Thus ended one of the best day's sport of the season. There were several falls and somersaults (out of such a large field) during the day, but not so well executed as some of the performers at Cook's theatre in London. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Lane's keeper, Herbert Palmer (who is a very civil and obliging man), for his exertions—such an abundance of foxes and game. This is another instance that foxes and game can be preserved by a right keeper in his right place.

Yours, etc.,

A LOVER OF SPORTS.

The last account of sport with the Meynell in this year comes out of a scrap-book without any heading, so it is not possible to acknowledge its origin. It says—

Cannock Chace still holds essentially wild foxes, as I think the perusal of the following run will sufficiently prove. On Thursday, March 24th, the fixture being Wolseley Park, we proceeded to draw Shugborough, where shortly a fox was on foot. After two or three turns in the covert on the hill by the Rugely and Stafford road, he, at length, made his point, crossing the road near Oakedge Park up the Beggar's Hill. Immediately after crossing the hounds at once hit his line, and took him at a capital pace for the Park pales of Teddesley, leaving the Sherbrooke pools on his left, and crossing Teddesley Warren by the Spring Slade Lodge to the plantation. At Teddesley he bore to the left, and, as if to prove his stoutness, again faced the open chace up the Huntington valley, as if for Hednesford, but still bearing to the left. Here the pace became first rate, and Ladyhill covert was evidently his point. Up to it and through it he went without dwelling for a moment, straight over Rugely racecourse, by the stone

house to Hagley, where he was pulled down after one hour and forty minutes, the hounds literally racing for him down the Park and over the brook to the spinny, where they picked him up. On the whole, as no check occurred after leaving Teddesley, a more sporting run could scarcely be conceived. It is worth noting that throughout the run a three-year-old bitch, Fatima, led the pack, and the head they carried must have been satisfactory to the Master, who, with the rest of the field, and there was a large one, expressed their delight at so excellent a day. Tom Leedham, too, on Helen the Fair, was throughout just where he should be, viz. close to the sterns of his hounds.—A. G.

A. G. stands for Arthur Griffiths of Lichfield, a capital man to hounds.

It is rather an interesting fact that Wolseley Park is one of the last parks to retain its deer leaps. These used to be in existence in every park, which was enclosed in the neighbourhood of a forest, and afforded ingress for the deer into the park. The word "every" must be taken to mean every one for which a license was issued, which was not always obtainable. Wolseley Park was enclosed by Ralph Wolseley, 1470. Teddesley also used to have its deer park.

The Fatima mentioned in this run was a little too speedy sometimes, and contracted the habit of slipping on by herself.

About the end of the year Captain Arthur Dawson, late of the Inniskillings, and for many years in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, came from Launde Abbey, in the Cottesmore country, to Barrow Hill, near Rocester, which he inherited from his aunt, Mrs. Whyte. He is a capital all-round sportsman, and though, from being near-sighted, he wears glasses, he can hold his own in the saddle, or with rod or gun, with most people even now, in his sixty-sixth year, while no one, to look at him, or to see him playing tennis, would think he was fifty. At his best, especially on one of his famous grey mares, or on Brandy Wine, if there were a select few in any run he was sure to be one of them, and it took a very good man indeed to beat him.

In 1867 he got together a capital pack of harriers, from the kennels of Mr. Wicksted, Sir Thomas Boughey, and principally from Mr. Walter Green of Bury St.

Edmund's. Galway was huntsman, and very good sport he showed. Captain Dawson hunted a good deal of the hill country now occupied by the Dove Valley, as well as the parts round Rocester and up to Cubley, and as far as Leigh on the Staffordshire side.

At the end of the first season Mr. Hyde-Smith, who married Miss Kempson of Coton, took the hounds, and he, in turn, was succeeded by Captain Cotton. Meanwhile Mr. Crowder, who resided at the Vicarage, Ashbourne, started a pack on his own account, and here, in 1875, Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, afterwards Master of the Southwold, joined him. About 1876 Captain Cotton sold the Rocester hounds, which had always been kennelled at Rocester, to Mr. Frank Arkwright of Overton.

Captain Dawson is an enthusiastic fisherman, and for many years has gone to Norway, frequently with his brother-in-law, the late Captain Goodwin. A forty-four pounder was his record fish, a model of which hangs in his smoking-room. In another room there is a capital picture of the Sprite, the famous cream-coloured cob which Captain Stepney sold to Mr. Arthur Lyon of Clownholme, whose daughter was Captain Dawson's first wife. She was the mother of Miss Eleanor Dawson (now Mrs. Crossman), who, on her capital black mare, Ruth, was so well known with the Meynell, and still more so afterwards in Essex. There Ruth won a point-to-point race or two. She was but a green thing when Miss Dawson first had her, but she soon learned her trade in those capable hands.

Her father is an uncommonly good shot, but always uses glasses when he shoots. They tell an anecdote of how he was shooting once and it came on to rain heavily. Mr. Kempson and others began chaffing him, and saying how he would be done now. To their great surprise he bowled over the rocketing pheasants as easily as possible. At last some one said, "Why, the rain has no effect on your spectacles!"

"Why should it?" he said. "They are in my pocket!"

Curiously enough, he can see quite well to shoot anything which passes over his head without them.

Another thing which he saw very well, too, was the great Sudbury run of 1873. Hounds got away from him a little, when they swooped down at such a pace into the Dove Valley from Marston Park, but he remembered how, on the previous Monday, Captain Cotton had put a fox out of a willow tree by the Dove, and had run him very fast to Sudbury Coppice, when the hounds were stopped. Thinking this might be the same fox, he dashed down by the willow tree, and caught sight of hounds streaming up the opposite hill by Dove Leys. Crossing the river by the railway bridge, he caught them beyond his own house, where they checked. Miss Mildred Fitz-Herbert and Mr. C. W. Lyon, now living at Doveridge, were with him, and saw the fox killed at Wootton.

In 1878 he married Miss Goodwin, who used to be one of the four or five ladies who hunted with the Meynell in those days. By her he had one daughter, who is hunting with us now. None of his sons cared much about riding, though they are keen enough with rod and gun. The eldest, Captain Harry Dawson, distinguished himself in the South African campaign at Vaal Krantz, where he was exposed, with the others in the 78th Battery, R.A., to a withering fire, and continued to stand by his gun after his foot had been carried away by a shell or a portion of one. For this he was accorded a grand reception on his arrival home, being presented by the neighbourhood with a silver bowl as a mark of their appreciation of his gallant conduct. Of this he himself, Englishman-like, makes light, saying that he only did his duty until he was hit, and, after that, stood still because he could not move about on one foot!

1859.

In this year the Hoar Cross diary recommences, and the very first entry is a curious one. "October 25th. Hounds stopped by frost." It only deals with the regular

hunting, always beginning with the opening day, which is invariably at Sudbury Coppice. From Hoar Cross the young Squire and Master, Mr. H. F. Meynell, was of course hunting, with his two sisters, Miss and Miss Georgiana Meynell Ingram, and very frequently Captain Boucherett.

The staff consisted of Thomas Leedham (who was first little Tom, then young Tom, and at last old Tom) as huntsman, Jack Leedham first, and his nephew Charles second whipper-in. The first mention of Jack is on the first page of this diary. "Jack hurt. Trod on by W. Shipton." The Master and the men had about twenty horses between them, amongst them being old Jack Bond's friend, Jasper, and the two heroes of the great run of 1868, Crusader and the Knight (the latter was the one that died). So it is evident that they still had the art of keeping horses going at Hoar Cross. This is all the greater credit to the management, as they had no second horses in those days.

Sport was fair, but nothing extraordinary occurred. There was a great deal of frost, and they only hunted sixty-two days, killing during regular hunting (there is no account of cubs) fourteen and a half brace of foxes, and they ran seven brace to ground, ending up the season on April 21st in Bagot's Woods. They ran their fox into an oak tree, by the Squitch Oak, from which Captain Boucherett bolted him, and hounds caught him close to Brown's house.

The following account appeared in the *Field*, April 28th, 1860 :—

THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON WITH MR. MEYNELL INGRAM'S HOUNDS.

On Saturday last a remarkable instance of animal cunning was exhibited at Bagot's Park. After running our fox with an indifferent scent for some time in the coverts adjoining the park, the hounds at length hit him off, some of the field flattering themselves that either Birchwood or Jackson's Bank, or possibly the Brakenhurst or Rough Park, might be his point. However, no such luck was in store, though perhaps an equally interesting finale resulted as a run in the open. The hounds suddenly threw up at the foot of one of the oldest oak-trees in the

park, where most of us thought the fox was gone to ground; but the tree (possibly coeval with the Conquest) was hollow, and after a short pause our friend was espied almost at the top of the trunk, peering from an aperture in the bark. Thanks to the agility of Captain Boucherett, he was speedily dislodged from his post, and, running with catlike activity along one of the branches, he sprang from a height of fifteen or twenty feet into some sedgy rushes immediately below the tree, and, although the hounds were close upon him, he managed to elude them for the moment, and was coursed in view across the park, being turned over just as he was reaching the covert. In this short scurry (which was not a little exciting) several casualties occurred—a drain getting the Master down, and a stalwart yeoman and his stout chestnut coming to grief from being crossed in the confusion. The most curious part of the story is, that in the same tree, perched still higher in the trunk, was a second fox; but as this was probably a vixen with cubs, she was very wisely left unmolested. Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire doubtless possess their advantages in the shape of large enclosures, strong fences, and a great proportion of turf, but it must be admitted that, generally speaking, there is not a better scenting country than Mr. Meynell's, and assuredly in no district is there a better pack of hounds, neither is more beautiful woodland scenery to be found than that in Bagot's Park, nor wilder or more extensive views than from Chartley or Cannock Chase, where, during the last fortnight, the hounds have found plenty of foxes. Although in this part of the country no run worthy of note has occurred this season (which, on the whole, has perhaps been the most unsatisfactory for years), yet to find, as was the case the other day, on the open heather, when no less than three or four were put up in the course of the morning, is one of the most exciting things possible, and altogether a scene well worthy the pencil of Grant or Herring.—A. G. (Lichfield.) P.S.—It may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to hear that some three weeks ago Mr. Meynell gave Lord Curzon a day in his country, when hounds, horses, huntsmen, and whips, with several regular attendants in the Atherstone Hunt, came down by special train from Atherstone to Rugeley station, and thence trotted to Bagot's Park, where a good fox was found, and had there been anything of a scent, Dickens, who, in the estimation of the Meynellites, acquitted himself admirably, would certainly have killed him, had he not unfortunately got on a fresh fox in the Brakenhurst after running the first some forty minutes.

In 1861 a very prominent personage, the Rev. German Buckston, passed away in his sixty-fifth year, having been born in 1797. He was a typical "Squarson" of the old school, very much loved and respected. The famous actor was a cadet of this family. In this year, too, Mr. and Mrs. Frank bought Ashbourne Hall, where they resided for many years. When Mrs. Frank died, about three years ago, the Hall was sold and turned into a hotel. She was quite a character, and was as much at home in the stable, the kennel, and the farmyard, as at her easel or the piano. There was hardly anything of which she did not know something. She was a fine horsewoman,

and, having spent much of her time as a girl with her uncle, Mr. Davenport of Maer, once Master of the North Stafford hounds, knew a great deal about hounds and hunting. Mr. L. W. Frank, her second son, who went, after his mother's death, to live at St. Mary's Mount, Uttoxeter, is a regular follower of the Meynell, and goes well. His elder brother, who always used to be out hunting when hounds were within reach of Ashbourne, left the Meynell country when he married many years ago.

CHAPTER XVII.

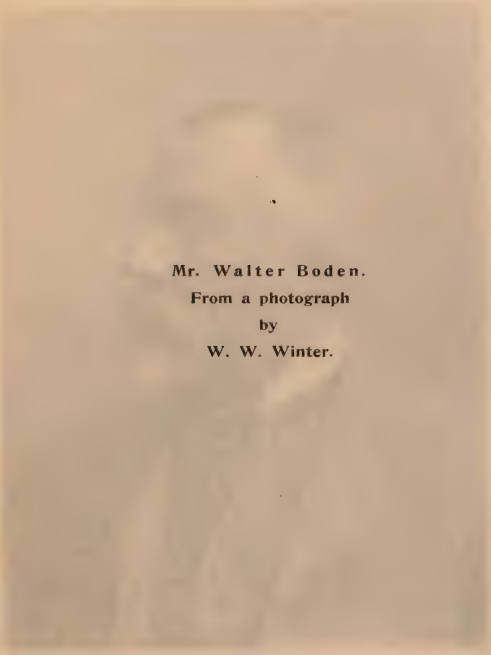
MR. WALTER BODEN—GOOD RUN FROM DUNSTALL—KILL IN MICKLEOVER ASYLUM—BYRKLEY LODGE—HENRY MARTIN.

1860–1861. 1861–1862.

From Derby town a Boden comes,
A right good man is he;
He rides to hounds as nicely
As you could wish to see.
For if they twist, or turn, or race,
Or go which way they may;
He, like the master 's with them,
In a quiet sort of way.

This is no bad description of the subject of this sketch. There was a time when on Jacko, a grey, and Spread Eagle, a black horse, he was nearly invincible. The moment hounds were away, he would sit down in his saddle, dash out of the crowd, get to the front, and, when once there, nothing could stop him. But the flowing verses of the laureate of the chace describe him better than humble, plodding prose :—

As he sits in the saddle, a baby could tell
He can hustle a sticker, a flyer can spare;
He has science and nerve, and decision as well,
He knows where he's going and means to be there.
The first day I saw him they said at the meet,
"That's a rum one to follow, a bad one to beat."



Mr. Walter Boden.
From a photograph
by
W. W. Winter.

Mr. Walter Baden.

From a photograph

by

W. H. White.

We threw off at the castle, we found in the holt,
Like wildfire the beauties went streaming away;
From the rest of the field he came out like a bolt,
And he tackled to work like a schoolboy to play.
As he rammed down his hat, and got home in his seat,
This rum one to follow, this bad one to beat.

'Twas a caution, I vow, but to see the man ride!
O'er the rough and the smooth he went sailing along;
And what Providence sent him he took in his stride,
Though the ditches were deep and the fences were strong.
Thinks I, if he leads me I'm in for a treat,
With this rum one to follow, this bad one to beat.

These spirited lines leave but little more to be said. There is nothing to add and nothing to take away.

This "rum one to follow" first went hunting in 1849, his earliest recollection being the killing of a fox in Horsley Car with Sir Seymour Blane's and Mr. Story's hounds. Curiously enough, it is at the Pastures, which once belonged to the baronet, that he now lives, and a very delightful place it is, though not without at least one tragedy, for in the lake there Mr. Blane was drowned.

Young Master Boden was not long in giving a taste of his future quality, for he got a fall with his pony over a strong stile out of the road, following Lord Chesterfield, who caught his pony and saw him safely mounted again, with a word of encouragement. Like his elder brother, he went to school at Rugby, and soon developed into a cricketer, so much so, in fact, that he was selected to play for Gentlemen of the North *v.* Gentlemen of the South. He was also very fond of a gun, and more especially of a rifle, renting Dundonald and Rhidorroch, so as to indulge to the full his bent for deer-stalking. Being a man of very keen observation, nothing suited him better than to go out on the Forest alone, or with a friend, and pit his powers, unaided by a gillie, against the stag's, and as often as not the latter had to own himself worsted. This is the very essence of sport, but it does not fall to the lot of every one to be capable of enjoying it. In short, "he has played the game all round;" but yet, when all is said and

done, he is fain, I think, to admit that "the best of his fun he owes to horse and hound." For racing (oddly enough), though he was associated with his brother in regenerating Derby races, he cares not a jot. It was, therefore, rather amusing that "Spy" should have represented him as a typical race-goer. But if he once begins to talk about hunting, his brain seems to be one vast deposit of good runs; so good, in fact, that he frankly admits that he cannot give any one of them the palm of superexcellence. There are racing bursts, such as the one from the Grove, Drakelowe, to Seal Wood, when for twenty minutes hounds absolutely flew with Lord Stanhope, on either Mad Moll or Betsy Baker, thoroughbred ones, nearest to them, and next to him Sir Mathew Blakiston. As the narrator mentioned no one else, it is presumable that he was third. Every horse had had enough for the day at the end of this spin, and hounds went home. No one, except Lords Chesterfield and Stanhope, had second horses in those days, not even the Hunt servants. The run in 1873, from Sudbury Coppice to Bentley Car, and thence to Potter's, where old Tom, then ex-huntsman, viewed a fresh one, was a capital thing. However, hounds stuck to the line of the hunted one. From Potter's they ran to Cubley, whence six men—Lords Waterpark, M.F.H., and Berkeley Paget, Messrs. Boden, Duncombe, G. F. Meynell, and young Mr. Harrison from Yorkshire, on Mr. Feilden's famous horse, the Robber—slipped the field, and had the pleasure of seeing hounds run hard by Marston Park, over the Dove by Mayfield, where ten years before Mr. Boden and old Tom had crossed it together, and up to Wootton Lodge. Here hounds were close at their fox. Lord Berkeley left his horse, which probably did not want much holding, and jumped over the wall into the grounds, following the hounds. Mr. Boden got through a gate lower down and met the fox, which was run into at his very feet, and he whipped off head, brush, and pads. Another grand gallop was from Eaton Wood, ending with a kill in the pond at Ednaston. Then there was a splitting

ring from Eaton Wood, with an amusing incident in the middle thereof. Hounds ran like wildfire—in fact, old Tom, who was then huntsman, said he had never seen them run faster. Right in their wake, and bang in front all the way, rode Lord Berkeley Paget by Marston-Montgomery, Cubley, and through the Sudbury bottoms to the deep lane, which goes from Sudbury to Hill Somersal. From the Sudbury bottoms Mr. Boden and old Tom galloped best pace by Maresfield Gorse, and so got into the lane, knowing full well that it was impossible to do so where the hounds must cross it. As the two men dashed up the road they saw Lord Berkeley peering from the field above into its depths.

"Hallo, Berkeley! where on earth do you spring from?" shouted Mr. Boden, hitting his friend fairly between the joints of his harness. It was an irresistible "score," and probably drew blood in hearty anathemas. Hounds ran on at a tremendous pace by Ley Hill, and nearly up to Eaton Wood, catching their fox under an old thorn tree which is still there. Mr. Boden pulled out his watch and found they had been just an hour running this great ring. Sir Richard FitzHerbert will remember another good run which these two shared from Sapperton, over the river, by Hanbury to the Brakenhurst.

"What fun we should have," the late Mr. "Chev." Bateman used to say, "if it was not for that confounded ditch!" in which disrespectful terms he spoke of the Dove. But the "ditch" did not seem to have proved such a barrier in those days.

On May 8th, 1888, Mr. Boden married Miss Vaughan-Lee, daughter of Major Vaughan-Lee, of Llanelley, Glamorganshire, and Dillington Park, Somersetshire, a very perfect horsewoman and devoted to hunting. The Meynell Hunt wedding-present took the form of two large antique silver bowls from the palace of the King of Burmah. They lived at Abbot's Hill, Derby, till they came to the Pastures, both of which houses are famous for hospitality.

A word about the horses may not be out of place, for there were some very good ones—a fact to which the prices realized at his annual sales on the Monday in the Derby week at Tattersall's bore ample testimony. These sales were continued for ten years. His brother Henry, too, for a long time used to send up a stud, which realized very high prices.

A good many Meynell men will remember the grey, Jacko, who could both gallop and go on. Jumping a slip stile in a wire fence out of a plantation was one of his feats. Mr. Clowes's nephew on the Druid was the only man who followed him. But most of us knew the look of Jacko's tail, which reminds one of a good repartee of Mrs. Fred Cotton's, when some one was chaffing her about old Stockton's great rat tail.

"Of course you're always talking about his tail," she said, "for that is all of him that *you* ever see when hounds are running."

This Stockton by Stockwell was a rare good horse, and in spite of being a crib-biter, and of having divers blemishes, was readily snapped up at one hundred pounds, when offered for sale.

Spread Eagle, a black, with quarters like a dray horse, and a head like a deer, was a most perfect weight carrier, and always went in a snaffle. They had a joke about him. He was a very greedy horse, and one day his owner had mounted a friend on him. Some one said to the man who was riding him—

"Take care he does not run away with you."

"No, will he?" said the rider, looking anxiously at the snaffle.

"Yes," was the answer, "he will, if he sees anything to eat!"

This horse once belonged to that prince of good fellows, the late Mr. H. B. Arnaud, of Padbury, in "Squire" Lowndes' country, who sold him to Captain Gist, in whose hands he won the Regimental Heavy-weight Point to Point.

Some people will tell you that the grey, Bluebeard, was

the pick of the basket, and probably Mr. Hodgson, of Smallwood Manor, who then lived at Tixall, would agree with them. At any rate, he thought enough of him to give four hundred and twenty pounds for him, though the horse had a big hock and some other detriment, which would have prevented a vet. from passing him. But he carried Mr. Hodgson in such a way that he probably never grudged a penny of it. From him he passed to Mr. Harvey Bayly, who rode him till he was twenty, and won no end of prizes with him into the bargain.

General was another grey. Sir R. FitzHerbert remembers him jumping the Sudbury Park palings.

But perhaps the most interesting horse of all was Brandy Wine, the savage. He was a blood, brown horse, bought from Captain Dawson, of Barrow Hill, for twenty-five pounds. The horse had never had his coat off, nor been in a loose box, so irreclaimable a savage was he. But in his new quarters, they discovered that if a man went in with a bridle in his hand, the horse would come quietly up to have it put on. So they had rings on each side of the box, and clipped him and dressed him with a watering bridle on, and the reins attached to the rings on each side. There are a few people who can still remember the way this horse went, having all the best of it, in a brilliant gallop from Sutton Gorse, till, nearly the end, by Etwall, before the Great Northern was made, his rider had a crack at the big brook there. It was a tremendously big place, wider than the Foston mill-race. The horse scotched a bit on taking off, and just got over, when the bank gave way and let him in. With great difficulty he got out on the wrong side, and there he lay, with Mr. Michael Bass standing looking at him.

"Is he all right?" his owner called out, having made his way round by a bridge.

"Oh yes."

"Then, why does he lie there as if he was dead?"

However, a smack with his whip proved Brandy Wine to be worth a good many dead ones.

There is a very favourite Meynell story about Tom Leedham's breeches, which cannot be repeated here *in toto*, because his inimitable way of telling it was more than half the point. However, one part of it is amusing enough. Tom, being very busy, was *measured by deputy*, George Brown, Miss Meynell's pad groom, acting in that capacity, and then they were surprised that the breeches did not fit!

While on the subject of stories, the authors of "The Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt" must overlook the repetition here of one which appeared in their work, for it is really too good to be omitted. A gentleman, who had looked overlong "on the wine when 't was red," was asked after dinner to sing a song.

"But I only know two," he said. "One is, Pop goes the Queen; and the other is, God save the Weasel!"

1860–1861.

Regular hunting began on October 29th, but there is nothing much to note for some time in the Hoar Cross diary, except, perhaps, that what we now call the Parson's Gorse at Radburne is spoken of as Reginald's Gorse, which was the Christian name of its planter. The harvest was very late, for wheat was in the shock, and even uncut, in the fields at the end of November.

Field, January 12th, 1861, says:—

On December 12th, 1860, they met at Dunstall Hall, the seat of Mr. Hardy, M.P. for Dartmouth. A prettier *locale* for a meet can scarcely be imagined—the garden terraces, backed by the fine conservatory, affording a delightful promenade for a large and gay assemblage of the neighbourhood, with a near view of the gallant pack and the field of horsemen, constantly increasing in numbers, as one well-mounted pink after another trotted up to the meet. After the usual breakfast, the field moved off to the covert, a small wood on a hill, nearly a mile from the house. Scarcely had the hounds entered, when Charles Leedham's halloo gave the welcome signal that reynard was not only found, but away! So instantaneously did the hounds get after him, and so extraordinary was their pace, that though the field lost no time, the hounds had crossed the valley, and were going up the opposite hill, before it was possible for the leading men to overtake them. The first point made by reynard was Rangemoor, but so hotly was he pressed, that he had no time to duck in the covert,

which he only skirted on his way to Knightley Park. Not finding shelter here, he dashed through the wood, the pack close behind him, making for Tattenhill Lane, which he crossed. Shortly afterwards, he descended the hills which bound the forest of Needwood, and gallantly took to the open meadows below them. The line is a stiff one, especially when, as on the present occasion, the ground is deep, and ere long a wide drain with peaty banks interposed an insurmountable obstacle to all but a chosen few. On went reynard until he came to the banks of the Grand Trunk Canal at Newbold, where, instead of crossing, he made a turn for Barton, taking the large grass fields below the Hall, and once again making his point for Dunstall. Being, however, prevented from accomplishing his purpose by some of the stragglers from the field, he once more took to the meadows, shaping his course this time for the canal, which he crossed near the village of Braunston, and the field were fortunate in finding a bridge at no great distance. The country now changed from meadow to arable, but the scent was good, and the drains wide. At length we came so near to the good town of Burton, that, evidently, reynard was approaching to the end of his career. He was viewed in some grass fields dead beat, when, soon doubling back, he jumped upon the roof of an outhouse belonging to Mr. Gratton's farm. Being speedily dislodged, he fell amongst his relentless pursuers, who for upwards of an hour and a half had been working so gallantly for him. The pace was from first to last such as to tell severely upon the horses of those who had followed the hounds throughout. The line after leaving the forest was over a country rarely taken by a fox, as (especially during the latter portion of the run) it appeared to lead to no covert. Doubtless, however, after leaving Dunstall, he had intended trying for the Henhurst. Among the leading sportsmen on the present occasion were the Lords Henry, Alexander, and Berkeley Paget, Lord Bagot, Mr. Cavendish, Mr. Blakiston, Col. and Major Newdegate, Mr. Willoughby Wood, Mr. Birch (on the admirable black which he has ridden for seventeen seasons), Mr. Cunliffe Shaw, Mr. Alleyne, and many others. Nor must two ladies be forgotten, who went better than many of the harder sex. The admirable working of the pack confers great credit on Tom Leedham, whose skill in the kennel is as undeniable as his judgment in the field. It may safely be asserted that during the whole of the long period which Mr. M. Ingram has been the owner of these hounds, their prestige never was higher than at present, and that they rank among the leading establishments in the kingdom. We could have wished that the master, whose gentlemanly bearing in the field is no less conspicuous than his thorough sportsmanship, had had the gratification of being with his own hounds on this occasion, instead of on a visit in a neighbouring country.

VETERAN.

It began to freeze on December 18th, and on Christmas Eve the thermometer was at zero. Hounds did not hunt again till January 26th, at Loxley, when they found in Carry Coppice, ran across to the woods, in and out of them alternately for two hours, and killed their fox at Woodford, which speaks volumes for Tom Leedham's skill as a kennelman, when it is remembered that there had been over a month's frost. On February 7th, they

had a good gallop of fifty minutes round Mickleover, and in the end, Fairmaid, Primrose, and Rosalind followed their fox over the wall into the yard in front of the Asylum, and killed him. The master presented the head to the establishment. There is an old story told of a lunatic, who, from his window in the asylum, saw a man fishing, and beckoned to him, saying—

"I say, you come in here with me!"

Perhaps the inmates of Mickleover think the same thing when they see us careering about under their walls.

An account of this day was published at the time. It says—

Thursday, February 7th.—The day was what the most ardent fox-hunter or "rider out" could desire. The wind soft and inviting, the sun shining gently, but not glaring, and the dewdrop, so much dreaded by huntsmen, *not* hanging on the thorn. Punctual to a moment the hounds appeared before Radburne Hall, and a most lovely sight it was. I do not know a more appropriate meet for a pack of fox-hounds. Radburne Hall, the seat of E. S. Chandos-Pole, the greatest of our Derbyshire squires, is situated on an eminence, overlooking the beautiful vale which surrounds it. Built about the time of Queen Anne, its entrance is approached by a wide flight of stone steps, according to the style of that period. On this flight of steps stood the worthy squire and his wife, inviting with true English hospitality all comers to his festive board, and truly may it be said of him, as the song says of "the true old English gentleman, one of the olden time," that, while he fed the rich, he never forgot the poor. Around him stood, or sat, a large party of ladies, bewitchingly dressed, and taking full advantage of that latitude in attire which the costume of the period allows; hats of all shape, from the "pork-pie" to the "helmet," adorned with feathers of every variety and hue, from the heron's wing to the bird of paradise; their stockings and petticoats of McDougall's latest shades, most modestly, yet artistically displayed. Below them, amid some magnificent oaks, which for centuries have withstood the rude blast of the tempest, or the axe of the "prodigal heir," we saw the hounds, with shining coats and wistful eyes, eager for the fray. How many changes have taken place since I last chronicled their doings in your columns under my present signature. The excellent master, Mr. Meynell Ingram, was still there, as kind and courteous as ever, but the three brothers, the kennel servants, whom a witty senator, alluding to a celebrated *restaurant* in Paris, once described as "the three Provincial Brothers," were no longer present. Death had been busy amongst them, and though their names are still Leedham, in two cases the brother's son succeeds the brother. Tom Leedham, who was formerly whip, is now huntsman. The mantle of the old prophet has fallen most worthily on him, and a better sportsman never fed or hunted hounds. This day, being the day on which the annual Hunt Ball at Derby was held, an unusually large field was present. Of the regular members of the Hunt few were absent. Lord Stanhope, the Hon. E. and W. Coke, Mr. Blakiston (? Sir Mathew), Mr. Okeover, Messrs. Jessop, Messrs. Clay, the young

FitzHerberts, Mr. Bradshaw, and many others, both of high and low degree. The neighbouring packs, too, had their representatives—the three Lords Paget from Beaudesert, Mr. Colvile and Mr. Pole Shaw from the Atherstone, two Colonels Buller and their brother from the North Staffordshire, or, as they are familiarly called, "the crockery dogs," with many other "tip-top provincials," each determined to ride, each resolved to be first. The hounds being put into the Pool Tail, or Decoy, as it is sometimes called, a fox was immediately found. Crossing the brook at a bridge, all got an excellent start; bearing up towards Trusley at a rattling pace, and turning to the right over the Dalbury brook (an awkward jump), he skirted Langley Gorse, swept round, leaving Langley on the left and Radburne Rectory on the right, through the Park, by the Lodge, and, at last, by some unaccountable accident, we lost him near the bottoms, which adjoin the Mickleover osier beds; a very pretty twenty minutes, the scent excellent, and the pace first rate.

After a little coffee-housing, not the least agreeable part of the day's amusement to many, we drew Mr. Leaper Newton's osiers, nearly a quarter of a mile long. In almost the last bush, or perhaps on a dry bank adjoining, up jumped a fox, the hounds getting away close to his brush, along the Mickleover side of the osier bed; they went at a rattling pace nearly up to the Derby and Uttoxeter road; here, headed by a grain cart, he made a double back across the Mickleover brook in the direction of Wheat Hill, but, inclining to the right, passed through the grounds of Miss Trowell's suburban villa, and actually went into the precincts of the Borough of Derby, within a quarter of a mile of the county gaol. But, seemingly dreading that he might be there incarcerated, to give an account of his lawless doings and marauding acts, he proceeded on his way, leaving Parson Abney's house close on his left; crossed the Derby and Burton road to the left of Littleover, on to Normanton, like pigeons they flew, leaving Sunny Hill (where once Mr. Breary kept his celebrated pack of harriers) on his left, skirting Hell Meadows, passed through Sir Seymour Blane's garden at the Pastures, again crossed the Derby and Burton road, then on over a splendid country to Mickleover Hill, on which stands the county lunatic asylum. Getting on to some hurdles, he jumped over the wall and was killed within the lunatic enclosure. A beautiful finish. They ran him from scent to view, three hounds coursing him the last quarter of a mile, and for the honour of Derbyshire let it be said, Mr. Coke of Longford gave the first "who-whoop." Time, fifty minutes, Distance, measured on the Ordnance map, nine miles and three-quarters.

Now, listen to me, ye Melton swells and Tailby men, not one ploughed field did we cross, nor one head of cattle or sheep to stain the ground did we see. Though rejoicing at our victory, I could not but regret the death of so gallant a fox. Alas! poor reynard, driven to madness by his relentless pursuers, he sought an asylum in a madhouse, but that asylum proved no place of protection for him. May some of us, when our time comes, have better luck. The obsequies having been performed, we wended our way homewards; but how changed was the scene from that gay pageant with which the morning opened. Jaded hounds and wearied horses, dirty coats and scratched faces prevailed. The excellent master, with head tied up in a blue handkerchief (having lost his hat in the fray), looked for all the world like "the Host" in the engraving illustrating Chaucer's "Pilgrimage to Canterbury," and Lord Alexander Paget was somewhat hurt, I fear, by a nasty fall into a road. To say who "went best" when all did their best to "go well" might cause unnecessary pain and heart-burning; but you, whose columns are ever open to record gallant deeds in boots and breeches, will, I know, be no less willing to chronicle those that are performed in the less

serviceable, but more graceful costume of the riding habit. Three ladies, viz. the two Misses Meynell Ingram, and the Hon. Mrs. Colvile, went splendidly from find to kill. To them, I know, no "jealous swell" will refuse to assign on this occasion the *first place*.

CARRION CROW.

On February 23rd they ran from Wichnor, a half circle, to Dunstall, six miles in half an hour, when a snowstorm came on, and saved the fox's life. On March 21st, hounds ran from Day's Covert by Wilde Park, through Meynell Langley Gorse without dwelling, by Vicar Wood, and killed their fox at Markeaton, four miles and three-quarters in thirty-three minutes.

The next day of any moment was on March 26th, when they drew Foston blank, and also the new gorse at Hoon (the present Hilton Gorse), but found at Sutton. From there they ran under the small gorse at Sutton, crossed the Etwall and Sutton road, and so down to Hilton. Going on from this point, they crossed the Longford brook, on by Hatton field to Barton Hall, all the time at a strong pace. At Barton the fox was headed, and they checked, but hit it off again, and ran by Barton Fields and Gorstey Fields, down to the Limbersitch brook, where a fresh fox jumped up, and caused a check. But they hunted the run fox on, through Alkmonton bottoms, into Longford Car, where they viewed the beaten fox in the covert. But he and a fresh one went away at the same time, and they ran the latter by Hollington, by Over Burrows, nearly to Langley Wood. Then back again, almost the same line, through Culland, and stopped the hounds pointing for Shirley Park. It was a very hard day, and they had to leave two of the Hunt horses at Longford.

As will be gathered from these few samples of the best runs, it was not a brilliant season, there being very few "on end" runs, as the old writers termed them.

They killed in regular hunting, eighteen brace; ran to ground, four; blank days, one; total number of hunting days, sixty-five.

1861–1862.

There was nothing worth mentioning up to Christmas, except, perhaps, that, like a great many other packs, they postponed their Chartley meet on the day of the Prince Consort's funeral, December 23rd, to the next day. On the 28th they found a fox in Jackson's Banks, and came away by Dirty Gutter coppice, checking just over the Byrkley Lodge road. The main body of the hounds slipped everybody here, but Mr. Henry Jaggard and two others met them in the Yoxall Lodge road, and they ran on by Darley Oaks, through the Brakenhurst, away by Moat Hall, in front of Eland Lodge (Hollybush) into the Forest Banks, where they checked, and the field got up to them at Marchington Cliff. Hitting it off again, they pushed their fox out under Woodroffe's Cliff, and ran across the open by Marchington Vicarage and Mr. Owen's house (Field House), to within one field of Woodford Rough. Here they turned to the left, by Mr. Bell's of Uttoxeter High Wood, back to the turnpike where they checked, but hit it off again and ran by Mr. Webb's (Smallwood Manor), and killed him, close to the old mill below Woodroffe's Cliff, after a good run of nearly three hours.

Byrkley Lodge, which is mentioned here, belonged at that time to Colonel Newdigate, a good sportsman, who sold it to Mr. Hamar Bass, in 1885 or '86. But Colonel Newdigate let the place to Mr. R. Ratcliff some time in the seventies, having married Lord Leigh's daughter, and went to live at West Hallam in the South Notts country. Miss Sneyd owned it before he had it.

Mr. Bass pulled down the old house and built the present one. Rangemore, which adjoins it, was rented from the Duchy of Lancaster, first by Mr. Barton, then by Mr. Haywood, and finally by Mr. M. T. Bass, father of the present Lord Burton. The last named bought it from the Duchy on his father's death in 1884.

Byrkley, with its oaks, hollies, and great thorn trees, is a most picturesque place, and must be a portion of the primæval forest, even as Bagot's Park is.

On January 13th, hounds were at Loxley, and first of all, one couple, Argus and Winifred, slipped on by themselves from Carry Coppice towards Leigh, and were never caught up that day; then, when the attempt to find them proved useless, a fox was found in Birchwood Park, and raced into in twelve minutes in Sherratt's Wood. Meanwhile, six couples and a half had gone on with another fox, and the Master and Jack Leedham found them with the North Stafford, beyond Draycott Woods. At Walton, on the next hunting day, hounds killed a fox in the river by Drakelowe, and Artful swam back to the bank with him in her mouth like a retriever. At Radburne in February, after a good ringing run, Fancy and Amulet went up a drain after their fox and killed him, as their ancestors so frequently did in the early days of the Hunt.

On March 29th, they met at Blythbury, and had a good day, though they did not find till they got to the Brakenhurst. Then it proved to be a vixen, and they had to stop the hounds on Loverock's farm. This was a different state of things to what it was a few years back, when the diary speaks of "a regular Blythbury day, continually changing foxes and running round and round all day," or words to that effect. On this particular day they found in the Banks in Bartram's dingle, came away by Tomlinson's Corner, across Agardsley Park (where that good sportsman, Mr. Harris, late of Fauld Hall, now lives), into the Banks again, up and down them, out again by Hanbury, down the hill to Coton, back again by the old gorse at Castle Hays, over Belmont Green, by Little Castle Hays, Stone's Gorse, and Hanbury Park Wood, where he turned short back to Castle Hays, and they killed him, after a good ringing hunt of fourteen miles at least, in an hour and a half. The last day, on April 9th, was at Wolseley, when they ran across the Chace and killed in the Teddesley Plantation.

It used to be the custom to have a day or two at the end of the season on Cannock Chace, and people came from far and near, as hunting there was so different to what it is in other parts. It was a most picturesque sight to see hounds drawing this wild tract of bracken, ling, and heather, with every now and then a black cock getting up at your horse's feet. But when they began to run, it behoved a man to ride warily, as, though there were no fences, there were pitfalls of one kind and another to catch the unwary and rash. A wise man chose for his pilot one of the Pagets, or Henry Martin, who was head keeper at Beaudesert, and knew every yard of the Chace. The latter was a capital sportsman, a hard rider, and just as fond of hunting and preserving foxes as he was of shooting and rearing pheasants. As a proof of his care of foxes, it is a fact that there were thirty-seven earths drawn out on the Chace and Beaudesert in one season. His son, Albert, was second whipper-in to the Meynell for some years.

There is now too much wire-fencing on Cannock Chace for the enjoyment of hunting over it, which is a sad pity.

In this season of 1861–62 they killed twenty and a half brace of foxes; ran to ground six and a half; blank days, one; hunting days, sixty-two.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SNELSTON—MR. HARRISON—"CECIL"—"CECIL'S" ACCOUNT OF THE HOUNDS—THE GREAT RADBURNE RUN—THE FOSTON MILL DAM.

1862–1863.

"Its bay windows, parapets, turrets, and groups of picturesque chimneys, viewed from the south, or from almost any point, form a striking feature in the landscape:" so says an old writer, and most people will agree with him. It was built by Mr. John Harrison, who married the heiress of Snelston, and so acquired the estate, to which he and his son made large additions by purchase. It was to the squire who built Snelston that Mr. William Evans, the architect and builder, and the original of Adam Bede in George Eliot's delightful novel, owed his success in life in a sort of way. The story is told in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. After describing how Mr. William Evans drove to Tutbury to put in a bid for the restoration of the church at Tutbury—he being at that time only a country wheelwright and carpenter—the writer goes on to say, making the subject of his theme speak for himself, "I drew up at the Vicarage at Tutbury, and found the vicar was at a vestry meeting. I went on to the church and got hold of the sexton, who was then waiting to answer the calls of the committee, and observed some half-dozen gentlemen with rolls of paper in their hands. My heart fell, for I knew they were builders or architects, and guessed that it was the day of tender for the work, and I was too late. However, I thought, I am in for it,

but I won't return without a last try, so took the sexton aside, and tipped him, with a request to get the vicar to come and see me, as I had special business with him. He pocketed the shilling, and soon returned with his chief. We stepped into the churchyard, and I told him my errand.

"'You're too late,' replied he; 'the tenders were sent in last week, and we've fixed for our man to-day. In fact, we were about to vote when my clerk called me out. I thought you wanted me about a wedding or a funeral.'

"'Cannot you, sir,' I exclaimed, 'put it off another week? I never saw the advertisement till this morning, and I started without breakfast in such a hurry that I did not even read the notice to learn the date. If you will let me see the plans for five minutes I'll tell if I can bid for the work. Give me a chance. I've been begging my father to let me begin church work for years, and this morning he consented. If I go back without seeing the plans he will never assent again.'

"He must have seen I was as near crying as a schoolboy who has forgotten his lessons or blundered over his copybook.

"'Well, young friend,' he answered, 'come with me to the vestry, and I will try what I can do for you to get a few days' delay.'

"We went, and the good parson spoke.

"'Who is he—a friend of yours?' 'Is he an architect?' 'Who recommended him?' was the cry round the table.

"The vicar looked nonplussed; but the insolent tone of the speakers roused my Welsh blood, and all my fears vanished.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am a total stranger to your good vicar, though he has admitted me to you. I am not an architect, but a carpenter. I have no recommendation, for I started in such a hurry, after reading the advertisement, that I could not go to ask for any; but Sir C. Leighton or Mr. Harrison, of Snelston Hall, for whom I have worked and repaired carvings, would have given me them had I asked.'

"The lot, whilst I spoke, were shuffling the plans and papers on the table, and smiling with a sneer at me, when a gentleman-farmer-looking man, with a red face, glanced at me, and asked, 'Mr. Harrison?—my friend, Mr. Harrison? A first-class man. I hunt with him. If he would give a recommendation, gentlemen,' he said to his fellow committee-men, 'you may rest secure, this young man is respectable.'

"'No doubt, no doubt,' was the general answer. 'But what can we do? The young man has no estimates, has not seen the plans, and to-day is the day to decide.'

"The farmer jumped up, and declared that he was not at all satisfied with any of the estimates. 'Give the young man a chance. If he has friends such as my friends Leighton and Harrison'—he dropped the title, I noticed—'he will be respectable.'

"I broke in, for I saw I had a friend on the committee, 'Let me have the plans, say twenty-four hours, or to-morrow at this time, gentlemen, and I will bring an estimate.'

"'Do it for Mr. Harrison's friend!' cried the farmer.

"'Yes, I think we might grant that,' said the vicar."

Of course he got the contract in the end, and that was "the tide in his affairs," which he fairly took at the flood, thanks to the open sesame of Mr. Harrison's name.

A cottage on the top of Cackle Hill at Snelston was also the scene of Dinah Morris's preaching, the original of Dinah being also an Evans, who used to stay at Ellastone with her uncle, George Eliot's father.

The son of the Squire Harrison, also mentioned, was a constant follower of the Hoar Cross hounds in his younger days, and used to go well, especially on a famous thoroughbred chestnut horse, by Riddlesworth. This horse was entered for the Derby, but did not run, and was eventually "schooled" as a hunter by the celebrated Dick Christian, doing credit to his tutor in Mr. Harrison's hands in many a good run afterwards. Mr. Okeover, who is one of the very few who remember the horse, speaks of him as having

been a rare good-looking one to boot, with wonderful trotting action for a blood horse.

The Squire of Snelston, though he has long given up all active participation in the chase, is a rare fox preserver. His principal coverts are The Hollywood and the New Gorse just opposite to it—the Ashbourne-Cubley road dividing them. There have been many good runs *to* Snelston, but the most famous one *from* it was that from Shutt's dumble on February 6th, 1888, exactly twenty years after the historical run from Radburne. It is a coincidence that this run was *to* Radburne, and beyond it.

1862.

In this year there is the first mention of wire in Leicestershire, and some people thought the localities where it was in use should be published, and also the names of the farmers who put it up; but the suggestion does not seem to have met with much encouragement. Curiously enough, the idea of a Hunt Servants' Benefit Society seems to have been mooted at about the same time.

Regular hunting began on October 27th, but nothing particularly noteworthy occurred till January 8th, an account of which appears later on, but as the actual points touched are given accurately in Mr. Meynell Ingram's diary, it will be interesting to give his description. "Found in the Rough, ran very fast by Reginald's (the Parson's) Gorse to the Burrows, turned back down the brookside to Trusley, by Dalbury, crossed, and re-crossed Sutton brook, over the earth on Bearwardcote, down to A. Mosley's (Burnaston). Here they changed foxes, the run one being quite beat and going on straight. The body of the hounds turned to the right back by Burnaston, Etwall, Dalbury, Sutton Church, under Mr. Bradshaw's covert (Potter's) to the pit where the earth is, crossed the brook at H. Pole's,* by Barton, Church Broughton to

* Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell.

Hatton, turned to the right through the Foston coverts, down to the Dove at Draycott Mill, where the fox was drowned. Two and a half hours without a check. Distance on ordnance map, twenty-three miles."

1863.

The year 1863 is remarkable not only for the above-mentioned run, but also for the appearance here of Mr. Cornelius Tonge (Cecil), the great authority of the day on hunting matters. He had the good luck to be out on the day of the great run alluded to, and has left an account of it. It is also interesting to note what he thought of the Meynell country, and to compare it with our experience of to-day. He begins by telling us that north of Ashbourne the hills preclude the possibility of following hounds. "The Sudbury country is a fine grass vale, very favourable to scent, abounding in brooks, with many strong fences; in wet weather, such as we have recently experienced, the land is awfully deep, therefore distressing to horses, which require necessarily the highest attainments of blood, power, and condition, assisted, too, by all the auxiliaries of discretion and strong nerves. Here the science of the draining engineer does not appear to be highly appreciated, and treacherous bogs not unfrequently bring horses and riders to grief. The passes through gateways are frightfully deep, but there is one compensating and consoling consequence, the extreme wetness of the land in many situations precludes the possibility of cattle being depastured in the fields throughout the winter season; thus, though not altogether exonerated, hounds do not often experience the checks and difficulties from that cause that they are exposed to in many other parts of Her Majesty's dominions." It will be readily conceded that *nous avons changé tout cela.* "Cecil" then goes on to say, "The foxes hereabouts are of a fine gallant race; rejoicing in tendencies of the wildest nature, and not having any very extensive woodlands to hold them, they have but one alternative when

the polite attentions of the pack alarm them, to fly for their lives with the utmost precipitancy. It is nevertheless a very difficult task to kill them, a conclusion at which I arrived on the very first day I met these hounds at Radburne Hall, and my impression was confirmed by Tom Leedham. As there are scarcely any holding coverts, or points for foxes to make, their line of country is not guided by those accustomed instincts which enable observant huntsmen to make advantageous casts. Hounds, generally unassisted, must exert their powers." It is worth while to note here that Tom's testimony bears out that of Charles, his nephew, who always stoutly maintained that it was not a good scenting country, and was an extremely difficult one to kill foxes in. Moreover, the evidence carries weight for this reason, that no one ever got a Leedham to agree with him out of politeness. There are plenty of people who, if you say, "It seems a good scenting country," will say, "Yes;" and if the next man says, "It seems bad," will say, "Yes" again, with equal readiness. But if you said to a Leedham, "It seems a good scenting country," he would have promptly replied, "I call it a very bad one." Such answers are not pleasant, but they have the advantage of being genuine.

"Cecil" goes on to say, after a digression about the geography of the country, that he understood that Mr. Meynell Ingram started at first with some of Lord Vernon's hounds, and that then, being anxious to obtain as much as possible of his grandfather's famous blood, he got an extensive addition from Mr. Heron. We know pretty well, from earlier writers, what that addition was, viz. one couple, or a couple and a half. Here "Cecil" also writes as if there was not much Quorndon blood in the Hoar Cross kennels at first. It would be interesting if some one could throw some light on the subject. Even that great authority, Mr. Cecil Legard, confessed that the matter was beyond his ken, though he, also, thought that probably the hounds which were in the Hoar Cross Kennels at the beginning of the century came from Quorndon.

"Cecil" continues: "Being well off for walks, they are enabled to send out annually about fifty couples of puppies, affording an average entry of some twelve couples, which fills up the ranks without having recourse to other kennels; and, having a good choice of sires, they are not accustomed to roam about for fresh blood. It is a very great object to breed from hounds whose good propensities are known, and, more than that, the prevailing properties of antecedents, when more success must follow than by selecting superlatively from symmetry without any further guide to the inherent perfections of nose, tongue, and constitution. To repudiate such vices as skirting and babbling is a matter equally important. The Belvoir kennels have supplied much valuable fresh blood through their Regent, Druid, Agent, Trusty, Gambler, and Grappler; the Badminton through Foreman; the Brocklesby through Vaulter; Lord Henry Bentinck's through Warrior and Challenger; Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's through Royal and Admiral. The Honourable George Fitzwilliam's Bluecap and Mr. Lumley's Render have also been patronized. Alfred, a very clever hound, son of Alaric and Gadfly, is sire of the huntsman's choice in this year's entry, Fairplay to wit, whose mother, Fancy, is a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's Foreman; Fencer is also of the same litter. Reginald, by Lord Scarborough's Reginald and Roguish, is the sire of several superior entries. Roguish is the issue of the Quorn Fugleman and Rosebud. Alaric is by Falstaff—Agnes" (the famous Agnes) "representing the Belvoir kennels through their Flasher. Grappler is sire of Pilgrim, a useful hound of this year's entry, and here again they have the Belvoir blood. Hercules boasts of a numerous family among the working hounds, which adds vastly to his renown; he was a son of Adjutant and Hyacinth, whose ancestors are of Hoar Cross blood. Red Rose, a daughter of Mr. Lumley's Render and Amulet, has produced more than an average number of worthies. The first season of her becoming a matron, three couples of her puppies were entered, and the

following year two couples and a half; Fancy and Fairy, Racket and Rally, convey her good properties to the present generation. The kennels contain fifty couples of hounds, thirteen couples of which are in their novitiate; Rallywood, the produce of the Duke of Rutland's Rallywood and Graceful, is clever and on short legs; and Valiant, a good-looking black, white, and tan hound, is the issue of Forester and Virgin. Pilgrim by Grappler, his dam Playful, has much character in his favour. Fairplay and Fencer are the issue of Alfred and Fancy, one of the daughters of Red Rose, by the Duke of Beaufort's Foreman; Fairplay has ingratiated himself wonderfully in favour with Tom Leedham, who pronounces him the best of the year."

Fairplay did well enough, remaining in the pack till his ninth season, but the pick of the entry proved to be Merrimac, who was so good that he was used as a sire in his second season.

"There is a good litter by the Duke of Rutland's Agent, consisting of Auditor, Agent, Adelaide, and Amethyst. The second of these is a dark black and tan hound, with very little white, with a truly sensible head, significant of fox-killing, and, from what I noticed of him in his work, I was highly pleased with him. Amethyst has length, substance, and symmetry, calculated to include her in the list of future matrons." (She did not fulfil her promise.) "Royal, Rarity, and Relish, in their second season, are doing credit to their parentage. Sir Watkin Wynn's Royal is their sire, and Fancy their dam; their constitutions are represented as being extremely good, and they afford an example of the great importance of breeding from superlatively good qualities on both sides the escutcheon. Dreadnought has been at work four seasons, and is a good-looking hound, with high character. Hebe, a remarkably clever daughter of Hercules and Celia, is of the same age."

He then goes on to say that scent had been bad in the early part of the season, but after the New Year they had

capital sport. On January 10th they ran from Spencer's Plantation, by Blithfield Rectory, across the Rugeley road, for Nicholl's Pit, by Stephen's Hill across Rugeley road again, through Blitheford to Yate (? Blithmoor to Yeatsall), turned to the left, through the Warren coverts and across the Warren for Bagot's Woods; through Lord's Coppice, to Mr. Charles's of the Moor, then to the left to Harts' Coppice, to Daisy Bank, turned to the right to Field House Coppice, and on to Bacon Bank, when it became too dark to persevere and the hounds were stopped.

This was a nice hunt, but there was a far better one to come. On February 8th, 1863, when hounds came to Radburne on a foggy morning, there was a tremendous gathering, people coming from the Quorn, the Atherstone, the North Staffordshire, and even more distant quarters.

Amongst many others there were present Lords Chesterfield, Bagot, and Stanhope, Hon. E. Coke, two Mr. Wilmots, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Michael Bass, M.P., Messrs. Clowes, Moore, junr., two FitzHerberts, James Holden, and, of course, many others, up to the number of two hundred or more. Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram was not well enough to be out. They found at the Rough, and away they went as hard as they could drive for Langley. There was a crush at the gateway out of the park, and hounds got a start which they maintained for some time.

Before they got to Brailsford, the leading men, of whom Mr. Beresford FitzHerbert was about the first, caught them. It was generally allowed that the last-named gentleman had pretty well the best of it till nearly the end, though his brother, now Sir Richard, the Honourable E. Coke, Mr. Walter Boden, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Clowes, and Mr. James Holden all had their turn. Away hounds streamed for Longford, and straight by Sutton, where the fox evidently wanted to get back to Radburne; but they pressed him too hard, and he kept on by Etwall, where Charles saw a fresh fox jump up, the

tired one going back. This did for "Cecil," who got wind of where the hunted fox had gone, and waited for the pack to come to him; but instead of that on they went, too fast for any one to stop them, by Dalbury and Trusley, where Mr. Clowes lamed his horse over the brook and had to retire. Between Etwall and Sutton Hill, Mr. R. FitzHerbert got a nick, which enabled his young filly, by Prizefighter, to get her wind and join in again all right by Sutton. From Sutton they ran across Barton Blount Park, and on to Church Broughton, over the brook, where Mr. Beresford FitzHerbert's Firedrake slipped in, and his brother lost his pride of place, though he caught them again before the finish. From Church Broughton they scurried on, with unabated speed, for Foston, crossed the railway at Sudbury station, and would no doubt have caught their fox had he not been drowned in a gallant effort to swim the Dove and gain his home in the Forest Banks.

Time, two hours and fifteen minutes, a ten-mile point, and, at least, twenty-two as hounds ran. Nearly all the way from Etwall they had come up wind, and that at such a pace that they had always a bit the best of the horses.

"Cecil" gives the names of the following as being in at the finish: the two Mr. FitzHerberts, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Cooke, and Mr. James Holden. The spelling is his.

In the preceding pages "Cecil" alludes to a good run on January 10th from Spencer's Plantation; but there must have been some mistake, as hounds were at Swarkeston Bridge on that day. But they did have an excellent hunt on January 13th, 1863, all round and about the woods, which is thus described:—

"Found in the Heathfield, ran several short rings in the woods, then went away across Blithfield Warren, Newton Hurst, up the Tad brookside to Kingston Woods, into Lord's Coppice, out again by Dunstall, Blithfield Warren, up the peaty fields by Hyde's, into the woods, to Lord's Coppice, by Charles's of the Moors, in front of

Henry Turnor's, through the Cliffs, down to Buttermilk Hill, out by Gorsty Hill, close to Woodford Rough, turned to the left, crossed the Uttoxeter Road at Cuckold's Haven Gate, nearly to Loxley, by Kingston Village, through Kingston Woods, Bagot's Woods, out at Lord's Coppice, across Blithfield Warren, through the Warren Covert, by Yeatsal and back to Dunstall, where they caught him in the farmyard. Two hours and fifty minutes. Hound never cast the whole time. Third fox." This was indeed a fine performance on the part of hounds.

On the 31st of the same month there is rather an interesting entry: "Black Slough. Found and ran him to ground under the railway. Got on to a line between the canal and King's Bromley, crossed the canal, which Griffiths, Berkeley Paget, Harry (*i.e.* Mr. Boucherett) and young Bass (*i.e.* the late Master, Mr. Hamar Bass) plunged into." Lord Berkeley Paget is the only survivor of this little band. Mr. Griffiths, as has been mentioned before, was the writer of several accounts of runs with the Meynell, over the signature of "A.G."

People often talk of jumping the Foston Mill Dam, so it is worth while to fix the exact date of one, at least, of the occasions on which it was done. On March 7th, 1863, hounds met at Swarkeston, and in those days no one would expect in that case to find himself at night at Foston. Such, however, was the case; for they began this day by finding in Mr. Ashton Mosley's Gorse, at Burnaston, ran by Etwall, Sutton Gorse, down to the Longford Brook, along the meadows to Hilton, turned to the left, and caught him before he got back to Sutton Gorse, after a good forty-five minutes. Then they found at Hilton Gorse, and hunted their fox to Foston.

The 10th was the Prince of Wales's wedding-day, and every one, apparently, must have gone to see the wedding, for no one went hunting with Tom (not even the Master) from New Inn, except Miss Meynell Ingram, Lord Alexander Paget, and Messrs. Boucherett and Bass. Tom

celebrated the day by losing the hounds for some time in the woods—a thing which did not often happen to him.

But, to come to the Mill Dam again, after this digression, it was on March 14th that Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., jumped it in the order named. Hounds ran from the Spath, all over the cream of our country, by Sutton Mill, where they turned back again by Church Broughton, and went flying between Sapperton and Boylestone. Here it was that Sir F. Johnstone went sailing down at the Mill Dam, which looks like a miniature lake, and cleared it. Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Chaplin followed him, and these two had hounds to themselves all the way to Sudbury Coppice (thirty minutes). Here the pack got on a fresh fox and ran well by Cubley, by Stydd Hall, up to Darley Moor, where the hounds were stopped, and went home, after a good run of an hour and thirty minutes in all.

Mr. Beresford FitzHerbert also, on another occasion, jumped this same place on Baily's Beads, a famous horse of Sir William's, by Hurworth. Mr. Charles Cumming jumped it too one day, but his horse fell on landing. Mr. Hamar Bass got over the brook higher up on Paget, but he also fell on landing. On this occasion hounds were hunting very slowly on a cold scent, and Mr. Bass had a go at it for fun, asking what was the use of an extra good horse if he could not do something out of the way. Another time he jumped out of Sudbury Park, not far from Jackson the park-keeper's house; and once got his horse to jump the palings after several refusals, which called for a good deal of courage and determination. Jackson, in his white kennel-coat, on his white-faced cob, is quite a familiar figure with the Meynell, and a rare good sportsman he is. The mention of him calls to mind the stalwart form of Pike, the head keeper at Sudbury, who has always such a lot of foxes, and contrives to keep a good head of game into the bargain.

The following is the only printed account of the doings of the Meynell this year :—

Bell's Life, April 19th, 1863 :—

Mr. Editor,—These hounds met on Saturday, March 21st, at Brethy Park, the seat of the Earl of Chesterfield, where a sumptuous lunch was provided for all comers. After doing ample justice to the creature comforts, the hounds proceeded to draw the decoy and a few smaller coverts blank, in consequence of the large number of woodmen at work. We then trotted on to the big wood, where a fine old dog-fox was soon unkennelled, faced the open, the wind full in his teeth, taking a straight line to Tatenhall, but, finding himself strongly pressed, he turned to the left and pointed for Repton. This he left on the right, making his point then for the park, but being headed, went straight for the wood, which he just entered at the top, taking a line of country for Hartshorn and Pistern Hills. Headed back, he went to earth at the rocks in view of the hounds, after one hour of the best run that had been witnessed for years. He was got out and killed. It was the theme of admiration to see how beautifully the hounds did their work, with scarcely the symptoms of a check during the run. After giving the nags a little breathing time, the orders were given to draw Hartshorn Gorse, where the hounds were no sooner in than a brace of foxes were on foot, the hounds going away with the dog fox, and close to his brush. It was certainly a fine sight to witness the fox and hounds in view for upwards of a mile. Reynard made for the Pistern Hills, pointing for Ashby-de-la-Zouch, but, finding the wind in his teeth, and too hotly pressed, turned to the left, made for the big wood, where he did not hang a moment, through the park, for Repton Shrubs, where he went to earth after another pretty run of fifty minutes. Thus ended one of the best day's sport enjoyed by a very numerous field for many years in this part of the country. Too much praise cannot be given to the noble earl for his preservation of foxes and his desire to give sport to the hunt.

Yours, etc.,

Black Cap.

The season ended at Bagot's Park on March 27th.

Foxes killed during regular hunting, thirteen brace; run to ground, nine; blank days, one; total number of hunting days, sixty-two.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. E. J. BIRD—RADBURNE DAY—RUN TO MODDERSHALL OAKS—DEATH OF ADMIRAL MEYNELL.

1863–1864.

THERE are not many people who can remember the Meynell hounds longer than Mr. Bird. "Pa" Bird, as the late Mr. "Chev" Bateman facetiously dubbed him one day, when the family, with a champagne-case mounted on wheels, met the hunt, and ran up to the author of their being, calling out "Pa"; and the name stuck to him.

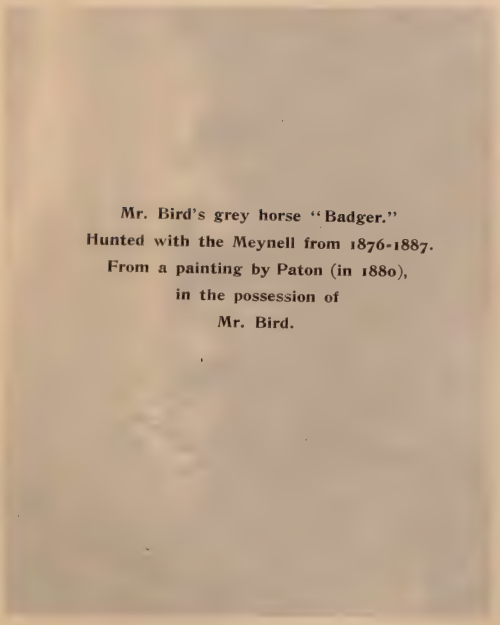
As a boy he hunted with the famous "Jack" Conyers in Essex and also with Mr. Parry of the Puckeridge, and learned to ride without stirrups—about the only way to *insure* a good and firm seat in after years. This he attained, and, by its means, assisted by good hands and a determination to go where the hounds went, backed by good nerve, he arrived at the proud position of being one of the leaders of the hunt. Not that this was achieved all at once. In his earlier days, though forward, he was not so often actually *the* first, but later on, when those two notable persons, Messrs. Cecil Legard and Richard FitzHerbert, had gone away, he naturally stepped into the vacant places, and may fairly claim, with Mr. Walter Boden, the Hon. E. Coke, Mr. Clowes, "Squire" Chandos-Pole, Mr. F. Cotton, Mr. Henry Boden, Mr. G. F. Meynell, and perhaps one or two others, the distinction of being one of the best men with the Meynell at that time. About this period, 1876, under the advice of "Doctor" Statham, he gave Messrs. Newman and Landsley a hundred

pounds for a grey horse, which he subsequently called the Badger.

Charles used to declare that this was the best horse that ever crossed the Meynell country. A better there could hardly be, though, possibly, when his owner galloped pell-mell into the pack, on a culvert near Brailsford, he might have wished it was possible always to stop him at short notice. He said it seemed hours before he was clear of the hounds, though the Badger did his best to help by sending them flying (with fore and hind feet), crying, "Pen and ink and paper." It was in the squire's time, and Mr. Bird will never cease to feel grateful to the late Mrs. Chandos-Pole for making his peace with the Master. But it was to fall to Jim Tasker to "rub it in." Next time Mr. Bird arrived at the meet he observed cheerily and innocently, "A short pack to-day, Charles," to which Jim replied, in his squeaky voice, "You've not left us very many, sir!"

But, if the Badger could not always be stopped, nothing ever stopped him. Mr. Kempson will remember following him over the Sutton brook in cold blood, to make a short cut, with all the boys in Dalbury shouting out, "You canna get theer!" Next Sunday Mr. Stapylton Cotton saw a troop of people coming, as he thought, to church, but they were only looking down to see where these adventurous spirits had jumped the great brook. Mr. Bird, like most masters of the art, has his system, which is to ride at his fences pretty much with a loose rein, and to let his horse go his own pace at them. This, with his horses at any rate, was a fast one, and yet he got comparatively few falls, and was only hurt twice. Once he broke his collar-bone, and, on another occasion, his horse put his forefeet into a filled-up ditch in the middle of a field, and striking into his rider's hand in the struggle, tore the flesh off the back of it.

He was not in favour of mounting people, thinking it upset horses to be ridden by strange hands, so, as a rule, no one rode his horses except his second son, Harry.



Mr. Bird's grey horse "Badger."
Hunted with the Meynell from 1876-1887.
From a painting by Paton (in 1880),
in the possession of
Mr. Bird.

with whom every horse went pleasantly. Once, however, he made an exception in favour of a friend who was staying with him at Barton Hall. The friend started later than he did and never arrived at the meet. As they were riding into Barton at the end of the day they saw the friend coming out of the yard of the Mutton inn, two hundred yards from the hall. He had ridden to the inn, stabled his horse there, and spent his day in the bar parlour!

Charles, who was very fond both of the Badger and his owner, enjoyed telling how hounds once ran at a tremendous pace from Radburne to Sutton Gorse, and how the pair jumped the two forks of the brook, and, to wind up with, the main brook below the confluence of the forks, at a yawning cattle-drinking place. The pace was too good to admit of looking about much, and the brook with its fork is of a tortuous nature. Lord Shrewsbury on a steeple-chaser followed him. At the gorse, hounds divided, and only Mr. Bird was with Charles to Longford Mill, where they joined forces again, and ran on to Snelston, where they were stopped. An account of this run appeared in the papers, which gave rise to some amusement, and also to a little heart-burning; for Mr. Broadley Smith, who had really gone uncommonly well, was not even mentioned, and was very sore about it. Mr. Bird was in the same boat, but did not mind, having had his fair share of fame at one time and another. Mr. John Smith was mentioned, however, though he had not been particularly forward on that occasion, and it leaked out that he had gone home with the scribe, who had had his imagination spurred by a deep draught of Mr. Smith's famous jumping powder! Here is the recipe of those who care to try it. Orange brandy, whisky, curaçoa, and ginger wine, and you must go on mixing and tasting till the component parts are blended to your liking! By that time the biggest fence looks small. Not that Mr. John Smith required anything of the sort to stimulate his courage.

When Mr. Bird lived at Newton Solney in 1865, he, in conjunction with Mr. A. O. Worthington and Mr. George Mitchell, purchased Lord Stanhope's harriers, with which they had no end of fun. When he went to Barton Hall in 1867 he started polo. The players were Lord Harrington, Messrs. Walker (3), Bird (3), Ludham, Dudley Fox, W. Fellowes, Captain Fowler Butler, Dr. Palmer, and Mr. P. Burnott. The team was good enough to play the Fourth and Fifth Dragoons, and to make a tie of it in each match. Barton was a very sporting place in those days, as many as nine pink coats sallying out of a morning. From Barton, Mr. Bird migrated, in 1885, to Orgreave Hall, where he soon had foxes in the hitherto barren coverts by the simple process of discharging all the keepers but one, and telling the latter that he did not care about game, but foxes there must be, or "you go." The Meynell hounds came there once during his tenancy. From there he moved to Hound-hill, Marchington, and finally left the Meynell country in 1896, after forty years of good sport and good-fellowship, full of goodwill towards his neighbours, and of gratitude to successive masters for their kindness to him. We miss the long, lathy figure in the swallow-tail coat when hounds are running, and wish we could see it in its accustomed place as of yore. There is one custom of his which seems worthy of notice. If a horse carried him well one season he never parted with him, as he could not bear to think of a faithful servant being reduced to a bit of hardship in his old age. All his children follow in the footsteps of their father in the art of equestrianism, and the second one, Harry, is making a name for himself between the flags at Gibraltar. The eldest son, Captain Bird, is still with us, living at Nuttall House, Barton-under-Needwood, and so is his daughter, Mrs. Dudley Fox, at Tutbury, a very finished horsewoman.

Mrs. Bird, though the mother of such a riding family, did not ride herself, but she used to send capital accounts of sport with the Meynell to the Burton *Chronicle*.

Mr. Bird's father hunted with the Puckeridge in Mr. Hanbury's and Mr. Parry's time, his great hunting ally being the celebrated "Dick" Gurney, to whom Mr. Bird (senior) sold the equally famous, Sober Robin (*vide* "Scot and Sebright," p. 343). The uncle of "our" Mr. Bird was Squire Dobede, of Exning House, Newmarket, and a great character on the Heath. It was at his death that the Jockey Club acquired the Exning estate.

Since this was written Mr. Harry Bird, who has been mentioned above, died of typhoid fever in Gibraltar, where he was immensely popular. He was considered the best gentleman jockey on the Rock.

The season of 1863–64 opened on October 26th, at Sudbury Coppice, where they had what is described as a good day's cub-hunting, and killed a brace. In this year the young squire married the Hon. Emily Wood, eldest daughter of Viscount Halifax, and went to live at Cross Hays, Hoar Cross, which had been built for them. So another lady was added to the very limited number who went out with the Hoar Cross hounds in those days. Being Yorkshire bred, it was only natural that she should ride and be fond of hunting, and Tom was in high glee one day, when hounds ran very hard from Eaton Wood, to find only three others, besides himself, with them, especially as one of them was his young mistress on Micky Free. The other two were the Hon. E. Coke and Mr. Michael Bass.

There were certain celebrities out with the hounds this year, including Lord Granville, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Count Hall, Lady E. Villiers, Lady G. Talbot, Lady G. Hamilton, Lady E. Mount Edgecumbe, Lady Blanche Egerton, Mr. Corbet, and others mentioned elsewhere. During the early part of the season there was not much sport, but on December 14th, hounds dropped on to one of the good old-fashioned hill foxes in an osier bed below Hope Wood. It was a nice calm morning, but scent was none of the best, for they came to a long check by Roston village, and so only hunted slowly to Snelston,

through the old gorse, across the turnpike road through Blakely Holt (which was probably what is now called the Holt) to Wyaston, where he turned to the right nearly to Longford and up to Rodsley, where he lay down in an orchard. Here hounds got up to him, and he jumped up in view. So they ran very fast through the corner of Shirley Park, without dwelling, first to the left of Ednaston, across Bradley bottoms, under Jarratt's Gorse, by Hulland village, and they stopped the hounds just beyond it, after a good run of two hours and ten minutes and a ten-mile point.

On Monday, December 28th, they ran pretty well all over our present Monday country. After killing a three-legged one at Sudbury Coppice, they found another in the Aldermoor, and ran by Cubley Gorse, where they probably changed, on to Snelston, across Darley Moor, by Stydd Hall towards Beatley Car. Here they turned back through Cubley Gorse, and by Marston Park, straight to Snelston village, below it, came up the hill and gave it up by the old gorse, opposite the Holly Wood.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-four began with a fortnight's frost, and sport was moderate till February, when they had a good day from Radburne. There is a similarity between Henry de Ferrers and Radburne. Every place in the country seems at first to have belonged to the former, and almost every good run seems to have started from the latter. Moreover, Henry de Ferrers was an ancestor of the Chandos-Poles of Radburne. The run alluded to is thus described :—

Bell's Life, February 13th, 1864 :—

Mr. Editor,—On Thursday, the 4th inst., occurred one of those rare scenting days which is well worthy to be recorded in the columns of any journal, resulting, as it did, in the death of a really stout fox, who, in spite of such a burning scent, managed to live, at almost a racing pace, for an hour and thirty-two minutes before such hounds as Mr. Meynell's. We found him in Radburne Pool Tail, whence he was viewed away by the Handbridge almost immediately after the hounds were thrown into the covert, heading due west, but changing direction immediately to the left, after a momentary check at the lane, on crossing which, and the brook, he bore straight for Mickleover, crossing the turnpike road not far from Mr. Newton's house, thence up to Littleover, where the first check

occurred. Here his tactics were entirely changed, as he turned short to the right and ran parallel with the Birmingham and Derby Railway, leaving Normanton a little to his left, and absolutely flying down that fine line of grass country by Findern to the Spread Eagle, where he again turned to the right, up to the Burton and Derby Road, which he crossed not far from the Uttoxeter branch of the North Staffordshire Railway. Thence to Etwall, leaving the village to his left, and pointing as if for Dalbury. Here he was evidently sinking, as he again turned short to the right, going by Burnaston down to within two fields of Little Derby House, where this gallant fox succumbed. Had this run been straight, it certainly would have ranked as one of the best on record, as the pace was extraordinary, the check at Littleover being but momentary, and this after thirty minutes, thence to the Spread Eagle and on to Etwall occupying some thirty-five minutes more; up to this point was the cream of the run, the whole distance measuring close on fifteen miles. A report having got abroad that the Melton division would probably come down by train, a large field assembled at the fixture, the attractions of Radburne being enhanced by a lovely morning. The pace, however, was so good as to quickly dispose of all but earnest goers, some eight or ten only chalking out the line. It is to be regretted that the Leicestershire men did not show, as they could not but have been gratified in riding in such a run, over a country almost as good as the best of their own, and in the opinion of some, superior as a scenting one. A few of the Atherstone, North Staffordshire, and other men from a distance, notably supported the reputation of their own districts, having, as they well knew, to compete with some of the best riders to be found, viz. the Derbyshire men. Unfortunately for themselves, Mr. Hugo Meynell and Tom Leedham were both absent from illness, but in the absence of the latter Jack Leedham was a most able substitute.

Yours, etc.,

A. G.

Lichfield, February 6th, 1864.

On February 15th, they must have found probably the same fox in the Aldermoor which they hunted in the early part of the season from below Hope Wood to Hulland. It is a great pity A. G. was not out to leave us a description of it. As it is we have only the bare outline in Mr. Meynell Ingram's diary, from which we learn that "they found in the Aldermoor, and went away directly by the Wilderness to Marston-Montgomery, back to the right, leaving Cubley Gorse on the right, over the Ashbourne road by Stydd Hall, into the valley, where they checked, and Roguish (aptly named!) got forward. We did not catch her till she was going into the Holly Covert at Snelston. They passed Blakely Holt, over the Derby and Ashbourne road, left Bradley Wood close on the right, over Sturston brook, across Ashbourne Green, by the back of Sir Mathew Blakiston's house (Sandy Brook,

where Mr. Turnbull now lives) to within a mile and a half of Tissington, turned back by Kniveton, across the Wirksworth road as if for Atlow, turned again to the left, and we stopped them above Hognaston on the Ashbourne and Wirksworth road. Two hours and thirty minutes, thirteen miles point to point."

Perhaps the art of conditioning horses was better understood now than it was in the twenties, for at the end of such a run as this the old squire always added, "All the horses tired." As his son never says so, are we to conclude that things were different in his day?

The last day was on April 9th at Brereton village, and they finished up with killing their fox after a good fifty-five minutes over the chase, under the critical eyes of Peter Collinson and Stephen Dickens, huntsmen to the Cheshire and the Atherstone: killed, eighteen and a half brace; to ground, four; hunting days, sixty-four.

1864–1865.

The season was ushered in by a very dry autumn, in which there was scarcely any cub-hunting. The opening day was at Kedleston inn on November 8th, when they drew all Kedleston blank. They found in Darley osier bed and Allestree, running both their foxes to ground at once.

The next day, at Radburne, hounds divided with an afternoon fox from the Rough, and only Mr. Charles Eaton, a very hard-riding farmer, was with one lot (nine and a half couples), which he finally stopped near Hollington, and shut up in a stable at Ednaston. The ground was as hard as a brick from the drought. When the weather broke it became very stormy, and sport was very indifferent all through November. Nor was it much better in the early part of December. When the good thing did come off at last, from Loxley, or rather, from Carry Coppice, no one saw it. Hounds crossed the Blythe where it was impassable, and ran clean away from the field, through Birchwood Park to the left of Draycott Woods,

by Hilderstone, into Moddershall Oaks, where the fox got to ground. This was at least an eight-mile point, and was supposed to have been done in fifty minutes. It was a very rainy day. This is odd, because on the two other occasions, which we know of, when they ran to Moddershall Oaks, it rained very hard.

On the 15th they found in Brailsford Gorse and ran as hard as they could go for seventeen minutes, as straight as a gunbarrel by the church, down the Culland meadows, into Longford Car. Here they never dwelt, but were off again in an instant, and raced across to Bentley Car, through it and down to Foston—seven miles in forty-eight minutes. Changing foxes, they ran up to the Church Broughton road, where they were stopped and brought back to Foston. From this they went away again and ran a wide ring through Pennywaste, below the house, and nearly to Sudbury Park, where they turned and came back by Sapperton, all round Foston, till at last the fox went to ground in a pithole at Mackley, after a capital run of three hours with a good scent all the time. It was a calm, fair day, with the wind in the east.

It snowed and froze at night, and there was no more hunting till December 22nd, when they had a long ringing hunt of three hours all about Chartley and Fradswell. Then came another week's frost, two days' hunting after it, and then frost again till January 5th. Even then the weather was decidedly against good sport, being very rough and changeable. Still, on the 16th, from Foston, they had a great day, and tired all the horses. They did not find till they got to Sutton Gorse, and ran a nice ring of twenty minutes from there, away again across Hilton Common, back under Etwall, and lost their fox unaccountably. Then they found in Hilton Gorse, crossed the brook by Sutton, ran nearly to Trusley, turned to the left almost to Brailsford, and came back by Longford Rectory. Thence they ran nicely down the meadows to Barton Fields, where Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell was living, and up to Barton-Blount Hall. Time, forty-eight minutes. Here

they checked, and then hunted slowly over Mr. Bradshaw's large ploughed fields, which are now, happily, all laid down to grass, by Church Broughton, and Hatton Common, crossed the Derby road close to Foston, into the meadows. Turning back, they recrossed the road, and hunted over Hatton Common and on under Hoon Mount up to Sutton, where Tom and Jack stopped them, as it was quite dark, after they had been running for two hours. Scent was good on the grass, but very poor on the plough.

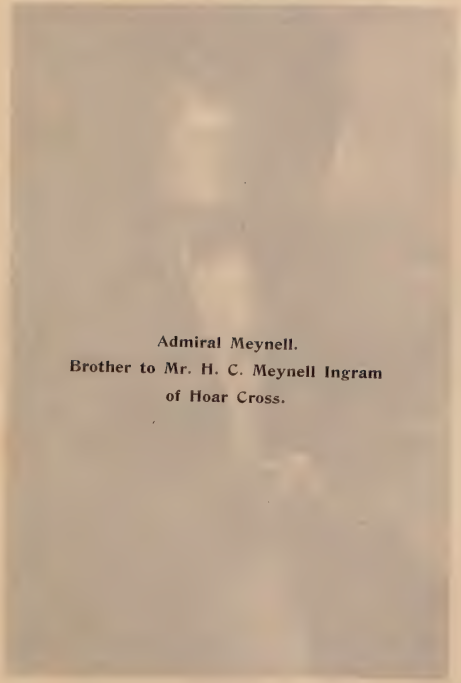
On the 19th there was frost and deep snow, which stopped them for a week, and, when they did hunt again, on February 25th, the master was summoned abroad to be with Admiral Meynell, who was ill in Paris, at the Hôtel du Louvre.

Nothing much occurred worthy of note after this, except a good ringing hunt from Bentley Car, when Charles—the first mention of him—stopped the hounds at dark. In these days they had to make their one horse apiece last out the day; when that was tired they had to go home. Still, hounds often ran all day till the light failed, and they managed to be with them. About the fastest thing of the season was a ten-minutes' burst from Mr. Newton's osiers, when they raced into the fox by the little gorse at Sutton, and every one agreed that Mr. R. Corbet had the best of it.

The season came abruptly to an end on March 18th, probably on account of the serious illness of the Admiral.

Foxes killed, seven and a half brace; run to ground, five and a half brace; number of hunting days, forty-one.

On March 24th the gallant old Admiral Meynell died at Paris, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. There is hardly a run, of which there is any published account, in which his name does not appear, yet, in his latter days, he did not try to ride hard; in fact, his weight was against it. But he was a thorough sportsman, and, which is better still, he was beloved by everybody, and the tall, square-shouldered, burly figure, and the kind, handsome face, was missed by rich and poor alike for many a long day.



Admiral Meynell.
Brother to Mr. H. C. Meynell Ingram
of Hoar Cross.

CHAPTER XX.

LONGFORD—THE HON. E. COKE—A DERBYSHIRE THURSDAY—A DAY OF MISFORTUNES—MEETING OF THE HUNT—LULLINGTON GORSE.

1865–1866.

LONGFORD is so thoroughly Meynellian that it fairly claims some slight mention. At this time Mr. Meynell Ingram invariably stayed there for what was known as the Derby week, usually walking over from Hoar Cross on the day before the Tuesday's hunting at Kedleston. Hounds were of course kenneled at Kedleston inn, and always met at Kedleston on Tuesday, Radburne on Thursday, and Swarkeston on Saturday, returning to Hoar Cross that night. The plan, no doubt, was made the occasion of hospitality and festivity, Derbyshire people returning the entertainment of their Staffordshire friends, and every one liked it. But from a hunting point of view it had its drawbacks. If in that particular week—usually the first in every month—there happened to be a frost, then that portion of the country remained unhunted for a month. Moreover, there was no reason why the same thing might not happen again. As a matter of fact, it never did occur, but it was just on the cards that hounds might never have drawn the coverts in those parts the whole season through. However, it was the only thing to be done, so long as the hounds were kenneled at Hoar Cross.

Longford, originally called Laganford, was, in early times, the seat of a family which took their name from the place. Thus, as long ago as the time of Edward II.,

Nicholas de Longford represented the county in Parliament. This family died out in the early part of the seventeenth century, and Longford came into the possession of a descendant of Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice of England in the time of James I. Edward Coke, Esq., of Longford,* was created a baronet in 1641, and he served the office of Sheriff for the county in 1646. He married Catharine, the granddaughter of the Lord Chief Justice Dyer, and was succeeded in his title and estates by Sir Edward, his fourth son, who died without issue. The place then became the property of Edward, the second son of Edward Coke, Esq., of Holkham in Norfolk, a lineal descendant of the Chief Justice Coke. Dying unmarried in 1783, he left the estate to his younger brother, Robert Coke, Esq., who was vice-chamberlain to Queen Caroline. He married Lady Jane, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Philip, Duke of Wharton. On the death of the last-named possessor, the estate descended to his nephew, Wenman Roberts, Esq., who took the name and arms of Coke, and, in 1772, was chosen one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Derby. Thomas William, his eldest son, not only succeeded his father in his estates in the counties of Derby and Lancaster, but afterwards became heir to the vast property of Viscount Coke, Earl of Leicester. The estate and manor of Longford, however, were enjoyed by Edward Coke, Esq., the second son, who for many years represented the borough of Derby in Parliament, and who was nominated High Sheriff for the county in 1819. On his death the estate and manor again reverted to Thomas William Coke, Esq., of Holkham, created, July 21st, 1837, Earl of Leicester and Viscount Coke. It was his son, the Hon. Edward Coke, who, as "Ned" Coke, was so well known with the Hoar Cross and Meynell hounds for so many years. He always rode nearly, if not quite, thoroughbred horses with long tails, and his tall, spare figure was always in the van, while the keen, intellectual face, with its iron-grey beard, was

* "Ashbourne and the Valley of the Dove."

Colonel the Hon. W. Coke.
From a photograph
by
Dickinson.

very pleasant to see. He it was—the bosom friend of her husband—whom Mrs. Meynell Ingram selected to help her in carrying out the wishes of the last Master of the Hoar Cross hounds. Neither could she well have made a better choice, for he possessed the great qualities of tact, courtesy, firmness, and business-like capacity, and was, above all things, essentially a gentleman. In fact, there were many points of similarity between him and his friend.

Mr. Coke was, with Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell, his neighbour for many years, one of the prime movers in the shire horse movement, which has done so much for Derbyshire in general and the Ashbourne district in particular. His own "shires" were a household word throughout the whole countryside. Being who he was, it was only natural that he should be a keen and practical agriculturist, the Cokes of Holkham being noted for their intelligent interest in all farming matters. He died in 1889.

His brother, Colonel the Hon. Wenman Coke, now lives at Longford in the hunting season, his brother Henry coming there in the summer. Colonel Coke is the *doyen* of the Hunt, but contrives to see more sport than most of the younger men, and it was only two years ago that he put his shoulder out near Cubley. He was all through the Crimean War with his regiment, the Scots Guards, and was A.D.C. to Lord Rokeby, commanding 1st division for the last six months of the war.

His prowess with gun and rifle has been recorded so often elsewhere, that it would be a work of supererogation to do more than mention it here. He has, indeed, been a *burra shikarri*, killing big game in India, in Africa, Canada, Newfoundland, and anywhere else where it is to be found.

He represented East Norfolk in Parliament for seven years, while his brother Edward was the member for the western division of the same county. The latter also stood, as a Liberal Unionist, for South Derbyshire. He

was President for one year of the Shire Horse Society, and there is a prize for shire horses named after him. He was Master of the Meynell hounds during the season immediately succeeding Mr. Meynell Ingram's death, or perhaps, to be strictly accurate, he was field Master in Derbyshire.

The coverts at Longford are the Car, Reeve's Moor, and the Finney Bank, one or other of which may always be reckoned on to hold a fox.

The season of 1865–1866 began at Sudbury Coppice on October 30th. The only reference to the hounds in any publication which has met the writer's eye is the half petulant remark from the editor of *Bell's Life*, "The Leedhams are still the component part of Mr. Meynell Ingram's establishment, where the *grim god of Silence still reigns supreme!*" And so would continue to do were it not for the kindness of Mrs. Meynell Ingram in lending the Hoar Cross diaries, and for what little can be gleaned from the rather untrustworthy source of oral tradition.

Sport in November was fair, and the only item of interest was the mention of Lord Stanhope being hit by a labourer, but why or wherefore does not appear. There are also two or three cases of foxes with three legs, and even of one with a trap actually on his leg. In fact, there was a scarcity of foxes, for often they only found one in the day. Yet sport was very moderate up to Christmas, which makes against the theory, that if there are but few foxes you are sure to have good sport.

The first good day was on January 18th, from Egginton. Two of the five ladies mentioned were Misses Hall, but who the other three were does not appear, as neither of the Misses Meynell Ingram were out.

"On Thursday, 18th, the meet took place at Egginton, and was expected to be more than usually brilliant in consequence of the very large number of strangers visiting in the neighbourhood, and also on account of its being a part of the best country hunted by this popular pack. The morning was as favourable to hunting as the most

fastidious sportsman could desire, and when the time for leaving the Hall had arrived, a sight presented itself such as is rarely witnessed—a field of nearly, if not quite, three hundred, with an assemblage of ladies to give us a parting greeting which comprised all the youth and beauty of that part of the country. At last we trotted off, and, after drawing the first two or three coverts blank, orders were given for Hilton Gorse, when, as usual, we found Reynard at home. Breaking on the south side, the hounds were, as speedily as possible, laid on, going away at a crashing pace towards Foston, but, heading back, he went for Church Broughton and Barton, where there was a momentary check, the hounds hunting beautifully. He was soon hit off, and going on towards Foston, the coverts of which he skirted, made an effort for his old quarters at Hilton, but being too closely pressed, made straight for Sutton Gorse, which he left to the right, going through Trusley and Thurvaston, and in a line for Longford, perseveringly selecting every ploughed field in his route. He then made a turn for Barton Wood, and through Broughton, pointing for Hilton Gorse a second time. The pace, the heavy state of the ground, and the distance, told on the field, which by this time had become very select. Out of three hundred not more than a sixth were left, but Reynard was too plucky to give in, and away he went for the meadows of Marston, leaving Hilton village to the left, crossed the railway, but turning sharp again, he went by Marston church, and having made one effort more to reach the gorse, he failed, and was finally run into in Hoon Hay fields, the last ten minutes being run in view. Time, two hours and twenty minutes. The ground was unusually deep in consequence of the late rains. We were honoured with the presence of five ladies, two of whom were there at the finish, and went through the whole of the run most splendidly."

On January 29th they had a pretty good run all round Hoar Cross, but it was spoilt by Miss Georgiana Meynell Ingram having her leg broken by a gate, which

the hurricane that was raging banged up against her. This, it will be remembered, was the cattle-plague year, and hounds were advertised to go to Blythbury, but could not on account of the rinderpest. The weather all through the winter was, for the most part, warm and summery.

Jack Leedham gave up at the end of this season, as his health failed him. His master, who thought nothing was too good for the Leedhams, who were the *enfants gâtés* of Hoar Cross, took him up to Scotland with him to see if the change would do him any good. An amusing incident of the trip was "little" Jack's making a jibbing horse back up a Scotch hill, with the luggage cart, when the animal refused to go in the ordinary way. But Scotch air did not have much effect, and Jack retired, married a wife, and lived for many years at Hoar Cross as bailiff.

Foxes killed, fourteen brace; to ground, six brace; number of hunting days, fifty-three.

They wound up with two days on Cannock Chace—March 27th and April 3rd.

1866–1867.

At the beginning of this season Fred Cottrell became second whipper-in, and for some time the master did not give him a red coat, which led to some good-natured chaff about presenting him with one. Charles took Jack Leedham's place as first whipper-in. The opening day was at Sudbury Coppice, on October 29th, when they found three foxes, but did not get hold of one. For some cause or another the field seems to have been more unruly than usual this year, as there are frequent allusions to this in the diary. There were also cases of fox-poisoning in the country, and there was a scarcity of foxes generally. Up to Christmas sport was fair, but there was nothing remarkable. Perhaps the best gallop was a fast thirty-five minutes from Eaton Wood, across the Somersal brook, through the Vernon's Oak dingle, to the left of Sudbury Coppice, over the Ashbourne road and the Cubley brook.

Here they turned sharp to the right and ran under Boylestone to Sapperton, seven miles. At this point hounds divided, and the main body went on with a fresh fox, which they lost at Barton Blount. This was on Christmas Eve. December 27th, when they met at Ednaston, was described as a day of misfortunes. To begin with, hounds caught a fox with a snare round his neck; then Pilgrim died, supposed to have been ridden over by some one; and, as a climax, the fox they found in Shirley Park ran into the pond and was killed immediately.

From December 29th to January 6th there was a severe frost and snow, and on January 8th they had a blank day from Kedleston. On the 10th they met at Radburne, and did not find till half-past two in Sutton Gorse, when they ran back to Radburne Rough and lost their fox. On the top of this there came a fortnight's frost, and then a good gallop from Nichols's Covert, Hoar Cross, which no one saw except Tom, Charles, and Babb of Bentilee. It happened in this way. They found a fox in Rough Park, but could not run him a yard. Then they found another in Nichols's, and ran him slowly a ring through Brickhill Plantation, across Hoar Cross Park, into the Round Hill. Here a fresh fox jumped up, and all the field went into the road. But the hounds ran straight on through the Brakenhurst with only the three just mentioned with them, by Dolesfoot, Roosthill, by Park Gate, through Hart's Coppice, across Bagot's Park, through Hill's Wood, down to Cuckold's Haven gate, where they killed him, after running all the way without a check.

Every hunting man must have noticed how odd it is that sometimes hounds cannot run one fox at all, and yet they can race after another, as they did on the day just described. It rather bears out Charles Leedham's favourite saying. When any one asked him what was his theory about scent, he would say, "I know nowt about theories. All I know is some foxes stinks a lot more than others!"

On February 2nd they had a capital run of an hour and three-quarters. Finding in Blithfield Gorse, they ran by the Rectory, below Newton village, through Newton Gorse, and then through the corner of Droynton Wood, down the Blythe side to Boothy, under Newton village, crossed the Blythe, through Stansley's Wood and the Warren Covert, by Yeatsall, through the Forge Coppice, over the Lichfield road and Bromley Hurst, crossed at the turnpike and killed him at Mr. Hill's farm on Bromley Park.

Then comes a short, pithy entry (pregnant with meaning) in the diary: "February 5th, Kedleston.—Drew from Darley osier bed to Brailsford Gorse blank." And then, presumably, went home.

On March 4th they drew the New Gorse at Lullington for the first time, found, and crossed the Mease. Thence they went on by Clifton to Thorpe, where they checked. Hitting it off again, they hunted very nicely by Leckington to Newton, where they turned back to the left, and killed their fox at Clifton, after a nice run of one hour.

Hunting went on till quite late; in fact, up till April 25th, the last few days being on Cannock Chace. The last day but one was rather a *fiasco*, as they killed a vixen to begin with, and dug six cubs out in Wolseley Park to wind up with.

Killed, seventeen brace of foxes; ran to ground, two brace; blank days, two; number of hunting days, sixty-three.

In May Mr. Meynell Ingram called a meeting of the Hunt to appeal to the county to preserve foxes. This was almost the only meeting of the kind of which there is any record, except the two complimentary dinners to the old "Squire" Meynell Ingram, at the King's Head, Derby, in 1839 and in 1843. At the latter, as has been mentioned before, he was presented with a silver-gilt model of his huntsman, earth-stopper, and an old oak tree near Hoar Cross. It may here be mentioned that, as a privilege, a few people were allowed to subscribe five

pounds to the covert fund, and this conferred the right to wear the hunt button. The King's Head alluded to is now the St. James's Hotel, Derby.

Field, May 4th, 1867 :—

MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF MR. MEYNELL INGRAM'S HUNT.

An influential meeting of the owners of coverts and subscribers to the covert fund of this hunt took place on the 26th ult., at the King's Head Hotel, Derby, at the earnest request of Mr. Meynell Ingram, and was attended by Lord Scarsdale, the Hon. E. Coke, E. S. Pole, Esq., Sir Percival Heywood, F. Bradshaw, Esq., L. K. Hall, Esq., F. G. Levett, Esq., and many others interested in the hunt. Mr. H. Meynell Ingram said he regretted that it had been necessary to give the gentlemen present the trouble of attending, and the more so as the few words he should trouble them with were not of a cheering nature, but the destruction of foxes during the past season had been so great in many parts of both Staffordshire and Derbyshire, that he felt it necessary to bring it before their notice. They were aware that, without the assistance and co-operation of owners of coverts and farmers, hunting must come to an end, and unless the preservation of foxes was more general, he feared their prospect of sport for the next season was not a hopeful one. Mr. Meynell further said that, on his part, if any suggestions should be made likely to conduce to the convenience of the country in general, or to promote the preservation of foxes, he should be most happy to give them his full consideration; at the same time, from the long and general kindness which had been shown him for so many years, he could not help expressing both surprise and regret that anything should have happened calculated to give an impression that unfriendly feeling existed in any part of the country he hunted. The meeting unanimously concurred in what Mr. Meynell Ingram had stated, and expressed their determination to do all in their power to secure a good supply of foxes for their next season.

This meeting seems to have borne fruit, for towards the end of the next season it was intimated to the master that there were rather too many foxes in the Radburne and Sutton country, and it would be well to kill one or two. Tom went to Radburne "with blood in his eye," to use a Rocky-Mountain-ism, and found one in Mr. Newton's osiers, and killed him; found a second in a turnip field, and caught him in a plantation near the osiers; found three in the osier bed at Bearwardcote, and caught two of them in the next field but one; and found another in Sutton gorse, ran him into a stick heap on the hill near Etwall, bolted and killed him. Total, two brace and a half! and this in *March*. It was the fifth day of the month, so the

number of noses to nail up on the kennel door just tallied with the day of the month. Moreover, this was the day on which Lord Alexander Paget presented the silver horn to Tom Leedham after the great run of February 6th, an account of which is given in the next chapter.

In this year's entry there is a hound called Chorister by Comus out of Paragon, who was used a good deal later on at Hoar Cross. He was lent to Mr. Lane Fox, who wrote the following characteristic and rather amusing letter about him :—

Bramham, Tadcaster, March 8th.

My dear Hugo,

Chorister is stout, busy, and always in his place, with remarkable good nose—a first rate dog certainly—but we cannot hear him "speak." He has been perfectly mute since he came here. I have worked him in his turn, and he has had plenty of opportunity, frequently showing the line with great confidence of manner—but always silent. Is it conceit, impudence, jealousy, swagger, or a natural defect? Please tell me about him and his sort as to tongue.

Yours very sincerely,
George Lane Fox.

How Chorister answered the catechism when he got home does not appear, but the fact of this letter being written is interesting in view of the Meynell hounds of to-day being criticized for their lack of tongue. It also shows that the blood was sought after in high quarters ; in fact, the draft was always bespoken for two or three years in advance and fetched a great price.

There is also an interesting letter from Colonel Anstruther Thomson anent Lullington Gorse mentioned above.

My dear Hugo,

Bob Harper has sent me your letter. Nothing I should like better than having a hunt in your woods when the days are longer, but I much doubt my dogs catching one of your foxes. [They did catch one, and it proved to be a vixen!] I have been out four times this week, but never brought one to hand. It has hardly been fit to hunt any of the days, and to-day is so bad that I did not go on. I am so sorry that Peter Colvile has raised this question about Lullington Gorse. I only wish to hunt the fox in peace, and to be on good terms with my neighbours, and especially with yourself. When I received Peter's memorandum I made a draft of my answer and showed it to those most interested in that matter, but I found there was a little difference of opinion, so I wish the Atherstone Hunt to give me instructions at their next meeting how

I am to proceed. I think you have more influence with Peter than any one, and perhaps if you asked him to allow it to remain as formerly he might do so. I asked him if, in the event of the boundary being fixed and Lullington in the Atherstone country, I might continue the privilege to you of drawing it. His answer was *No*. He would take care of you. I have no doubt he will.

I believe that the arrangement made in 1849 as to the covert being neutral is good according to the laws of fox-hunting, and that I should be quite justified in drawing the covert, but I don't want to make any bother about it. I wish you could settle it.

Ever yours truly, etc.

The history of Lullington Gorse is this. When Mr. Colvile became Master of the Atherstone he made the gorse and obtained leave from Mr. Meynell Ingram to draw it. The Meynell contention was that it never had been, strictly speaking, a neutral covert, as was shown by the fact of leave having had to be obtained to draw it from Mr. Meynell Ingram; and that the Atherstone had no business on the Meynell side of the Mease till higher up, where the brook joins in and takes them up to Seal and Grange Woods. After Mr. Colvile retired, the same arrangement as to permission to draw the gorse continued in force.

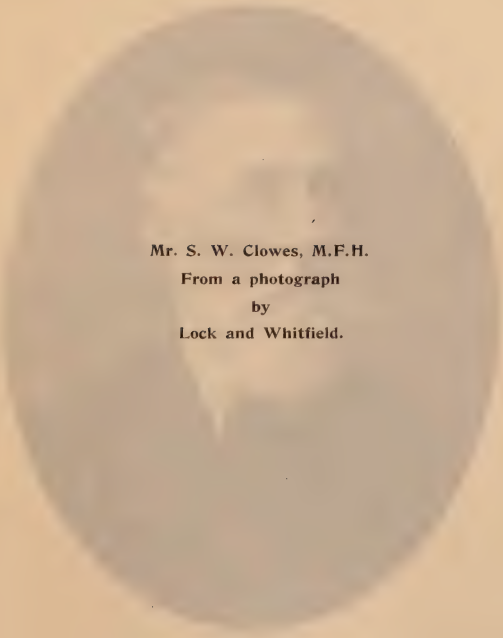
CHAPTER XXI.

MR. S. W. CLOWES, M.F.H., M.P.—CAPTAIN H. A. CLOWES—MR. W. BODEN ON BRANDY WINE—THE FASTEST RUN WITH THE MEYNELL—HAROLD.

1867–1868.

Mr. Clowes, better known as William Clowes, though he also bore the name of Samuel, as his forefathers had done before him, was born at Sutton Hall, at Sutton-on-the-Hill, in Derbyshire, on January 27th, 1821. His father, who served all through the Peninsular War, commanded his regiment, the 3rd Light Dragoons (now the 3rd Hussars), at Salamanca, retiring with the rank of Colonel after the war. He lived at Park Hill, where he kept a pack of harriers, and subsequently at Yeldersley and Spondon. His wife was a Holden of Aston. So his son might certainly claim to be Derbyshire born and Derbyshire bred.

In due course he was sent to Rugby, matriculating at Brasenose College, Oxford, in November, 1839. Almost the first entry, in an extremely interesting diary, is—"November 14th, Heythrop. Hounds at Sturdy's Castle. Rode a roaring black horse of Figg's. Good fast half-hour, which, of course, I did not see. Lost at Deddington. My first day's hunting." On January 3rd, 1840, he mentions a day with "Lord Hastings' hounds at Horsley. Rode father's hack, Selim. Ran fast to Hayes Wood, and killed." From the pages of this diary it is evident that he hunted pretty frequently during his University career with the Heythrop, Berkshire, Mr. John Phillips's, and Mr. Drake's hounds. This application to the chace did not, however,



Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.F.H.
From a photograph
by
Lock and Whitfield.

Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P.H.

From a photograph

by

Lock and Whitfield.

prevent his taking his degree in due course. There is one entry, however, in this diary which must not be omitted, as it shows that his zeal for hunting was of no ordinary character, reminding one very much of the Rev. John Russell, in similar circumstances. "February 14th, 1842. Got up at four a.m. Walked to Derby. Mail-cart to Ashby. Dog-cart to Appleby to breakfast. I rode Gummy Ruffles, a four-year-old chestnut, with Atherstone hounds at Odston. Good day's sport. Left them running."

The first mention of Mr. Meynell's hounds is in 1842, when he rode a new brown mare bought from his uncle, Mr. J. Holden, and they had a blank day from Drakelowe.

On March 23rd, 1842, "Meynell, at Spread Eagle. Runagate. Good half-hour from Swarkeston and lost. Found again at Sutton Gorse, and ran fifty minutes without a check to Ednaston, crossing Longford and Brailsford brooks. Nearly all grass. Racing for a start got a rattling fall, horse turning over and over. Blane fell at the same fence; he, E. Holden, Bromley, and I had quite the best of it. The best run I ever saw. Meynell, junior, had enough, and stopped the hounds at Ednaston, the first check they had. N.B.—had drawn the Gorse, and hounds were coming out, before he broke, and he was as good a fox as ever ran." Here is a plain, unvarnished tale of a run with the Meynell, nearly sixty years ago, and there can be no doubt that the same hand which wrote, "which of course I did not see," in the first entry, did not exaggerate when it claimed to have been one of *the* four in this capital gallop. In 1843, he "rode Runagate to see stag turned out to Yates's harriers at Bretby," which is the first mention of the well-known sportsman hunting on that side.

On February 20th, he had a turn at another form of sport. "Rode J. Story's chestnut mare in Swarkeston steeple-chaces. Ten started. Andinwood's British Yeoman first; I second, with a fall in a thick bullfinch: the rest beaten off."

Then came a year of foreign travel. In the next year, 1845, there were but two days' hunting on horses of that good sportsman, Mr. George Moore of Appleby, and then he was off on November 20th for Ceylon. There he went up Mount Adam, furnished with a sandwich and a bottle of Bass, which he drank, and left the bottle on the top. Most people went up it supplied with provisions enough for a week.

In 1846 he was back again and making up for lost time by hunting with the Meynell, the Donington, the Atherstone, and the Quorn. He mentions Mr. F. Wilmot getting a bad fall over a stile at Dale Hills, when the Donington hounds met at Hopwell.

On December 10th, when the Meynell were at Radburne, there is this severe comment: "N.B.—with a *huntsman* we should have had a run."

In 1848 he hurt his side, had to give up hunting on March 10th, and lost a lot of good sport, it being a wet month, and in 1849 he went abroad with Mr. Colvile, having a day with the Gibraltar garrison hounds on December 15th, which he describes as "hunting all gammon, but a good object for a ride." One day with the Meynell must be quoted from the diary, and then it will be necessary to leave it, though with regret, for want of space.

December 5th, 1850, *Radburne*.—Found in Pond Cover, ran a ring to Langley Gorse and lost. I got in the brook directly and saw nothing. Baron (his horse) bogged. Found again in Parson's Gorse and went away very fast, and ran very hard to Brailsford and then slower to Meynell's at Langley, when they set to again as hard as ever, running for their fox over the grass nearly to Bowbridge, and by Mackworth Town End, and pulled him down opposite Kedleston Park palings. Fifty minutes. No check, only slow on plough. All field beat off from Langley except H. Meynell, and five others, but let in at death, hounds turning back to them. Capital scent and brilliant run. Forster, Bromley, and FitzHerbert out. Colonel carried H. Wilmot very well. Last ten minutes beautiful.

Two years after this he married Sarah Louisa, second daughter of the late Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., with whose hounds he hunted frequently, living at Woodhouse Eaves in Leicestershire. In 1853 he was left a widower. In 1857 he and Lord Stanhope were the Conservative candidates for South Derbyshire, but both of them were

defeated by Messrs. T. W. Evans and C. R. Colvile. In 1862 he succeeded his father in the family estates at Broughton Hall, Lancashire, and married, in 1863, the Honourable Adelaide Cavendish, second daughter of the third Lord Waterpark. In the same year he took the Quorn country on Lord Stamford retiring, buying the hounds from the latter, whose right-hand man he had been for a long time. But ill-luck pursued him doggedly. A bad scenting time up to Christmas was followed by frost, which lasted well into March. Then came a drought, and, as a climax—on the last day, when they met at his house—a snowstorm, so heavy that they could not hunt at all. The next year the autumn was dry and the going very bad up till Christmas. All through February there was a frost. The third season was the best, and then, in 1866, Mr. Clowes, who had only taken the hounds because there was no one else to do so, gladly resigned the reins to the Marquis of Hastings. In 1867 his eldest son, now Captain Henry Arthur Clowes (late of the First Life Guards), was born, and subsequently another son, Ernest (Captain First Life Guards), and three daughters. In 1868 he was returned as Conservative member for North Leicestershire, for which constituency he sat till 1880, when he retired. It is hardly the place here to mention all he did in the neighbourhood of his Salford estates, which formerly comprised one third of the whole borough, but when he gave, and he seems to have been always giving, it was with no stinting hand.

In 1872, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Lord Waterpark, he became the first master of the Meynell Hounds, having previously purchased the Norbury estate from the FitzHerberts of Swynnerton. The House at Norbury was begun in 1872, and was not finished till 1874. In 1880 he bought the Cubley estates from Mr. Howard, and thus had in a ring fence a property extending from Cubley Stoop, where it joins Lord Vernon, to the road by Raddle Wood and the Queen Adelaide inn, and, on the other side, to within five fields of Longford.

In 1888, he was High Sheriff for Derbyshire, being also a Deputy Lieutenant, and Chairman of the Bench at Ashbourne. Before this, in 1880, he planted the four-acre Gorse at Cubley.

But it was not only as a houndsman and a horseman that he excelled, for he was a thorough all-round sportsman. It is a moot point whether he was happier when mounted on Thoresby or the Druid, in a good thing across country, or when engaged in a sharp bout with some lordly salmon on the Namsen river. He could stalk a stag, too, with any man in the Forest of Flowerdale by Gairloch, which he rented, ever since 1874, of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie. The average kill for the last twelve years is eighteen stags per annum, and, oddly enough, the same numeral expresses the weight of the heaviest beast.

He served in the Leicestershire and South Notts Yeomanry, on which account probably he was frequently spoken of as Colonel. He also belonged to the Royal Yacht Squadron, his vessel being the *Adelaide*, a yawl of eighty tons. Of late years he usually migrated in the middle of January to his villa at Hyères, which he bought in 1884, but it was not till 1893 that he gave up hunting altogether. From about that time till his death, on New Year's Eve, 1898, the state of his health kept him at home, and his familiar figure was seen abroad no more.

He was a typical English country gentleman; upright, free-handed, modest, unaffected, interesting himself in everything which pertained to his sphere of life, a good landlord, and excelling in all the pursuits which seem to be the natural heritage of an English gentleman.

The following extract from a letter from Lord Berkeley Paget, as a tribute to the memory of his old friend, seems to be a fitting corollary to the above account :—

"Mr. William Clowes was one of the best men to hounds, and one of the finest horsemen I have ever seen. He combined quickness and quietness in a marked degree. He was a first-rate sportsman in every way, and anything he undertook he did well. I remember rather an amusing

incident with the Meynell. He was out one day in mufti, and at that time had become very grey. We were having a quick thing from Radburne, and he was in his usual place. Poor 'Bay' Middleton was out, and asked me who 'the old gentleman' was who was going so well. I replied that I would introduce him at the first check. This I did, and he was much surprised when I introduced him to Mr. Clowes, ex-master of the Quorn, and the Meynell."

He was succeeded by his son, Captain Henry Arthur Clowes, who was born in 1867, and went to Eton in 1881, where he joined the forces of the "Wet Bobs." In 1887 he was attached to the Worcestershire Militia, from which regiment he was transferred to the First Life Guards, to which corps his brother, Captain Ernest Clowes, also belongs. The eldest brother became a captain in 1893, and retired in 1896. The year 1899 was signalized by two events. The first was his marriage with the eldest daughter of Admiral the Honourable Algernon Littleton, of Cross Hayes, Hoar Cross. The second event was his joining the Staffordshire Yeomanry, in which he takes the keenest interest. In the following year his son, Henry Samuel Littleton, was born.

Captain Clowes inherits his father's sporting instincts, and was master for part of one season of the Windsor Drag, but, though there is no more staunch fox-preserver, the forest, the moor, and the river, in the land of the Scot, have more attractions for him than the chase of the fox over the pastures of his native country. Those who know best say that the wild stags of Flowerdale have to be wide awake when he goes a-stalking, which he does on his own account, undirected by any professional exponent of that difficult art. Many a goodly trophy at Norbury bears witness to the prowess of both father and son, though the most curious are the one-horned and three-horned heads which adorn the wall in the billiard-room. There is another head in the hall, by-the-bye, which possesses a peculiar interest, for it belonged to the very last fox

ever killed by the great Sir Richard Sutton, of Lincolnshire and Leicestershire fame. It was presented by him to his old hunting ally, Mr. S. W. Clowes.

The Meynell are indebted to Captain Clowes for the new covert above Snelston Rectory, called Hell pits, where the cattle which died and were killed in the great cattle plague year about 1865 were buried. The word "Hell" is derived from the Saxon verb Hellen, to hide, and means the Hidden Place. Hence, Hell meadows, Hell brook, etc., in this and other countries. All the other coverts on the Norbury estate, except old Hope Wood, were planted by his father. Captain Ernest Clowes does not often miss a day with the Meynell when he is on leave, and most people know the rather queer-tempered bay horse, a home-bred one, on which he won his Regimental point-to-point race. He served through the greater part of the South African campaign, sharing the hardships of the Kimberley relief expedition. Oddly enough, he got off without a scratch in the real warfare, but has recently sustained two rather serious accidents in polo tournaments.

1867–1868.

The custom of meeting at Sudbury for the opening day having been now for some years thoroughly established, it is not necessary to specify the place any more. This season, which will always be memorable in the annals of the Meynell for the great run of February 6th, began on October 28th. Amongst other celebrities who came to see a day's sport with the hounds were Lord Spencer, the Marquis of Hastings and Lady Hastings, who, as Lady Florence Paget, has been mentioned before as going well, Mr. and Mrs. Musters, Gillard, Mr. Magniac, Lord and Lady Wilton, Mr. Little Gilmour, Lord Halifax and his brother, Captain the Hon. H. Wood, Lady A. Coke, Lord Dawe, Captain Tempest, Mr. Hall of the Holderness, and Captain Cunningham of steeple-chase fame. The only entry worth noting in November was on the 21st, when they ran a fox

to ground, in Eaton Wood, and dug him. But he bolted between Fred Cottrell's legs, and they saw him no more, which created a good deal of amusement at the time. There was a frost from November 30th to December 12th, and nothing much to mention till after Christmas. Then, on December 28th, hounds ran at a tremendous pace for twenty minutes from Philip's Gorse, beyond Carry Coppice, when they turned down the meadows to Windy Hall Wood or Wanfield Coppice. They went too fast for every one except Lords Alexander and Berkeley Paget, Col. R. Buller, Mr. Smith, Tom, and Charles.

1868.

After the New Year, sport was good, and there were two or three runs rather above the average, but there was one on January 16th which Mr. Walter Boden is never likely to forget, for he and Brandy Wine, by common consent, had all the best of it till they fell in trying to jump about twenty feet of water below Etwall, somewhere near the place where the Great Northern Station is now. Lady A. Coke and Mrs. Coke might have seen Mr. "Ned" Coke keeping him company, for they were both out, as was Mrs. Meynell Ingram on Mickey Free, who went well. Hounds ran at a great pace from Sutton little gorse by Dalbury, over the brook, by Bearwardcote, round Etwall village, by Hilton Cottage and Hilton Common, and back by Sutton church, eventually giving it up in the Longford and Sutton road, after nearly two hours over the cream of Derbyshire. It should have been mentioned that the run really started from Sapperton.

On January 20th, too, Mr. Walter Boden again, this time in company with Sir Richard FitzHerbert, had a good deal the best of it, when hounds ran a most unusual line, up to the Brakenhurst.

The meet was at Egginton. That gorse was blank, so was Hilton. They found a fox at the Spath, and ran him to ground at Sutton. Then came the *pièce de résistance.*

Finding at Foston, they ran over the brook by Hugo Lawley's, crossed the railway and the Dove by Coton, and ran under Hanbury church, by Hanbury Wood End, to the right of Hanbury Park, over Coulter Hills, into the Brakenhurst. Thence they rang a ring out and back again, and lost their fox after an hour and ten minutes. On the 23rd again they had a capital day in Derbyshire. The fox went away from the Reeve's Moor at Longford, and they ran him well over the Park, through Alkmonton bottoms and by the Dairy House, into Potter's covert, where they got up to him. Getting away on capital terms, they ran fast by Barton Fields, across the Longford brook, by Nether Thurvaston, and Trusley, past Radburne Rough, straight on to Langley village, where they got up to him in Mr. Brough's garden. Here he had a very narrow escape, but just managed to get over the wall, where the hounds could not follow him, and ran into another garden on Langley Common, which bothered his pursuers and enabled him to reach Pildock Wood, dead beat. A fresh fox jumped up just before the hounds got there, and there were two fresh ones in covert, so the fox beat them after all. Still it was a capital run—six miles from Potter's in forty minutes, to say nothing of the rest. On the 27th they ran from Eaton Wood to Yeaveley and lost. This brings us to February, and the great event of this season and many others. Mr. Meynell Ingram's account is as follows :—

Radburne, February 6th.—Found at 11.30 in the Rough, came away to Osier Beds, and out towards Mickleover, where he was headed and came back through Five Trees and thence straight on to Pildwick (? Pildock) Nursery; left Radburne village on his left, by the Rough to Trusley and Thurvaston. Here he was headed back and ran to the Rough, where we had two foxes before us; through the covert, leaving Reginald's Gorse on the right, to Mr. Cox's covert at Brailsford, over the Ashbourne road by Mercaston, bore to the right to the Pleasure Ground Wood at Kedleston. We viewed him across the last field to this point. Here we had two scents. Went on by the Vicar Wood, almost to Markeaton, when one fox went on towards Allestree. Ours turned up the brook side straight up Kedleston Park, through Smith's Plantation to Langley on to the turnpike road, where I stopped. On by White's covert to Mercaston Stoop, by Mansel Park, crossed Spinnyford brook, under Gerrard's Gorse, up to Hulland, over the Belper road by Biggin to Blackwall. Here he turned back and was killed, between Biggin and Hulland Ward, at 3.55. Missy (Miss Meynell Ingram) on Paladin, Bass, Tom Gresley,

G Moore, junior, Charles Eaton, and A. Strutt, saw the end. Paladin was the only horse that had been out from the beginning. Bass and T. Gresley were on their second horses. G. Moore had been late in the morning, C. Eaton only out from Kedleston. Tom rode Crusader and the Knight, and was with hounds every yard of the way, till, on the hillside between Blackwall and Biggin, the Knight laid down and died at Sim's.

Other accounts and items of interest about the famous run will appear in the next chapter.

After such a run as this everything else is but leather and prunella. Still, the following is not a bad hunt. On March 16th they ran from Egginton Gorse slowly to Radburne Rough, where the fox had waited for them, and they ran him very fast by Parson's Gorse to Prestwood, where he turned to the left by Weston to Ivy House near Breward's Car, thirty two minutes and five and a half miles. After this they changed and ran about Ravensdale Park, the usual sort of line, till they lost him.

On the 19th of March they were at Eaton Wood, and ran that very fast ring which Lord Berkeley Paget and Mr. Walter Boden are never likely to forget. Hounds ran from Eaton Wood by Marston Montgomery, through the Vernon's Oak dingle into Sudbury Coppice, down the Bottoms, across the Palmer Moor, under Somersal-Herbert, by Wardley Coppice, through the corner of Eaton Wood, and killed him under an old thorn tree, in just an hour. Tom Leedham said it was the fastest thing he ever saw in his life. As he was riding Crusader, the horse was evidently none the worse for his hard day on the 6th of February, when he stopped and neighed in the middle of Kedleston Park.

There were several good days' sport after this, but nothing exceptional, and the season ended on April 9th at Wolseley Bridge.

Foxes killed, seventeen brace; run to ground, five and a half. Hunting days, sixty-nine.

About this time Mr. A. C. Duncombe, who came to reside at Calwich in 1870, frequently came out with the Meynell, though he also hunted with the York and Ainsty and the Bicester, his old friend Sir Algernon Peyton being

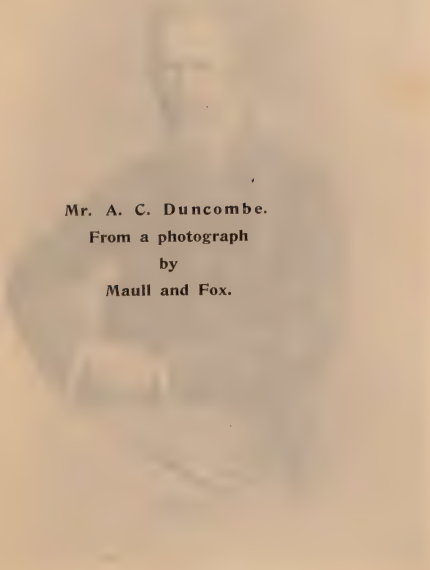
at the time Master. The following account of him appeared in the *County Gentleman* on June 29th, 1889 :—

Mr. Alfred Charles Duncombe is the eldest son of the late Hon. and Very Reverend Augustus Duncombe, D.D., Dean of York, and grandson of the first Baron Feversham, his mother being Lady Harriet, daughter of the fifth Marquis of Queensberry. He was educated at Eton, and in 1862 joined the First Life Guards, which he left in 1870 with the rank of captain. He is now hon. major in the Staffordshire Yeomanry. In 1876 Mr. Duncombe—who, by the way, is in the Commission of the Peace for the counties of Stafford and Derby, and was High Sheriff for Staffordshire in 1883—married Lady Florence Montagu, sister to the present Earl of Sandwich.

Mr. Duncombe is very fond of hunting and shooting. His seat, Calwich Abbey, Ashbourne, which is on the banks of the Dove, Izaak Walton's favourite river, is situated outside the boundaries of the Meynell and North Staffordshire countries, but still within easy reach of both. He takes a great interest in agricultural matters, more especially in the breeding of shire horses. At the present moment he is owner of about a dozen grand stallions, including Premier, Harold, Chancellor, True Briton, and Don Carlos. Harold, it may be remembered, won the Elsenham Plate (the championship) at the Islington Shire Horse Show in 1887, and was a good second for the Queen's Gold Medal at Windsor this week in the Shire division—in fact, not a few fancied he might have been placed first without any injustice being done. He was one of the original promoters of the Ashbourne Shire Horse Society, which has developed into a great success, and has proved of immense benefit to the tenant farmers of the district.

Calwich, as will be readily guessed from its title of "Abbey," was originally Church property, but was granted by Henry VIII. to the Fleetwoods, from them it passed to the Granvilles, from them by marriage to the Dewes, who took the name of Granville. Mr. Duncombe's father bought it and built the modern house, to which the present owner has made additions, in 1847. The gardens occupy the site of the old house, which stood down by the water. Nothing remains of the old Abbey but traces of the bowling green.

Possibly, however, it is as the home and last resting-place of the famous Harold, the king of shire horses, that Calwich is especially interesting at present, for the noble old horse is to "shires" what Eclipse is to thoroughbreds. It may not be known to every one how near England was to losing him. He was bred by Mr. Potter, of Spondon, near Derby, who sold him to the Earl of Harrington. He sold him to Mr. Douglas for exportation to America. Luckily he was too late to go on the boat,



Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
From a photograph
by
Maull and Fox.

Walter Lindsay del.

which started from Liverpool, as had been arranged, and was therefore wintered in Lord Derby's park at Knowsley. In the following spring, in the month of March, he was exhibited in London, and took the first prize in his class, whereupon he was purchased by Lord Hindlip, who took him to Worcestershire. Here he stood for two years, and, not being appreciated there, was offered for sale by auction in 1886. Mr. Duncombe, recognizing the sterling merits of the horse, told his commissioner that he might bid up to eight hundred pounds for him, but he got him for three hundred pounds less. A rare bargain he proved, and it must have been flattering to his new owner's judgment to have been able subsequently thrice to refuse a blank cheque for him. He had good reason for knowing that no objection would have been raised if this had been filled up for three thousand pounds. Harold was only beaten once in the show ring after this, and then it took the judges three-quarters of an hour to decide between him and Lord Wantage's Prince William. Though the verdict was finally given to the latter, there are numbers of competent critics who stoutly maintain that at the best it was a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. When it was found necessary to shoot him on account of his suffering so acutely from chronic rheumatism last spring (1901), the authorities wished to secure his skeleton for the British Museum; but inflammation, caused by rheumatism, had so enlarged his joints, that Mr. Duncombe did not consider the specimen quite perfect, and thought reflection might be cast on the memory of his old favourite. The latter will live in his descendants as long as shires are shires, and only this year a two-year-old son of Blaze, who is a son of his, won the first prize at Islington for Mr. Walwyn of Bearwardcote.

It is interesting to hear after this that Mr. Duncombe's first start with heavy horses was with a Clydesdale, which he purchased for the use of his tenants. This brought down on him a strong expostulation from the Hon. Edward Coke, the then prime upholder of shires. The

accused saw the strength of his opponent's accusation, and pleaded guilty to the indictment. But he scored neatly the next year. Prizes were offered for an annual show at Ashbourne, and the very next spring the Calwich Premier defeated Mr. Coke's Longford champion, Candidate, the winner of the Elsenham prize. From that year, 1883 or 1884, the stud farm at Calwich has been one uninterrupted success, and is probably second to none in England.

"PREMIER" (3646).

IN MEMORIAM.

April 29th, 1892.

When princes and potentates yield to fate,
How slight is the mourning of small and great;
The king is dead, long live the king!
And the world goes on in ceaseless ring.
When governments totter, and ministers fall,
The season's a tiny bit shorter, that's all.
But how shall we mourn for the spirit that's fled?
How shall we mourn for the "Premier" that's dead?
On the Leicestershire fields, on the Lancashire hills
By the side of broad rivers, on murmuring rills;
In the meadows of Trent, o'er the valleys of Dove,
Lone widows are weeping, lamenting their love.

Poor "Premier," cut off in the midst of his fame,
Leaves behind him a roll that will honour his name;
Where'er the tide of our commerce has rolled
Are the sons and the daughters of "Premier" extolled.
To move the huge van, by the rail or the road,
'Tis a "Premier" with ease takes the heaviest load;
For the dwellers in towns, or the sons of the soil,
'Tis a "Premier" they ask for to lighten their toil.
Weep, Lady of Calwich; weep, Duncombe and Green,
Such a horse as old "Premier" ne'er have you seen.
Lay his noble old head on his long flowing mane,
Such a horse as old "Premier" you'll ne'er see again.

T. J. L.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GREAT RADBURNE RUN.

1868.

The season of 1868 began early, for they went cub-hunting in the woods on August 24th, but had to stop again on September 9th, on account of the hardness of the ground. However, they brought seven brace of foxes to hand before the end of September. The entry consisted of eleven couples, two of which—Falstaff, Fugleman, Fairy, and Frantic—were the issue of the Duke of Rutland's Falstaff and Lively. This cross blended the strains of Mr. Foljambe's Forester and Singer, Mr. Drake's Duster, Lord Henry Bentinck's Comrade, Lord Yarborough's Flasher, with a lot of the best Hoar Cross blood. It seemed as if last year's meeting had already taken effect, for foxes were reported as being very numerous.

Of the wonderful run on February 6th, 1868—a run of which people talk to this day—there are two printed accounts, both of which are given here. The first is by Lieut.-Colonel R. H. FitzHerbert, of Somersal Herbert, who has been mentioned more than once in these pages; while the other is from the pen of the celebrated Mr. Michael Bass, M.P., who was at this time in his seventieth year. It is no small feat for a man of his age to have got through such a run, and to have ridden home to Rangemore, more than twenty-five miles distant, at the end of it.

Colonel FitzHerbert writes: "The meet on Thursday,

February 6th, was at Radburne. At 11.45 the hounds were thrown into the Rough, and, in another minute, a fox was halloaed away. He passed by the right of Radburne Hall to the osier bed by the brook which runs to Etwall, whence, being headed back, he ran to Thurvaston, leaving Dalbury on the left. Being again headed, he turned to the right, and took a line back to the Rough—all the way at a strong pace over a fine country. Time, one hour and a quarter. Here we were joined by Mr. George Moore, junior (of Appleby), who had missed the previous part of the run. The hounds ran through the Rough without a moment's pause. Leaving Langley on the right, they crossed the Ashbourne road near Brailsford, and passed by Wild Park and Mercaston, close by Kedleston Park, and leaving it to the right, went on to Markeaton Gravel-pit, only a long mile from Derby. Here the huntsman thinks we changed foxes. However that might be, there was certainly an increase of pace. The hounds raced by the line of the brook in front of Kedleston Hall, through the Park, turned to the left up the hill, and ran into view at Langley. Here, I believe, we were joined by Mr. Charles Eaton." In Kedleston Park Tom thought he could catch his fox out of hand, and lifted his hounds, which he never did unless he considered his fox as good as settled. But the effort settled his horse instead, and he stopped and neighed. A fresh fox jumped up, and Charles got to the end of his horse in trying to stop the hounds. Mr. Meynell Ingram wanted them stopped, and called to Mr. Walter Boden to do so. He had lost his whip, and, being helpless, asked Mr. Hamar Bass to try. But he was not successful, so Mr. Boden said to the Master, "Let them go; they'll catch him directly."

To turn to Colonel FitzHerbert's account, "The fox doubled short back from the turnpike road" (*i.e.* the Derby-Ashbourne one), "and from this point it was clear that he was making for his stronghold in the hills. The line was by Mercaston and Mercaston Stoop, and

between Mansell Park and Bradley. Miss Meynell had gone well hitherto, but at about this period she and I came to the Brailsford brook. We turned to the right by a farmyard, where a woman directed us to a place where she said they (foot people) crossed it. I had, after jumping the brook, to run up a steep bank by means of steps worn in it. Rosy Morn scrambled up like a cat, but Miss Meynell's horse refused, and I saw her no more for some time."

À propos of this, there is a good story told of how the Colonel was piloting Miss Wilhelmina FitzHerbert, Sir William's daughter, who afterwards came to such a tragic end by being burnt to death at Tissington after a ball. She got into the Sutton brook, and her uncle stopped to help her out. Consequently the pair arrived some time after the fox had been killed.

"What happened to you?" Sir William asked his brother.

"Oh, Mina got into the brook and I stopped to help her."

"That," said Sir William in his slow, deliberate way, "comes of looking back."

Perhaps the Colonel remembered this on the present occasion, for he goes on to say, "So she probably followed the road on to Hulland and Biggin, where she met the hounds coming back. Just after this episode I was riding alongside of a stranger from Leicestershire, who had kept on gallantly for nearly three hours, and I heard him say, 'This is the finest run I have ever had. I would give five and twenty pounds for them to kill their fox and for me to be there too.'

"But it was not to be.

> "'Diana heard, but granted half his prayer,
> The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.'

His horse was nearly done then, and soon afterwards he gave in altogether, and I saw him no more.

"The hounds passed by Hulland Ward, across the Belper road, down the valley to Biggin, and then, leaving

Idridgehay to the right, forward to Blackwall. Hitherto we had had all grass, except a few ploughed fields in Hulland, but now came the most trying and severe part of the run. The fox took his course straight up Blackwall Hill, itself no mean obstacle, being steep and high, and the ground soft and holding. The distance, nearly thirty miles, had told upon the horses, and at this point, out of a large field, only five were in the hunt—viz. Tom Leedham, the huntsman; Mr. G. Moore, junr., my nephew; William FitzHerbert, and myself." Somewhere hereabouts Miss Meynell said to Mr. Bass, who, like her, was surveying the hunt from a distance, "Look at Tom! Isn't he going well?" But it was the last flicker of the candle, for the Colonel goes on to say, "Before reaching the top of the hill Tom's horse, his second, fell, and his career was closed. The hounds held on their course through Blackwall Wood, and crossed the Ashbourne and Kirk Ireton road. I got out of the wood close after them, thanks to a road used for dragging out trees, which took me slanting-dicularly up the hill, and enabled me to canter or trot, whilst the other three, after Tom's horse fell, took the hill direct, and, meeting very rough ground, had to walk. I was alone with the hounds for some time. Leaving the village of Kirk Ireton on the right, we ran hard straight up-wind over the large pastures along the ridge of the hill towards Hognaston, the most distant point from Radburne attained during the run. But this was too good to last. Ten minutes at that pace would have placed the fox in safety in the rocks among the hills; but, being too closely pressed, he swept round to the left, and, turning down-wind, recrossed the Kirk Ireton road. I got off my horse to scramble down a bank into the road, when I met Mr. C. Eaton, who shouted, 'Well done, Mr. FitzHerbert!' Billy Fitz and Mr. G. Moore also joined in here, these three having, as I previously explained, missed the loop beyond the Kirk Ireton road. Again we crossed over the ploughed fields by Hulland to Biggin, where we met Miss Meynell.

She asked me to whip the hounds off; I said, 'If you'll leave them alone they'll kill him directly.' She replied, like a true Meynell, 'If you think so, let them try.' Soon after he was viewed a field before the hounds, who, excited by the screaming of a man, flashed forward. 'You hunt them,' said Moore to me, 'and I'll whip in.' You must remember we had no huntsman, whipper-in, or horn. We soon turned the hounds, and ran him to a wooded hollow by a brook. I looked at my watch. The time was four hours all but three minutes. When the hounds entered the dumble, I, as huntsman, knowing his point of safety was to the north, crossed the brook by a bridge, the only way over, and waited there for the hounds to come to me. But in about ten minutes they had roused this gallant fox from his hiding-place, and were rewarded for their wonderful perseverance by a well-deserved 'who-whoop!'

"The fox was knocked over, I believe, by a farmer, with the butt end of his whip, as he was crawling dead beat in the dumble. It was a pity he could not have escaped, for his plucky exertions entitled him to a less ignominious fate. When I heard 'Who-whoop!' I dismounted, and, leading Rosy Morn leisurely back, came up as the hounds were breaking him up. Seven and a half couples were present; the rest were said to have been called away to a false halloa towards Atlow. The party then present consisted of Miss Meynell, Sir Thomas Gresley, Messrs. Bass, C. Eaton, W. FitzHerbert, G. Moore, A. Strutt, and myself. It is difficult to make out the actual distance run. For the first hour and a half the fox's progress, though rapid, was very erratic. For nearly all the rest of the time there was straightforward, continuous running, the hounds ever forging ahead, never off the line, but forcing their fox forward, without allowing him a moment's respite, and showing the perfection of breeding and condition. But for the last four miles, finding that he could not beat the hounds by going free, the fox put about, and tried short tacks, so that, for the beginning

and end of the run, a considerable distance should be allowed more than could be given by straight lines from point to point. By marking the line on the ordnance map, and measuring it off, I make the first ring just outside nine miles; add twenty-seven and a half miles for the rest, and we get a total of thirty-six and a half miles. We can get an approximately near estimate also by the time test. The wind was north-west, and as the hill was nearly ten miles north of the find, the hounds had a fair chance, and ran fast up-wind, and always at a good pace. Nine miles an hour in a stiffly enclosed country is a good pace; and, reckoning the run at this rate, we should probably not be far out in our reckoning, if we took the mean of the two results, which would give thirty-six miles as the distance run.

"I rode hard for the first ring up to Kedleston Park, after which, foreseeing a hill run, I was satisfied to keep within sight and hearing of hounds. This I succeeded in doing, while taking advantage of parallel roads and cutting off corners, for the hounds do not run as straight as the lines on a map, and one can sometimes gain a bit by riding round instead of over a hill. You must not think from this that I rode cunning in the sense of shirking the run. I was always there, and, in the early part of the run, it was necessary to ride hard to get clear of the field, which was large, about three hundred horsemen, many from Muster's and Tailby's countries. I rode Rosy Morn twelve miles to covert, she carried me through the whole run and returned the same day to Somersal, fourteen miles from the hill (over twelve miles as the crow flies), only stopping at Yeldersley on the way home for twenty minutes to have some gruel and a feed of corn. She was so little distressed, that the next week she was hunting again. She is a brown mare, sixteen hands high, thirteen years old, by Chanticleer, dam by Prizefighter, so that she combines the Birdcatcher and Gladiator strains. 'Blood will tell;' my weight at the time was about nine stone ten pounds. My nephew, Billy, son of Sir William

FitzHerbert, was carried all the time by Tralee, an Irish horse, whom he rode back to Tissington after the run. The combination of pace and distance was so great that Tom's horse died at a farmhouse near to Blackwall Hill. I considered it to be the finest run on record, considering the time, the distance, and the country over which hounds ran."

And he spoke with authority, for no man was more competent to give an opinion.

The following is Mr. Michael Bass's account of the same run :—

"This favourite pack has had a run of sport lately, but never perhaps since the days of the famous Hugo Meynell, great-grandfather of the present master, has it manifested more decisively the advantages of blood and breeding than it displayed on Thursday last. The meet was Radburne, a synonym for good foxes and good sport; the squire's jolly presence and cheery smile made one feel sure of a run, while an unusual field of riding-men and equipages, crowded with the ladies of the county, formed a scene of animation and beauty which would be hard to match. At a quarter to twelve, the bitches—what darlings !—were thrown into the Rough, and in another minute the fox was halloaed away. He struck up the hill to the right of the Hall, crossed the roads through the osiers looking towards Mickleover, where he was headed back. He recrossed the road, leaving Dalbury on his left, on to Thurvaston pointing for Longford, all the way at a strong pace over a fine country, though Trusley Brook brought not a few good ones to grief. But he was again headed, and, turning short by his right, took a line back to the Rough, which, without a moment's pause, he quitted for Langley. Giving it a wide berth on his right, he went straight for Cox's Covert, crossed the Ashbourne Road for Wild Park by Mercaston, straight on by Kedleston Park on his left for Markeaton Gravel-pit, only a long mile from Derby Town. Here Tom Leedham thinks we changed, the run fox being seen crossing the road for Allestree,

while the fresh varmint raced up the brook course in front of Kedleston Hall, clean through the Park, inclining towards Vicar Wood on his left.

"He ran into view at Langley village, and, from that point, it was clear he was making for his home in the hills; alas! no more his home. His line was by Mercaston, Mercaston Stoop, leaving Mansell Park on the right, Bradley on the left, under Hulland, Hulland Ward to the left, crossed the Belper road and down the valley by Biggin, leaving Idridge Hay on the right, forward to Blackwall House, where Tom again viewed the fox, with his ladies, twenty couple, one only missing, close at his brush. But here, alas! Tom's part was done. His horse, the Knight, staggered, dropped, and died. He had carried him brilliantly, and never, in more than forty years that we have watched this gallant and judicious horseman, have we seen him ride to his hounds with more spirit, skill, and care. The hounds, however, careless of their master's troubles, still pursued their sinking game through Blackwall Wood, where, despairing of shelter in his native hills, he retraced his steps down the valley for Biggin Mill, and came to bay under a hollybush. Here Ringlet singly attacked him, and, with Mr. Charles Eaton, a good farmer and gallant sportsman, to back her, finished one of the greatest runs we have ever seen recorded. The time was a few minutes over four hours, and the line of run exceeded thirty-two miles. The distance between extreme points was fourteen miles. The pace throughout was extraordinary for the distance, and, as there were few second horsemen, it is not surprising that the party at the finish was unusually small. Sir Thomas Gresley, Mr. George Moore, jun., Mr. Charles Eaton, Miss Meynell, Hon. A. Strutt, and Mr. Bass composed the field and sung the who-whoop. Seven and a half couples of hounds were in at the death, nine couples were called away to a false halloa towards Atlow, and Mr. N. Curzon, Miss G. Meynell, and Mr. Travers, who, till that point, had been with hounds, took them home. No one will wonder that even such men

as the Master, the Cokes, the two Lords Paget, W. Clowes, Willington, T. W. Evans, W. Boden, H. Evans, and many others, besides a troop of hard-bitten-looking strangers, should have had enough in a run where four days' work was crowded into one. But the ears of the two last-named and one or two others caught the strains of the funeral dirge, though the sight was denied them. Tom Leedham was the hero of the day; never man went or hunted his hounds better. He had a second horse, but, as both his whips stopped at Kedleston, he had more on his hands than man could do. Sir Thomas Gresley had two horses, but both had enough of it. Mr. Bass had two, but he was nursing his second horse, Grasshopper, from the beginning, or he would never have seen the end. Sir Thomas rode his hunter home, thirty miles, and Mr. Bass rode back more than twenty-five. Tom declares that his hounds would have done the same ground over again the next day."

As regards the last statement there is room for doubt. It seems as if hounds had had about enough. Tom used to deny stoutly that they were too beat to break up their fox, attributing their failing to do it to shyness at finding only strangers with them. But he started home with some of them in a cart, for one hound bit him in the cheek, and he pitched her out, with a characteristic, "Dom ye, now ye can walk!" Others came dragging in a long time after he got home, "proper tired," as an old kennel-man said. Charles, who, as has been mentioned above, got to the end of his horse, Charity, hours before, having gone home to Kedleston inn, came out to meet his uncle in a cart and drove him home.

Of those who were in this great run, only Mr. George Moore, of Appleby, now survives. Mr. Strutt met with a tragic end, being caught in the water-wheel at his works at Belper and killed.

The next item of interest in connection with this long-to-be-remembered day was the presentation of a silver horn to the huntsman by Lord Alexander (Dandy)

Paget, of which the following is a detailed description.

On Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds met at Radburne, for the first time since the great run of February 6th. Just before the hounds moved off from the front of the hall at Radburne, Lord Alexander Paget rode up, and in the following words presented the veteran huntsman, Tom Leedham, with a most beautiful silver hunting-horn: "Tom, I take this opportunity of presenting you with a small souvenir in commemoration of the finest run ever known with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds on this day month, from the Rough at Radburne, and in which your *lady pack*, with the greatest ease to themselves, travelled *thirty-two miles* of country in *four hours and two minutes*, with a brilliant kill at the finish. I trust, Tom, you will also accept this silver horn as a personal token of my esteem and regard for you; and I feel sure I am only expressing the universal wishes of all present—I think I may call them your faithful and devoted followers, though I am afraid we occasionally break that rule by riding before the fox—that there are yet many, many more years of health and happiness in store for you to enable you still further to enjoy the noblest of all sports, Fox Hunting, and that you may retain, to the end, the prestige you have gained of being one of the finest huntsmen at the head of one of the most perfect packs of hounds in England, of which, indeed, you may well be proud. Pray accept this Horn with my best wishes."

Tom, who seemed as much surprised as he was pleased, thanked his lordship for so unexpected a present.

By this time a very large field had arrived, and a move was made for Mr. Newton's osiers, and before the day's sport was over no less than five foxes were killed in the open, but without any run, much to the disappointment of many a hard-riding stranger. The event was as extraordinary, in another sense, as the notable run which took place on February 6th.

SONG OF THE RADBURNE RUN.

Let Billesdon Coplow hide its head,
And Pytchley men grow pale,
While here I sing the run we had
Within the Derby Vale.

'Twas February the sixth, eighteen sixty-eight,
Long will Derbyshire sportsmen remember the date.
At Radburne the hounds were appointed to meet
Where the Poles have for years had their family seat:
In red coats or black, full two hundred or more
Good sportsmen assembled before the hall door.
Yet of all these hard riders, it seems very clear,
Not ten at the end of the run did appear.

It was just twelve o'clock on this notable day,
When from Radburne decoy he was halloa'd away;
For the first forty minutes a ring they ran round,
And many a sportsman was seen on the ground.
Back through the decoy, our fox now changed his plan,
And straight up the Brailsford Plantations he ran.
Here we checked, but Tom quickly recovered the scent,
And on o'er the grass we to Kedleston went.
At that our fox took a very short look,
Then forward away, he crossed over the brook.
Back over again, just by way of a lark,
Like pigeons they flew over Kedleston Park.
Our numbers had dwindled to scarcely two score,
When at Langley we viewed the sly villain once more,
Yet to prove the old proverb that "pace alone kills,"
This stout fox set his head for the Derbyshire hills.
Mansell Park saw the stoppage of many a horse,
And scanty the number who passed Jarratt's Gorse,
Till at Hulland Ward village just five we espy,
Left alone with the hounds going on in full cry.
To surmount Blackwall Hill vainly two of those tried,
There a noble lord stopped,* and Tom Leedham's horse died.
This ascent overcome, Reynard found it was vain
To hope any longer the hills to regain.
Back he turned straight down wind, and it now became clear,
That his strength being exhausted, the end must be near;

* Lord Berkeley Paget, on Lady Grace, who had carried him brilliantly from the beginning till now.

So it proved, for at Biggin, being chased by a cur,
He crawled into a hedge quite unable to stir.
Then Ringlet came up and alone stood at bay,
Till the others joined in and there ended the day.
As the clock proclaimed four the fox gave up his breath,
And the who-whoop for miles around told of his death.
Over full thirty-two miles of ground had we been,
And from Radburne decoy, as the crow flies, fourteen.
Your pardon I ask, being unable to tell
Who went best in a run where so many went well;
But the name of one lady with pleasure I write,
"Miss Meynell's," who went throughout in the first flight.
All sportsmen I hope, too, for many a year,
The name of Tom Leedham will greet with a cheer.
His well-earned silver horn may he long live to wield,
And as on "that day," show the way to the field.
So fill up your glasses, a bumper we'll drain,
Health to Meynell Ingram, success to his name.
From the days since his grandfather ruled over Quorn,
His hounds from all others have still the palm borne.
When you've finished the first fill a second besides,
To the health of Squire Pole who such foxes provides;
And a third to the men over whose land we ride,
The Yeomen who live on the Derbyshire side.

Feb. 1868.

All the talk, gossip, and anecdote anent this great run would almost fill a small volume, but space cannot be found for everything. Still, this last addition, furnished by the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram, is so interesting that it makes the best possible finish to so good a run. It is a letter from the late Mr. Michael Bass, the father of Lord Burton, to Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram.

Rangemore, February 7th, 1868.

Dear Mr. H. Meynell,

I heard of your passing thro' Tutbury last night at an earlier hour than the story of the run could have reached you, so I feel sure you will forgive me for sending you a sketch of my recollections. I take my tale from the point where the fox turned from Radburne the last time; of all that preceded that you yourself were a prominent feature—"*pars magna.*" It must have been near Radburne Common when we ran the fox in view, and he turned by his right, leaving Langley on that hand, by Post House, by Church field, again crossing the Derby and Ashborne road between Ednaston and Brailsford Mill, by Alder Car, Mercaston, over Bradley Bottoms, where the hounds were racing, Tom

close at their heels as he was wont to do forty years ago; away for Hulland, Hulland Ward, and on for Black Wall House, where, on a most picturesque hillside, Tom stopped, he "could no further go." He tried to stop his hounds, and blew his horn until it rang through Dovedale. It was too late, for Frolic, as Charles Eaton told me, a great fine bitch that has had whelps, with a chosen few carried the line on through Black Wall Wood, by Atlow village, to within two fields of Atlow Whin. Here an accident occurred which destroyed Miss G. Meynell's hopes of witnessing the finish, and had nearly proved fatal to me:—her groom tallihoed the beaten fox on a dead fallow; the excitement was awful. we holloaed till we were hoarse. I rode furiously after this animal, nearly stopped my poor horse, only to find that the fox was a shepherd's dog. I returned over the lost ground; all but a single hound had disappeared. I persevered, however, and, as every villager was agape, I caught them again above Biggin Mill, and between there and Idridgehay, and about two and a half miles from Wirksworth, this gallant fox came to bay under a holly bush. Charles Eaton and that splendid bitch (whatever her name she ought to be called Paragon, and will be the mother of untold heroes) advanced to the attack. The bitch would not face him singly, and Eaton was driven to finish the run with the butt end of his whip. The other hounds, four and a half couple, did not get up till it was all over. They could not break him up, and, though I cut him open, they could not tear him to pieces. We were a small party, Miss Meynell, Charles Eaton, *facile princeps*, Sir Thomas Gresley, young George Moore, a nice-looking lad, and your humble servant, and, by this time, seven and a half couple of hounds. Hamar saw some farmers take away nine couples to Kedleston. Allowing for wayfarers, Tom had but a small party, but Sir Thomas and George Moore overtook him with our forlorn hope before they got to Kedleston. Miss Meynell and I met with unbounded hospitality at a small farmhouse—excellent gruel for horses, and hay too; tea, black and green, with a taste of fine old rum in it, teacakes, etc., etc. We could not between us raise money enough to evince our sense of Mrs. Booth's entertainment; such a cheery old lady; had been married fifty years; had got twelve children, no end of grandchildren, and her hair was as black as a raven's wing. The retracing of our steps (the run was no joke), but to bring horses that had done thirty miles in the run twenty-five miles to their stables, *hic labor, hoc opus;* however, we were in brave spirits; we lost two miles by going into Brailsford town instead of crossing the road at the mill. We passed Ednaston before six, and, though often too tired to trot, Miss Meynell reached Longford before half-past six, carrying with her the trophy of the run. I got home before eight, dined on half the wing of a chicken, won seven points at whist, two games at billiards, easy, and went to bed, but not to sleep, I was too excited.

In this year the South Stafford Hunt, as it now is, was started. Lords Alexander and Berkeley Paget went to see Mr. Hugo Meynell to ask if he would allow the Hunt to draw any part of the outside of his country. The result was that he agreed to lend the country from Black Slough to Ingestre, including Beaudesert and Cannock Chace, provided one of "the Pagets" became master, which Lord Henry Paget, their brother, did, for five years. He was

succeeded by Captain Browne, of Hall Court, Herefordshire.

This district still belongs to the Meynell, and they have the right to go there any time they want to. They always used to have a day on Cannock Chace at the end of the season, but nowadays there is too much wire there for pleasure. The North Stafford now draw the Ingestre coverts, but the Meynell have been there within the last two years.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1868–1869.

GEMS OF THE KENNEL—GREAT RUN FROM RAVENSDALE PARK—GOOD RUN FROM EDNASTON GORSE.

Field, May 21st, 1868:—

MR. MEYNELL INGRAM'S HOUNDS.

By "Cecil."

Hoar Cross Hall, the family seat of Mr. Meynell Ingram, is very centrally situated as regards all places of meeting, with the exception of those on the northern extremity, which are hunted the first week in each month from Kedleston inn, as mentioned in my communication last week. The kennels are near to the house, an accommodation of inestimable value to every master of hounds who takes a lively interest in the welfare of the pack. On the occasion of my visit, I was most courteously received by Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram, and we forthwith proceeded to the flags.

This year's list enumerates fifty-one couples and a half, nine couples and a half of which are juveniles; this is rather below their average, the dire disease distemper having reduced their numbers. The sires on duty are Agent, Fairplay, Rockwood, General, Absolute, Nimrod, Nathan, Finder, Marmion, with Manager and Fleecer marked for promotion.

Agent, in his sixth season, a black, white, and tan coloured hound, of good proportions and thick through his body, is a son of the Duke of Rutland's Agent and Hopeful. His Grace's Agent, through Mr. Foljambe's Forester, traces back to the Belvoir kennels, connecting the Bluecap and Furrier strains, so often noticed by me as a remarkable instance of conveying their type. Both Bluecap and Furrier go back in precisely the same lines to Mr. Meynell's Guzman, entered in 1794, son of his German and Blowsy. Hopeful rejoices also in ancestors of wonderful fame, and goes remotely into similar families as her partner. She was a daughter of Alaric, a great favourite in these and other kennels, and Hostile. He was a son of Falstaff and Agnes, and was descended, through Lord Yarborough's Flasher, in eight strains or more from their old Ranter. Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier is also in the escutcheon. Hostile was a daughter of Sir Watkin Wynn's Admiral and his Harmony, and came to these kennels unentered. This line introduces Mr. Foljambe's Albion, with his Harbinger, and two strains from Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper, with a line from the Duke of Beaufort's Justice. There are also six infusions of the Brocklesby old Ranter in this order.

Fairplay, the same age as Agent, a black, white, and tan, enjoying an irreproachable character, possesses great power, and is particularly good over his loins; he is the issue of Alfred and Fancy. Alfred stood in great favour with Sir John Trollope, and very justly so, as he was the sire of his Primate and Woodman, besides several others of high repute. Alfred was a son of Alaric, already described, and Gadfly, a great-granddaughter of Lord Yarborough's Flasher, consequently running to the same strains of old celebrities. Her sire, the Duke of Rutland's Grappler, owes his birth to Mr. Foljambe's Rifler, and through that source is descended from the Furrier of imperishable fame, and through Lord Yarborough's Chaser in several more lines to Ranter. Fancy was daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's Foreman and Redrose, an offspring of Mr. Foljambe's Render, brother to Rifler, consequently running again to the same origin.

Rockwood, a black and white hound, with very little tan, is rather light of bone, but his good deeds have gained him favour, and his progeny, of which there are four couples and a half in the kennel, do him ample justice. He comes of good parentage, being the issue of Reginald and Primrose. The sire was a son of Mr. Foljambe's Reginald, in whose lineage is found Albion, with the Duke of Rutland's Courier and Mr. Osbaldeston's Piper, and it is especially remarkable that the Bluecap and Furrier combinations are each of them twice repeated; Primrose was a daughter of Hercules and Paragon. Her sire's immediate ancestors were natives of these kennels, while Paragon, her dam, was daughter of the Duke of Rutland's Pilot, going in the preceding generation to Lord Yarborough's kennels, and thus securing the best of that ancient blood.

General and Gleaner, brothers, both black, white, and tan, are of a very useful stamp, though going to Mr. Lane Fox's kennel, where power is a significant feature. The blood of Mr. Foljambe's kennels is very prominent. The Bramham moor General is their accredited sire, and he was a grandson of Lord Yarborough's Ruler, which hound, as all know who are intimate with kennel lore, was bred by the Squire of Osberton. Rosalind, the dam of the two hounds, was a daughter of Reginald, sire of Rockwood and Heedless, who was sister to Hopeful, the dam of Agent.

Absolute, in his fourth season, is a hound of considerable power, and in height rather over the general standard. He is a son of Alfred, therefore half-brother to Fairplay. Rarity, his dam, was a daughter of Sir Watkin Wynn's Royal and Fancy, the dam of Fairplay. Royal, it must be remembered, was a son of Lord Fitzwilliam's Singer, and goes back to Lord Yarborough's Rallywood, and very promptly to Mr. Foljambe's kennels.

Nimrod, in his fourth season, is a son of the Duke of Rutland's Nimrod, and when it is mentioned that he inherits all the characteristics of that far-famed kennel, it is almost unnecessary to observe that his colour is black, white, and tan, and that of the very richest shade. His grace's Nimrod was a grandson of Mr. Drake's Duster, who conveyed a combination of celebrities from divers kennels of renown besides his own, the Duke of Beaufort's being the most prominent, and through that channel to Sir Thomas Mostyn's. Then there is the Duke of Grafton's, Lord Southampton's, and Mr. Warde's in great attendance, indicating power, and the great size prevailing amongst those packs. This has been softened down by the elegant symmetry of the Belvoir blood, assisted by the introduction of Lord Yarborough's beautiful Basilisk, sire of Rallywood. This hound, like so many more of high fame, was descended from Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier, and an infinity of the Brocklesby old Ranter strains. Garland, Nimrod's dam, was daughter of Ganymede and Hostile, the grandson of Agent.

Ganymede was son of Hercules and Glory, whose nearest of kin were bred at these kennels.

Nathan, in his third season, a black, white, and tan, is a very smart, active hound, with very captivating head, neck, and shoulders, and tells you at the first glance that he enjoys a pace. He is the produce of Lord Yarborough's Nathan and Gladsome. In his lordship's hound we find an immediate descent from Lord Henry Bentinck's Craftsman, whereby we get Mr. Foljambe's Herald, and in Nathan's lineage there is also that gentleman's Albion. Gladsome was a daughter of Alaric and Graceful; her sire, Rifleman, was a grandson of Mr. Foljambe's Herald.

Finder, although only in his second season, has exhibited so much excellence as to place him on the paternal list. He is a black, white, and tan colour, the white prevailing, and has good symmetry to recommend him. He is the issue of Alfred, sire of Fairplay and Freedom, whose sire Reginald has already been introduced as the sire of Rockwood; the dam, Fairy, was sister to Fancy, the dam of Fairplay.

Marmion, of the same year as his predecessor, is likewise black, white, and tan, with capital loins and thighs, and is son of Merrimac and Witchcraft; Merrimac was the produce of Reginald and Harmony. Reginald was described as sire of Rockwood, and Harmony was sister to Hopeful, the dam of Agent. Witchcraft represents Lord Henry Bentinck's Wanderer, son of the Duke of Rutland's Comus and Wrangle, a daughter of Content, so that Mr. Foljambe's kennels are still in the ascendency. Hecuba, Witchcraft's dam, was sister to Harmony, Heedless, and Hopeful.

On the list for promotion is Manager, son of Merrimac, and Tuneful, daughter of Ravager and Thetis, whose paternal ancestors were from the Oakley kennels. Ravager was a son of the Duke of Rutland's Prompter and Redrose, the granddam of Fairplay. The Belvoir blood was intermixed with the Brocklesby, entailing divers strains of their Ranter again.

In similar order is Fleecer, son of Forester and Dairymaid. He is a nice shaped, lively hound, and of the right size. Hercules, the sire of Forester, and his immediate paternal antecedents, were natives of these kennels, and Fairy, his dam, has been introduced in connection with Finder. With faithful allegiance to Mr. Foljambe's kennels, his Duster was the sire and Princess the dam of Dairymaid. Duster quickly runs to antecedents identical with Forester's, whereby the Bluecap and Furrier affinities are again conspicuous.

The senior of the matrons is Witchcraft, the dam of Marmion. She possesses plenty of power, though age, hard work, and the duties of a mother have had their influences. There is a very good-looking daughter of hers, Violet, in her third season, by the Duke of Beaufort's Vaulter. She has lots of bone, and her character in her work is unexceptionable. Vaulter was a hound of very high pretensions. His sire, Fleecer, was bred by Mr. Morrel from Lord Fitzhardinge's Furrier, and goes back to Mr. Foljambe's Herald and the Vine Pilgrim.

Beatrice, in her sixth season, is one of the few not black, white, and tan; her colour is a good hare pie. She is a daughter of the Hon. George Fitzwilliam's Bluecap and Ruby. Bluecap was a son of Bellman, bred at Brocklesby, but entered by Mr. Drake; Ruby was daughter of Falstaff and Roguish.

Laura, a black, white, and tan, in her fifth season, possesses great power and elegance. She is a daughter of Lord Henry Bentinck's Larkspur; and Gladsome Larkspur, son of Comrade, introduces Sir Richard Sutton's famous Trueman family.

Going through the pack, I must not omit Madrigal and Melody, both hare

pies in their fourth season. They have great power, with rare loins and thighs, and are daughters of Merriman and Hyacinth, whose immediate predecessors were bred at their kennels; Monarch, Matron, and Music are of the same litter.

Ringlet is a daughter of Lord Henry Bentinck's Regulus and Harmony, and she exemplifies so many excellent qualities that she must not be passed over. Regulus was always an especial favourite in my estimation, and I give him the preference over his brothers, Rector and Regent. He was a descendant of Contest, and, going back to Mr. Foljambe's kennels, perpetuates two strains from Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier.

A year younger is Arrogant, the issue of Comus and Artful, whose sire, Argus, was bred at Belvoir, from Trusty and Nightshade, consequently brother to the Duke of Rutland's Alfred and Agent. Comus, son of Hercules, goes back to Lord Yarborough's Flasher. Columbine, black, white, and tan, daughter of Conqueror and Garland, is of great size. The sire's antecedents were a happy combination of the Bramham Moor and Belvoir kennels. Conqueror is also represented by Countess and Cowslip, both black, white, and tan, with all the indications of resolution. Hasty, their dam, was a daughter of Reginald and Heedless. Nimble, sister to Nathan, bears a strong resemblance to her brother, and possesses the inestimable quality of taking up the fleeting scents, invariably preventing difficulties on roads. Pamela, a rich black, white, and tan, with fine proportions and great elegance, is a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's Guardsman and Prudence. In racing parlance, she will be heard of as a matron on future occasions. Guardsman, a hound of great power, but not without some coarseness, is son of the Duke of Rutland's Guider and Harriet, in whom again we find a descendant of Sir Richard Sutton's Trueman, and, in the maternal line, the same ancestors as the Badminton Rufus and Remus, of imperishable fame. Prudence, being a daughter of Trojan and Pamela, perpetuates the race of Alfred and Lord Yarborough's Flasher; and another strain from the same kennel, combined with Sir Richard Sutton's Red Rose, a comely daughter of Rockwood and Amethyst, has all the appearance of a hard worker, quick in all her actions; Amethyst was sister to Agent.

In their second season, Abbess, Adeline, full of bone, and Agnes, come in for a great amount of admiration; unexceptionable in symmetry, good workers, and of hardy constitutions. They are representatives of Rockwood and Amulet, sister to Artful, who, from the same partner, Rockwood, produced Ardent, a very comely young lady, with length of frame. Fallacy, sister to Finder, must not be passed by without distinctive compliments; neither must Primrose, daughter of Merrimac and Purity, or Rival, sister of later birth to Redrose. Symmetry, well deserving her name, is a daughter of Mr. Foljambe's Roderick and Syren. I now come, I think, to the choicest inmate of the kennels—Trinket, the produce of Merrimac and Tuneful, granddaughter of the Duke of Rutland's Prompter, full of the best blood in the Belvoir and Brocklesby kennels.

This season's entry, although not numerically extensive, is full of character. Albert and Archer are sprung from Agent and Beatrice; they are of the right size, with the character of hard runners. Fatima, daughter of the Duke of Rutland's Falstaff and Winsome, has great substance about her thighs, is good over the loins, on short proportionate legs. Winsome was daughter of Lord Henry Bentinck's Wanderer, a descendant of Contest's. Mira, of rich black, white, and tan, on short legs, is the daughter of Albion, and a former Mira, sister to Merrimac. Needwood, Needful, and Norah are from Nimrod and Gladsome. Needful will no doubt be promoted to the honours of maternity. Ranter, Rustic, Rachael, and Ransom are descended from Royal and Lively. The two latter

are remarkably good-looking, with freedom of action. Royal was a son of Sir Watkin Wynn's Royal and Lively, a daughter of Lord Henry Bentinck's Larkspur and Gladsome. Regan and Rosamond are from Regulus and Songstress. Rivulet is a daughter of Albion and Ringlet, and she does justice to her parentage. Singer, Sorcerer, and Stormer represent Regulus and Syren; they are particularly clean, Sorcerer remarkably handsome, which may also be said of Stormer, though he is rather light of bone. Wilful ends the list; she is a daughter of Wanderer and Dairymaid, very good, and a rare young one to drive a scent.

Taking the pack in a body, the bitches have an unquestionable ascendancy; indeed, it would be difficult to find a better, if so good a lot. What a happy result! You may procure the services of dog hounds from other kennels, but the other sex you cannot procure if they possess high pretensions.

For some years past the supply of water was not of good quality, hence inconvenience arose, affecting some of the hounds in a peculiar manner. That has been fortunately overcome by procuring water from a different source, and the annoyance no longer exists.

Although Mr. Meynell Ingram does not attend his hounds in the field, nor has he been able to do so for several years, the interest he takes in the perfection of the pack, and the sport they afford, is as keen as ever. Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram performs the duties with admirable tact and judgment, always in the front rank when hounds are running. The Miss Meynells are also ardently fond of hunting, and their equestrian accomplishments have gained a wide-spread fame. In a conversation I had with Mr. Meynell Ingram at luncheon, after a very delightful morning on the flags, I was much gratified to find that he confirmed an opinion I have for some time entertained and expressed, that the very upright pasterns and cat's feet, so imperative in the estimation of the most critical judges of hounds, were not the most serviceable for useful purposes. It is quite evident that more concussion must exist with such very straight pasterns, and that upon the same principle that it is known to exist in the horse.

The fact of this lengthy article appearing in the leading paper for all hunting subjects is sufficient proof, if any were needed, of the high estimation in which the Hoar Cross hounds were held at this date.

A similar one appears in 1886, from which they do not seem to have lost their ancient prestige. After that Mr. Bass is said to have improved them immensely. It is worth while for the reader to bear these facts in mind. For the present, however, it is more to the purpose to turn to their actual performances in the field.

The season opened on October 26th, and then for some reason they did not go out again till November 9th. The Master was kept at home a great deal through indisposition, but, which is more curious still, hounds did not come out one day because neither Tom nor Charles were well enough

to go. This must have been between the 10th and the 23rd of November, as there was no hunting between those dates. Several good runs occurred before Christmas, but nothing very extraordinary.

On January 12th they had a very good, fast forty-five minutes from Chartley Moss, by Grindley, Boothy, under Newton village, turned to the right by Swansmoor, Hixon, Hamerton, Shirley Wych, to ground in Sandon Park.

Bretby, from which there had been such good runs in old days, was by this time clearly out of favour, for the diarist speaks of "a regular Bretby day, running round Repton Shrubs, Hoofing, Levellings, Bretby village, all day. Killed two foxes."

On January 20th they found in Pipe Wood, ran two or three rings, and then crossed the Blythe. This from the diary, but old Tom used to say he never saw gentlemen so fond of water as Lord Berkeley Paget, Mr. "Dick" FitzHerbert, and one or two more were that day, for when they came to the Blythe, which was in flood, not very far from where the road crosses it going to Blithbury, they must needs ride smack at it. They got over, too, with nothing worse than a splash, where the horses' hind feet lit in the flood water!

Mr. FitzHerbert seemed partial to timber as well that day, according to old Jack Bond, for the latter said he saw him come sailing over a great high gate into the road near Blithbury. There were giants in those days. We do not do those sort of things now.

At last, on February 2nd, there came a great run—for hounds. No one was with them but Mr. Tomlinson, of Bradley Pastures, and, from the latter's own account, Mr. Sampson of Langley, a very keen follower of the Meynell hounds, who is still with us. This is Mr. Meynell Ingram's account: "Found in Ravensdale Park. Went away very fast by the New Gorse, Halter Devil Chapel, Jarratt's Gorse to Bradley fishponds, by Bradley Pastures, over Atlow Whin, by Hognaston, Hopton, Carsington Pastures, over the High Peak railway to Wirksworth Town end,

back by Callow Windmill, Kirk Ireton, Blackwall to Biggin, where they killed him just where Tom's horse died last year. Tomlinson of Bradley saw them catch the fox, and took them home. Tom and Charles arrived fifteen minutes after they had gone. None of the field ever saw them after Bradley. The points on the ordnance map make it fifteen and a half miles, and they were running about two hours."

Unluckily the master himself was not out, or he might have seen this extraordinary run, of which Mr. Tomlinson talked to his dying day. Mr. Meynell Ingram adds, with pardonable pride, "Dog pack. All at the end but Statesman and Conrad." The latter was the only hound which Mr. Richard FitzHerbert could see when he got to the end of the raw young one which he was riding, being at that time the only man near them.

There was a printed account of this same day in the *Field*, which runs as follows:—

It is just one year since the great run of more than four hours, which was considered, and justly so, one of the most famous on record; but the sport these unsurpassed hounds have shown on the three Derby days of last week almost exceeds anything even the most veteran sportsman can remember. Tuesday was of course the Kedleston day, when we tried first the Weston covert, which was blank, and then Ravensdale Park, where a fine old hill fox was found, which, after being aroused, quietly looked up from his comfortable bed, and made straight for his native home at such a pace that gave no chance for a start. The scent was perfect, and the hounds went to work in such style, that, before twenty minutes were gone, not a horseman was left in view of them, for over the hills they went like flashes of lightning, and ran to Hopton; the fox, turning, came back by Calow Windmill, in a direct line for Blackwall, and, very strange, was killed within fifty yards of the scene of last year's great finish. The only one up at the time was Mr. Tomlinson of Bradley, who joined us soon after passing his house, and who accidentally met the hounds just before Reynard gave it up, and conveyed them to their quarters.

The meet at Radburne ensures a large field, and last Thursday was no exception, being one of the largest and most brilliant we have ever seen, with an immense attendance of ladies in splendid equipages. Month after month the sport here has been so good that no one who hunts ever thinks of missing it. The Melton division was strongly and well represented, amongst them the very popular master of the Quorn, Mr. Musters, who went in first-rate style. The Rough was drawn blank, and then on to the Brick-kiln Covert, where a fox was found, and, after one or two false starts, he made for Kedleston, but did not get across the Ashbourne road; pointed then for Brailsford, which he shunned to the left, going through Wild Park, Mercaston, Weston, towards Breward's Car, which he left to the right, going on for Turnditch, coming round by the Lilies

with the hounds within fifty yards of his brush; still he struggled gamely on to the Car, where the ladies made short work of him, after a grand run of about eighty minutes.

Before he could be eaten up another fox was halloaed away, and, after a short run, was killed in Ravensdale covert. New gorse was next tried, where a poor wretch was found with a broken leg in a trap. It was now getting late, but, some sportsmen not having had enough, Spring Car was drawn, where a rare good fox was found, which, after a fine hunting run, was finally killed in the Darley osier bed.

The finish of this run was most exciting. Lord Berkeley Paget, Mr. Henry Boden, Mr. Bird, and Mr. R. Curzon had been going, one against the other, all the way, and the first named had perhaps a little the best of it, ending up with jumping off his horse and racing with Mr. Curzon, who had done the same, for the honour of taking the fox from the hounds, and his lordship won. Old Tom, too, had gone like a hero on Daddy Longlegs, and the eight who were at the finish, made up a "Cap" for him.

Arleston Gorse was the order for Saturday. It being an unusually fine morning the muster was again large, especially of the ladies. A fox was soon found, which, after a fast thirty minutes, went to ground in a drain. Willington coverts blank, ditto Burnaston. Egginton Gorse next being tried, a bad fox was found, ringing back two or three times, till at last it got too hot for him to stay. He then made for Burnaston, pointing for Radburne, but, heading round for the Pastures, was killed after a fair hunting run of about forty minutes.

It is a matter of great regret that the popular owner of these wonderful hounds was not able to participate in this week's brilliant sport, the regret being naturally increased by the fact that he was prevented from joining it by indisposition. It is due to Tom Leedham to say that he never rode with more pluck or with better judgment.

Considering that Tom was now sixty-four years old, this is no small compliment.

Mr. Meynell Ingram has left a good account of these days, and tells us how in the last run on the Radburne day, from Spring, or rather Champion Car, they came away very fast to Allestree, turned to the right, came back by Quorndon, Kedleston inn, across Kedleston Park, by Weston, through Breward's Car, down to Eccelbourne by Duffield, to the right of Burley Hills, left Allestree close to the right, went into the meadows and straight up to Darley osier bed, where they killed him, and Berkeley (Lord Berkeley Paget) brought him out on his back. One hour and forty minutes." The comment is, "Very hot. Eight people at the end." It is pretty safe to assume that Mr. and Mrs. Musters, who were out, were two of them. Of the Arleston day mentioned above, the diary has but little to say, except that the fox was very much

headed. As he himself was not out, it looks as if Tom had had a good grumble when he got home.

On February 18th, in the afternoon, there was a good run from Ednaston Gorse. They ran from there up to Bradley Bottoms, back by Brailsford Gorse without going into it, down nearly to Longford, up to Mr. Cox's, by White's Covert, across to Mercaston, Weston, Wild Park, Vicar Wood, Langley, Markeaton, Wheathills, Pildock Nursery, back to the Langley road, where Tom stopped them, after running two hours and twenty minutes, and a good twenty miles.

On the 22nd there was another good day at Walton. They found in Lullington Gorse, crossed the Mease, and ran hard for forty minutes to Amington Gorse. Here they hung for twenty minutes. Then away again down to the Tame, and ran about Tamworth, Wigginton, etc., constantly changing foxes, till Tom stopped them in the end, when they had been running for three hours and forty minutes.

The master was not out, probably because of his father's failing health, for on February 26th, only four days after this good run, the old squire was gathered to his fathers, at the good old age of eighty-six.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE OLD SQUIRE—THE MISSES MEYNELL INGRAM—TOM LEEDHAM'S BROKEN LEG—GREAT RUN TO TAMWORTH.

1869–1870.

This was the title by which Mr. Hugo Charles Meynell Ingram was best known latterly for miles round Hoar Cross, and it seemed to suit him. For he was a perfect specimen of the type, living and dying amongst his own people. One who knew him well wrote the following notice of him :—

The family of Meynell, or Mesnil, as it is spelt in the older records, trace their lineage back to the Norman period, and the members of this family have in successive reigns held various important positions in the country. They settled in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, where the family place still bears the name of Meynell Langley. It is with the Derbyshire branch that we have to do.

Hugo Charles Meynell, the eldest son of Hugo Meynell, Esq., and Elizabeth, third daughter and co-heiress of Charles, ninth Viscount Irwine of Temple Newsam in the county of York, came of a race of sportsmen, his grandfather, Hugo Meynell, having been the celebrated master of the Quorn, well known as "the father of fox-hunting."

Hugo Charles Meynell was born in 1784, and educated at Harrow, where amongst other friendships he formed a lasting one with a school-fellow who in later life, as Lord Palmerston, played a prominent part in the history of the nation. When quite a young man he also formed a

friendship with the Prince of Wales, of whom he used to recall many anecdotes.

This friendship with the Prince and many others was, however, early severed by Mr. Meynell's retirement to the country in order to devote himself to the duties of a M.F.H., and it was very difficult ever afterwards to persuade him to leave his country home. He married, in 1819, Georgina, daughter of Mr. F. Pigou, of Dartford, Kent, a lady whose brilliancy and charm won her the close friendship of such men as Sydney Smith, Lord Brougham, Walter Savage Landor, and Charles Young, and her exchanging the attractions of such society for the wilds of Staffordshire was often lamented by these friends. But the charms of the chace were paramount in her husband's estimation, and, indeed, it is doubtful whether, in those early days, the family fortune would have been equal to the heavy drain of keeping a pack of foxhounds, and the expenses of a London house. Be that as it may, Mr. Meynell's devotion to hunting never knew any diminution, and when, in 1842, he succeeded to the family estates in Yorkshire, and assumed the additional surname of Ingram, not even the attractions of his beautiful Yorkshire home at Temple Newsam could induce him to spend more than six weeks away from his beloved hounds.

Early in the fifties continued attacks of sciatica compelled him to resign the active duties of the mastership to his son, Mr. Hugo Francis. Still, he never ceased to take the greatest interest in the doings of the pack which he had founded and raised to a very high pitch of excellence. Fox-hunting was the absorbing interest of his life, from which not even the solicitations of Sydney Smith could wean him. The latter wrote to Mrs. Meynell Ingram, "Your husband has been chasing foxes for thirty-five years. Can you not induce him to give it up?" But it would have been almost as easy to have dammed the falls of Niagara as to quench that inbred love of hunting, which was a part and parcel of the squire's very

existence. And such sport as he had, with his own hounds too, which is the very acme of enjoyment, was enough to make any one forget the pleasures of London society. When he first began hunting the hare, he carried the horn himself, and his brother Edward, who was in the 10th Royal Hussars, and Henry, who afterwards became the admiral, whipped in to him. Capital fun they had. But when fox-hunting became thoroughly established, and he assumed the responsibilities of the master of a subscription pack, as his was at first, he handed over the horn to Tom Leedham the first, his *fidus Achates* in all hunting matters. The latter must have imbibed some of the lore venatical of Quarndon from his old master. Thus the relationship of these two was perhaps more that of tutor and pupil than the usual one of man and master. However, to judge from the sport they had, the combination worked very well. As to his riding to hounds, there is no one who can remember him as a young man, but, from the little that can be gleaned from contemporary writers, he was always with his hounds. Of the latter he was a consummate judge, and had every detail of kennel lore at his fingers' ends.

It must have been a congenial party at Hoar Cross, thoroughly united by a common bond. Another thing which the squire had in common with his eldest daughter was a love of music, for he was a good performer on the fiddle, while she was one of Hallé's favourite and most promising pupils. In fact, there was nothing which she attempted which she did not excel in. Not only was she, like her sister (who is now living at Binfield in Berkshire), a most brilliant horsewoman, but, as has been said, a most accomplished musician, a beautiful dancer and skater, while her conversation was so witty and sparkling that, on one occasion, at least, every one was so taken up with listening to it that they were all left behind in Birchwood. There is a tradition that she skated so gracefully that the late Queen asked to see her on the ice. In speaking of the Misses Meynell Ingram's horsemanship it

must be remembered that they rode without the assistance of the third pommel, which is universal now, and deserve the very greatest credit on that account. But there is no need for the present writer to sing their praises. That has been done by almost every penman whose writings have been quoted in this volume, and their horsemanship is proverbial. So long as there is a pack of hounds in the country—and may the day never come when there is not!—their doings will be a household story.

Hounds went out again on March 15th, 1869, and the date was memorable as being the day on which Charles Leedham first carried the horn. His uncle Tom had a cold, and said he should not go. "Let me take the horn," Charles said—a proposition to which his uncle agreed, with the encouraging remark, "Much good may it do you!"

The nephew found his fox in Eaton Wood, and hounds ran well by Marston Park, and Roston, crossing the Dove close to Norbury Bridge, through the Wootton Woods, and marked their fox to ground under the drive at Alton Towers. He was got out and killed. Charles used to have some story about Mr. Keates getting bitten. As hounds ran down by the Dove one of them snapped at a lamb, catching him across the loins. When the huntsman got home he told his uncle what a good day they had had, and how he had killed his fox, and so on, but he either did not know, or, at any rate, did not say, anything about the lamb. The latter unfortunately died, and in due course the claim came in to Tom, who, rejoicing at having something to set against his nephew's success, growled out, "Well, Mr. Hontsman, ye tell us all the good things, but ye say nowt about the bad."

On March 21st there is this entry, "Chartley. Chopped a fox on the Moss, and some boys killed one in a trap. Hounds went away with another, and the field lost them entirely. At the end of three hours, Tom found them in Bagot's Woods." The master was not out.

A day or two afterwards there is a mention of his brother-in-law, Captain the Hon. Harry Wood, being out. He was a good sportsman and very fine horseman, who hunted a good deal with the hounds.

The 28th was a day of misfortunes, for Mr. West of Derby, when galloping across Foston Park at the end of the day, struck his head against the bough of a tree and was killed. The wind was blowing a storm of rain against his face, and he was holding his head down to avoid it, and consequently did not see a bough, which struck him full on the top of his head. Mr. Nathaniel Curzon's groom broke his leg.

The last day of the season was spent in Bagot's Woods. Foxes killed, nineteen and a half brace; run to ground, seven; number of hunting days, sixty.

1869–1870.

The opening day was on October 25th, and sport was only moderate for some time. The Radburne days were the great attraction for strangers, and on December 9th there was an unusually large contingent from Melton, including Mr. and Mrs. Musters, and Gillard. There was rather a nice ring from Radburne Rough to Brailsford and back, and Messrs. Dancey and Coupland had each the misfortune to break a leg.

The first day which is at all out of the common run in the New Year, 1870, was a good forty minutes on a Blythbury day. The fox took them an unusual line from Pipe Wood, through Pear Tree Gorse, by the Old Wood, to Bellamoor. Hence he crossed the canal, railroad, and river, and went straight to ground at Wolseley Park. Then again on the 18th, from Kingston Woods, they had a good ringing hunt, running pretty much all day, till Tom broke his leg, when they stopped the hounds and went home. The extraordinary thing about this is that he was out on February 24th, which is a rapid recovery for an old man going on for seventy, and broke it again! The first

Radburne day in February saw no less than twenty-eight people from Melton, including Lord and Lady Wilton, Mr. Little Gilmour, and others, but they were hardly repaid for their trouble. But had they been out the next day but one, when hounds came to Kedleston Gate, they would have seen how fast hounds could go. In fact, Sir Richard FitzHerbert, who is no bad judge, says it was the fastest "burst" he has ever seen. Mr. Meynell Ingram says, "Found at Allestree, ran very fast by Colvile's Covert, Farnah, Breward's Car, Ravensdale Park, to ground in the earths there; twenty-four minutes." This was more than a four-mile point over a very hilly country, and they were only twelve minutes running from Allestree to Breward's Car, three miles and a half.

There was a scent all day, for, later on, they found in Potter's, and ran quite as fast, if not faster, to Foston, in twelve minutes; then they ran back slower to Barton Blount and lost their fox. On the 8th they had a good, old-fashioned day in the woods, sticking to their fox for two hours and a half, and killing him at last at Bank Top. On March 7th there was a good day at Walton. Finding in Walton Wood, they ran very fast nearly to Lullington, thence to Haselour, where they checked after a fast thirty minutes. Hitting it off again, they hunted prettily by Elford and killed him on the railway, half a mile from Tamworth Station, after a capital run of an hour and forty minutes. Miss Georgiana Meynell Ingram had not been hunting much this year on account of the illness of her elder sister, who was not well enough to come out at all. But the former was out on this day, and no doubt told the Master, who was not out, all about it when she got home. There is a printed account of it.

Field, March 12th, 1870:—

This time-famed and gallant pack had the run of the season on Monday last. The meet was at Catton, where a fox was found and chopped. The hounds were then trotted on to Walton Wood, from whence a real varmint was soon got away. Pointing first to Catton, he then turned in the direction of Lullington, but changed his course for Edingale, and from thence held his way between Harlaston and Haselour, and, crossing the Midland Railway, made for Elford, where he

sought refuge in the wood between Elford Lowe and the river Tame. Here, however, Reynard found short breathing time, his staunch pursuers forcing him through the wood, leaving which he crossed the meadows in the direction of Comberford; then, bearing away to the left for Wigginton Fields, he recrossed the railway, passing over Syerscote Manor and the Tamworth and Ashby turnpike road, through Mr. Leigh's shrubberies at Amington Hall, and seemed to be making for that gentleman's gorse covert. Prevented in this, or changing his mind, he then turned southward in the direction of Tamworth, hoping, perhaps, to find a hiding-place in that close borough; but the fates were against him, and, after again crossing the Midland Railway, he was killed in the open within two or three fields from the Tamworth station. Distance by the ordinary road from find to finish, eleven miles. Time, one hour and forty-three minutes. This gallant fox having led his pursuers from Derbyshire through the south-eastern portion of Staffordshire into Warwickshire. Amongst those who were fortunate enough to take part in this memorable day's sport, we may mention Miss Georgiana Meynell, who rode well throughout, the Hon. Mrs. Colvile and Mr. Colvile, jun., Lord Alexander Paget, Mr. H. Leigh, Mr. Willington, General Phillips, Mr. Wolferstan, Mr. Moore, jun., Mr. Vaughan Lee, Mr. Evans, Mr. Curzon, Mr. Tonman Mosley, Mr. Levett, etc.

On March 19th they had a good run from Bannister's Rough, by Dunstall, across Mr. Bass's farm, to Yoxall Lodge, under the Coalpit Slade, Brakenhurst, over Hoar Cross Park, through the Bath, across Bentilee, and by Bromley Wood into Bagot's Ley. Forty minutes up to this. Again across Bagot's Park, into the woods at the Coach Drive, out at Peacock Wood, when a labourer headed the fox, and he ran a ring under Gorstey Hill, and into the Banks at Buttermilk Hill, when they gave up. It was a beautiful day, and the eldest Miss Meynell Ingram was out.

The season ended on April 2nd with a day in the woods.

Foxes killed, thirteen and a half brace; run to ground, four brace; blank days, one; number of hunting days, sixty-four.

CHAPTER XXV.

"CHARLES"—THE REV. CECIL LEGARD—MR. C. W. JERVIS-SMITH—DEATH OF MISS MEYNELL INGRAM—ELFORD.

1870–1871.

"Ah, he is one of the lucky ones!" So a brother huntsman described Charles Leedham to the writer. And he was not far wrong, for Charles may be said to have been born with a silver spoon, or perhaps, some people might say, a silver horn, in his mouth. He began as second horseman to Mr. Selby Lowndes in the Atherstone country in 1855. When he left Lord Southampton's service in a huff in 1858, he knew that Hoar Cross was always open to him, and that in course of time he must step into his uncle's shoes. Moreover, he was free from pecuniary worries. In the latter part of his life, at any rate, he must have felt that he had enough to retire on at any time. He therefore had little cause to cavil at fortune. Most men would be contented if they had what he had, viz. a position in his native county (for he always gave the impression of a man who considered himself as one set apart from the common herd); an office, pleasant in itself, and conferring distinction on its holder; a competency outside of that office; as much shooting and fishing as he pleased; good health; and a freedom of intercourse with his superiors in position, which is vouchsafed to but few in his station. And yet he was not spoilt. It speaks volumes for his character, that, in spite of all this, every master, under whom he served, had nothing but good to speak of him, and felt a real liking for him as a man.

And so, I think, we all did. He might be at times brusque in his manner, but there was an inherent uprightness and honesty about him that you could not help liking and respecting. He was what the Sussex folk call "an upstanding, down-sitting sort of a man." His "yea" was "yea," and his "nay" was "nay." No one could cajole him into agreeing with them. When he shut that firm mouth of his, stuck out his chin, and set up his great shoulders, you might know his mind was made up, and there was an end of it. But every rule has its exception. The writer remembers meeting Charles in the summer after the three great hill runs of 1896. He was describing how at one point hounds had a line down the road, which they were picking out slowly, when several of the field shouted to him that the fox had gone to the left. "I might have known they were wrong," he said, "for the same hounds that had been leading all the way were leading up the road, and I lost my fox by listening to the people."

"That is not much like you, Charles. I never knew you do that before."

"No; and I'll take dommed good care I never do it again," was the characteristic reply.

This was just after the Peterborough Show, where Charles had had to submit to a good deal of good-humoured chaff from his brethren in the craft, who would ask him, "Haven't you killed that old hill fox *yet?*" It will always be a question whether he cared about killing his fox or not. Sometimes he did not seem to care a rap about it. Apparently he came home just as happy when he had lost his fox after a good run as when he had killed him. He would often say in the former case, "He'll be wanted another day." If he was indifferent about blood, it may have been because at one time, in the seventies, foxes were not over plentiful, and one might well "be wanted another day."

Once when hounds had run clean away from all the field in the Bretby country, and he was galloping hard in pursuit, some one said to him, "I hope they'll kill him;"

and he said, " I don't care whether they do or not, so long as we get the hounds and go home."

Against this, on another occasion, when hounds had run a fox from Woodcock Heath through the woods to near Ash Bank, Draycott, the run fox, with six couples of hounds, went away on the lower side and to ground in a stick heap above Hound Hill. Meanwhile, Charles, with the main body, was halloaed on to a fresh one, and had a capital gallop all over Agardsley and Hollybush, but lost his fox. Some one told him about the other lot, and he was very much annoyed, and said, " If it hadn't been for the fool halloaing a fresh one, I should have *killed my fox and gone home happy.*"

Perhaps the fault lay in his circumstances. His bread and butter never depended on the sport he showed, and therefore it is just possible that he never " fashed himself," as the Scotch say, nor exerted his powers to the utmost. If things went well it was all right. No one could ride up to hounds better than he could, nor could there be a finer horseman, and he thoroughly enjoyed a good gallop. But he never was a man to make a good day out of a bad one, nor did he ever care much to jump a big awkward boundary fence to make a cast. His principle—the one on which he had been brought up—was to let hounds alone. And, though the Meynell country does not lend itself to bold casts, he may have carried this to an excess. " If they can't hunt him, I'm sure I can't," he would say, as he trotted round by the road, leaving hounds to work it out or not, as they pleased. That he understood his business there can be no doubt, but it is possible that his dislike of persevering with a cold scent may have affected the hounds, for latterly they were as impatient of adverse circumstances as he was.

Still, he was a rare fellow to go hunting with. To hear his voice in the woods was a treat. Not even

> " The cheer of Philip Payne as he
> The echoing woodlands drew "

was any richer in volume than that with which Charles

would make Bagot's or Kingstone Woods ring again. In fact, he was quite first rate in the woods. With hounds running hard over the open it was a pleasure to be with him. There was no hesitation, no waiting for any one to go first, and he seemed to slip along over the strongest country as if there were no obstacles, while his cheer when hounds hit the line at a check was most inspiriting. What good company he was, too, on the way to covert, or on the journey home, with his cigar in his mouth. Every field and every covert brought out a reminiscence or a racy anecdote of some one. He was very observant, and a great judge of character. Every one in the hunt was carefully weighed in the balance of his mind, and few escaped his keen and somewhat caustic criticism. A stranger once asked him how so-and-so, a nice light-weight and capital horseman, went. First, or second, or where? "He likes to go a good last," said Charles. "When he was born a gentleman they spoilt the best second horseman in England!"

Again, on a great county magnate, whose wealth was proverbial, saying to him, "You know, Charles, I'm a very poor man," he looked up, in a sharp way that he had, and burst out with, "If you're poor, the Lord help the rest!" One little anecdote is indicative of a trait in his character which few people would expect from his bluff manner. Coming up the school lane, Sudbury, on a Saturday, on his way home from cub-hunting, he was always most careful to have the hounds kept off the door-steps of the cottages. "They've just cleaned them, you see," he would say; and, of course, the hounds were all wet and dirty, having just crossed the river. Of all his horses, and he seldom, if ever, of late years, had to ride a bad one, Gobbo was the one he liked to talk of best. He persuaded Lord Waterpark to buy him when Mr. Meynell Ingram's horses were sold at Derby, though he was only a four-year-old, protesting that, young as he was, he would do more work than "a dealer's horse stuffed full of potatoes and such trash." When he had ridden him a

few seasons, Lord Hartington offered Lord Waterpark a lot of money (four hundred pounds was the current report), and he generously gave Charles the option of keeping or selling the horse. After due reflection, the latter said, "It's a lot of money. Better let him go." When this horse was first bought Mr. Clowes condemned him as "coach-ey!" Paddy, killed in the Ingestre railway accident, in 1882, was another great favourite of his, and so were the beautiful Gobang, Leonidas, and the broken-kneed mare. She cleared twenty-four feet with him over the Hoar Cross brook. As a rule, he was very lucky with his horses, and knocked them about less than most people, but when Paddy was killed, he said, "I wish I'd ridden him yesterday, for, if I had, I should have had a good ride, and he would be alive. As it is he's dead, and I expect the one I rode yesterday will be dead too by the time I get home." This was a mare he rode in the great North Stafford run from Draycott Woods to King's Bromley. The horse he rode on the Thursday died too, so there were three in three days.

Of all his hounds Linkboy and Merryman, of the real old Meynell blood, stood first in his affections, though Colonel, a son of the latter, and one that he walked himself, ran them very close. When not at work, the old dog was always close to his horse's heels, or trotting by his side. So was Cracker, a son of Colonel's, whom he always spoke of as "My crack hound." When this dog died in Bonner's year, in his prime, Charles said, "He was worth five hundred pounds. You could make a pack of hounds with a dog like him." He used to enjoy telling the story of how Advocate bit off the man's nose, who had brought a dog-horse from Radburne. The man was looking through the bars, and the hound had his nose off in a moment. Advocate was walked by Mr. Worthington of East Lodge, and used to chase the school-girls, who wore red cloaks, given them by Lady Mosley, so he had to be sent in to the kennels, where he conceived a *penchant* for noses! Perhaps Charles never showed to greater advantage than

in his behaviour after his resignation. Of course it is now a matter of history that things did not run smoothly, and it would not have been at all surprising if he had evinced a certain amount of satisfaction at the course of events, but he did nothing of the kind. His only answer, if told of any piece of bad luck, would probably be, "It's happened before."

And yet the enforced idleness was very irksome to him. "It's the hardest work I've ever put in yet," he remarked to an old friend, alluding to the difficulty of passing the time. It seemed odd that a man who had ridden, and lived in the country all his life, should choose a house in Uttoxeter for his residence, and not even keep a pony. He came out hunting once at Chartley on a horse of Mr. Fort's, and seemed to enjoy himself, but he was so stiff and sore the next day that he said he would not do it again for twenty pounds. When pressed to come out hunting he had always some excuse. He had always ridden three-hundred-guinea horses, and he could not come down to a forty pounder, he would say; or, "It was all very well for me uncle Tom. He had horses given to him, and kept too." But it is not improbable that the fatal disease, which at last laid him low, was insidiously at work, and that, as an old friend of his said, it was really misery to him to ride. He would have a day's fishing now and then with his neighbour, Dr. Fletcher, whom he considered the best fly-fisherman he ever saw, or go to shoot sometimes at Blithfield, as he had been wont to do in his official days. But he was always ailing. He came to the Puppy Show in 1899, but did not feel up to staying for the luncheon. A few days afterwards the writer saw him in his house, looking far from well, and unlike himself, for his only answer to the query, "Don't you think Tancred" (the prize puppy) "a bit long in the back?" was, "Yes; perhaps he is." Had he been well it would probably have been, "No, I don't," or, at least, a dissenting remark of some kind. A day or two after that he took to his bed and never rallied. "I cannot make it

out," he said, "I feel so tired. And I never used to sit down except at meal times, the livelong day, and did not know what it was to be tired."

On September 6th the end came, and there was not a soul in the country who did not feel as if he had lost a friend. He was just a year younger than his father, "old Joe," for the latter lived to be fifty-nine.

It was with a deep sense of sadness that those who had so often followed him in the hunting-field in life, trooped slowly after him to his last resting-place, and laid him with his fathers, for it seemed as if with him was buried also all that remained of the old Hoar Cross Hunt.

It should have been mentioned in 1868 that the Rev. Cave Humphrey came to Cubley in this year, where in 1869 the Rev. Cecil Legard came to help him. He lived in the little red-brick house at Marston-Montgomery, at the corner just opposite the old half-timbered house, with the big yew tree in front of it. The rector is the nephew of the Rev. Cave Humfrey, of Northamptonshire repute, who has been immortalized by Whyte Melville as Parson Dove, in "Market Harborough." The nephew seems to be as fond of hunting as the uncle was, but he never lets it interfere with his duty. He was once riding through his parish with the hounds, when the dissenting minister espied him. "There!" said he, to an old dame, triumphantly, pointing the finger of scorn at the rector, "there's your parson. Do you suppose he'll ever go to heaven?"

"Ay, indeed he will," said the old lady, stoutly; "*bouts* and all!"

He has walked a couple of puppies for the Meynell for many years, with the worst of luck, for Warrior, entered in 1898, is the only one which has remained in the Meynell kennels. It is more especially to his credit to walk them, for there is nothing he delights in more, as regards his dress, than well-blacked boots, the appearance of which the puppies every morning, as soon as he appears, spoil for the day.

Though not a hard rider, he is a good horseman, and only last year, when well over sixty, came out on a four-year-old, and a one-eyed one at that. When the Rev. John Russell advertised for a curate of moderate and *orthodox* views, his churchwarden's explanation of the italicized word was that "he reckoned it meant some one as could ride pretty straight." In this sense, and doubtless in the other as well, Mr. Legard was most truly orthodox, as all who have seen him sailing along at his ease over this country will readily allow. When he first arrived in April, 1869, all the ladies thought him a most delightful young man, just the thing for tea-parties and mothers' meetings; but when a horse or two began to arrive at Marston-Montgomery, they commenced to shake their heads, and possibly to agree mentally with the dissenting minister mentioned above. During the season in which he hunted here, no one had much the best of him when hounds ran, and he had the knack of galloping.

It was not a brilliant season on the whole, as there were eight weeks of frost and snow, and not much sport. The opening day was remarkable for the fact that, after a pretty good run, hounds went home at 1.30! If Tom made up his mind to go home, home he would go, "whether or no," as Derbyshire folk say. Once they had a very good gallop in the morning, and Mr. Meynell Ingram saw by the old man's manner that he meant to be off back to kennels. The Hon. Mrs. Colvile was a great favourite with the huntsman, and it was thought that he might be induced to draw again cheerfully, if she asked him. "Where are you going now, Tom?" she inquired, as a gentle hint to him to do so. "I'm going whoam!" was the terse reply. And home he went.

What little sport they had in 1870–71 was in March. On the 11th of the month they ran from Carry Coppice, by Bramshall, and Bramhurst, losing their fox at Denstone. He was seen going on by Dove Leys for Norbury, a very unusual line.

On the 20th they ran round Chartley, through Birchwood Park and Draycott Woods, and killed after an hour's run, part very fast, in the open at Heybridge.

On April 6th the Atherstone had a day in Bagot's Woods, and killed a vixen, much to Tom Leedham's disgust, as has been mentioned before.

At the Uttoxeter steeplechases, at the end of March, Captain Goodwin had a severe fall, and was taken to Mr. Fox's house at Woodgate, not being able to go home till next day.

In 1870 Mr. C. W. Jervis-Smith came with his father to reside at Clifton Hall, but it was not till the death of the latter, in 1875, that he began hunting regularly with the Meynell. His father, when he lived at Elmhurst, near Lichfield, was one of the first subscribers to Mr. Meynell's hounds when he first began to hunt the country in 1816. The son is not only very fond of hunting, but is also a capital shot and a good fisherman. For shooting and fishing he goes every year to his moor in Scotland, and some good heads, and the model of a salmon, killed in the Namsen river, which turned the scale at thirty-eight pounds, are to be seen at Brocksford Hall, which he built in 1893. He also planted a gorse not far from the house, which is a pretty sure find. In 1877 he married the daughter of the Rev. E. Baskerville Mynors, then rector of Ashley, Wilts. She came with a great hunting reputation from the Duke's country, which she amply sustained, when she was one of the four or five ladies who came out with the Meynell.

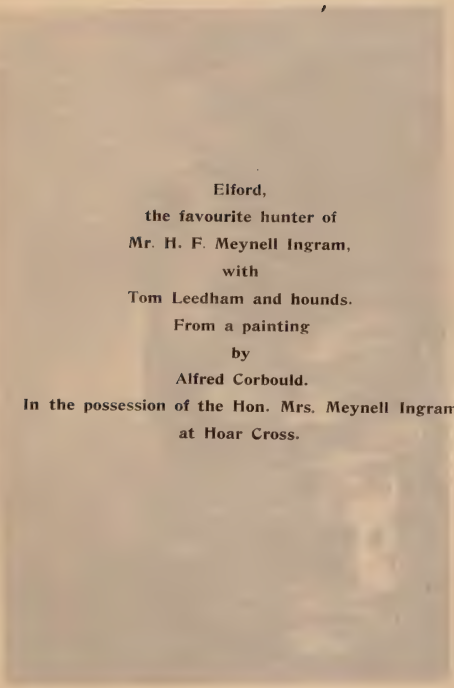
Their only son, Mr. Reginald Smith, is in the Coldstream Guards, and is, at the present moment, serving with them in South Africa, whither he was ordered out directly he joined.

It is interesting to note that the oak panelling and staircase at Brocksford came from Mr. Jervis-Smith's house, Fenton Hall, near Stoke-on-Trent, which has belonged to his family for many generations.

The opening day was on October 31st, and the Master

was not out. Hounds went home at 1.30. On November 1st they went to New Inn, and in the afternoon had quite a good gallop from the Brakenhurst by Parson's Brake, through the Greaves, under the Banks, along the Meadows nearly to Woodford, and Charles stopped them as they were going back into the Banks. Again the Master was not out, nor was his younger sister out at all this season. In fact, both of them were fully occupied in looking after Miss Meynell Ingram, who was in a very weak state of health. Fox preserving was not what it ought to have been with such a Master. Mention is made of three-legged foxes, of lame foxes, of foxes being found dead in a trap in Bannister's Rough, and finally of five dogs and three foxes poisoned near Rodsley! There is rather a curious entry on November 28th: "Found in Lullington Gorse, and ran very prettily down to Catton, twenty-one minutes. Fox went through a drain under the stable, came out below the house, and we killed him."

On December 15th there was a very good run, fast and straight—in fact, about the best thing they had—from Barton Blount to ground at Brailsford. Under other circumstances it would have earned a longer notice in the diary than, "Found at Mr. Bradshaw's. Had a very good forty minutes to ground at Brailsford," but, as it was, the Master was burdened with other cares. His sister, who had been his tried comrade in the chase since her childhood, was so ill that there was no hope, and on the next day the end came. As if Nature herself was in sympathy with the blow which had fallen on Hoar Cross, a bitter black frost set in that night, and continued five weeks till February 7th. On that day Mr. Meynell Ingram went out with his hounds at Kedleston for the last time, for he met with the accident which he describes as a strained thigh, but which seems to have been a dislocation of the hip. He was riding Elford, a great favourite of his, bred at Elford in the Atherstone country, close to Lullington. The horse was very fresh and much above himself after the long frost, and by some violent



Elford,
the favourite hunter of
Mr. H. F. Meynell Ingram,
with
Tom Leedham and hounds.
From a painting
by
Alfred Corbould.
In the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram
at Hoar Cross.

plunge or jump hurt his rider. The latter was very fond of his horses, and believed in the *suaviter in modo* rather than the *fortiter in re*. His method was to quiet them by word of mouth and gentle handling—a mode of treatment which was in accord with the natural sweetness of his disposition. But a fresh horse, like a wayward child, understands none of these things. In an uncontrollable ebullition of spirits the mischief is done, and there is an end of it. There was no vice about Elford, but his game of romps had as serious an effect as intentional malice.

Altogether there was a feeling of a slipping away of all things at Hoar Cross. The Admiral was gone; the old squire, the very fountain head of the hunting establishment, did not very long survive him; one of his daughters, the life and soul of the family party, had just passed away, and now the last of his race was in failing health. Well might Tom Leedham, himself fast nearing the alloted span of man's existence, exclaim with the wife of Phinehas, "Ichabod! The glory has departed!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"—DEATH OF MR. H. F. MEYNELL INGRAM—MEETING OF THE HUNT—TOM LEEDHAM—PRESENTATION TO TOM LEEDHAM—THE LYON FAMILY.

1871–1872.

On May 26th, 1871, Mr. Hugo Francis Meynell Ingram passed away. He was quite as devoted to the chace as his father, and carried on the hounds in the same public-spirited manner as the latter had done. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate for the counties of Stafford, Derby, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Member of Parliament for the Western Division of Staffordshire. His premature death, only two years after that of his father, the result of an accident in the hunting-field, was lamented by a wide circle of friends, both rich and poor, to whom his sterling qualities of head and heart, as well as the invariable courtesy with which he carried on the sometimes difficult duties of his office, had greatly endeared him. He died without issue, having married the Hon. Emily Wood, the eldest daughter of Charles, first Viscount Halifax.

Nothing shows his unselfishness and consideration for others more than the dispositions which he made for carrying on the Hunt, not long before his death, at a time when he must have been in great pain and suffering. This was thoroughly characteristic of one who was essentially a lovable man, and who possessed hosts of

friends and not a single enemy. So brief a notice of him seems inadequate, but, after all, what is the whole history of the Hoar Cross Hounds up to this date, but a background for the scene of which the Meynell Ingrams are the prominent figures.

This is a good point from which to survey the past. It will be seen by the perusal of the previous pages that Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds started as a quiet, unpretentious, family pack, with a faithful old servant, considerably older than his young master, to hunt them.

The feudal system seems to have flourished longer in Staffordshire than elsewhere, and the bond between the Squire of Hoar Cross and his retainers, especially the Leedhams, was a strong one. Consequently the latter were allowed a degree of latitude which would not have been permissible under different circumstances. They respected themselves, and they knew their place; but, though they were free with their tongues, no disrespect was ever intended. There was a happy, united state of things between master and men, and the country at large. The sport varied, like it does at all times, and in all places, but the hounds, to judge from contemporary writers, had reached a high pitch of excellence. They could and did remain, thanks to the generosity of the late owner; the country was as it was; sport would probably be about the same, but, still, there was a great void. There was no one to fill the place vacated by the late Master. One more old family pack was to be added to the list of subscription ones, and a—shall we say—squire-archy was to take the place of the squire. History will show whether they filled it or no. In the days preceding 1871, the only requirements to go hunting were the possession of a horse, and the exhibition of decent behaviour in the field. A brother sportsman, whose heart was in the chace, was enthusiastically welcomed. The Meynell Ingrams could afford to pay for their own sport, *and* for that of their neighbours, and they were delighted, with true magnanimity, to do so. How this state of

things was altered and how it all came about can be gleaned from time to time in the subsequent pages.

The first move after the death of Mr. Hugo Francis Meynell Ingram, was to call a meeting, which took place on December 8th, 1871, of which the following account appeared in the *Field* of December 16th in that year :—

THE MEYNELL INGRAM HUNT.

On Friday, the 8th inst., a meeting of the members of the Meynell Ingram Hunt was held at the Royal Hotel, Derby, for the purpose of making arrangements consequent upon the death of the late Mr. Meynell Ingram, of Hoar Cross Hall. Lord Bagot occupied the chair, and there were also present Lord Vernon, Lord Alexander Paget, Lord Berkeley Paget, Lord Waterpark, Hon. E. Coke, Hon. A. Strutt, Sir William FitzHerbert, Bart., etc.

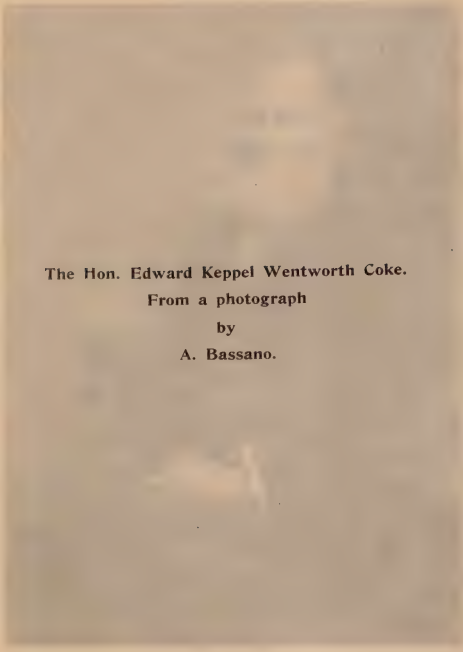
The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said they had been called together that day for the purpose of considering the most desirable means of hunting the country in the future; but before they entered into that question, he must express his sincere sorrow for the cause which had rendered the meeting necessary. He knew well how much every one present must feel the loss of Mr. Meynell Ingram, their late master, who had so long and worthily hunted this country. The gap which this had caused would long remain unfilled. (Hear, hear.)

The Hon. E. K. W. Coke, provisional master, at the request of the chairman, detailed particulars of information received from Mrs. Meynell Ingram, relative to the hunt. He said that in June last he received a private letter from Mrs. Meynell Ingram containing a communication from her late husband. The exact words were, "On Friday morning he repeated to Tom what he had already told me, that he wished the hounds to hunt as usual this season, and at the end of it to be offered as a gift to the country." Mrs. Meynell Ingram proceeded to state that, "He added that some sort of provisional master should be chosen, and Tom should do his best for the country. That is all he said, and I hope that you will kindly help me to carry out his wishes." That was the reason why he (Mr. E. Coke) was acting as provisional master during the present year.

Lord Vernon, in an appropriate speech, moved, "That the first steps to be taken at this meeting on behalf of the country hunted by the late Mr. Meynell Ingram should be to express the deepest regret of all the members of the hunt of the country generally for the loss they have sustained, and to record their sense of obligation and gratitude which they owe both to the late Mr. Meynell Ingram and to his father for the public spirit, liberality, and courtesy evinced by them in the maintenance and management of the hounds, and for the manner in which the country has been hunted during a period amounting to more than half a century; and, further, to express their appreciation of the late Mr. Meynell Ingram's forethought and generosity in having made provision for the continuance of the hunt during the present season free of expense to the country."

Colonel Wilmot, V.C., M.P., seconded the motion, which was supported by Sir Percival Heywood, Bart., and carried unanimously.

Sir William FitzHerbert, Bart., then moved, "That it is the wish of this meeting and the country generally that the hounds be gratefully accepted, and that the country be hunted in future." He said they would have to labour zealously if they intended to keep the hunting of the country up to its old standard.



The Hon. Edward Keppel Wentworth Coke.
From a photograph
by
A. Bassano.

The Hon. Edward Keppel Wentworth Coke.

From a photograph

by

A. Bassano.

The late Mr. Meynell Ingram had defrayed the expenses before his death, and the members of the hunt had been like spoilt children—(hear, and laughter)—thinking that it was almost a natural course of things to have a pack of fox-hounds meeting when there was no frost. Help would be forthcoming if they exerted themselves. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Potter (Barton) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. J. Broadhurst then moved, "That a committee be appointed for the purpose of entertaining and considering offers to hunt the country, and that they do report to a general meeting the result of their proceedings, and that the following gentlemen be requested to constitute the committee for that purpose: Lord Bagot, Lord Waterpark, Hon. E. K. W. Coke, Mr. J. Levett, M. A. Bass, Esq., M.P., and W. Boden, Esq." Sir Percival Heywood, Bart., seconded the resolution, which was also carried unanimously.

Mr. Mundy then moved, "That the hunt for the future be called the 'Meynell Hunt,'" remarking that nothing could be more desirable, considering the services the family had rendered to the county of Stafford. Captain Duncombe seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Hon. E. K. W. Coke said he had been requested by the chairman to state that Lord Shrewsbury had suggested that new kennels should be built, and called "Memorial Kennels," with a view to many of his old friends being willing to assist in their erection. Mr. Allsop had sent him some valuable information with regard to the erection of stabling and kennels. Something like five thousand pounds, including the purchase of land, would be required for the purpose. Mr. Coke then referred to "the Lullington Gorse difficulty," and hoped Mr. Colvile would be able to throw some light upon the matter. One side of the country was very full of foxes, and a neighbouring hunt was anxious to draw the Gorse, but Mr. Colvile had expressed an opinion that it belonged to this country. He had been requested to suggest that an arbitrator should decide the question of ownership, and it was for the members of the hunt to consider the desirability of appointing an arbitrator. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Levett thought it desirable that the members of the hunt should have some idea of the amount of money required to hunt the hounds properly, and also how many days per week the hounds should be hunted. (Hear, hear.) It was his private opinion that the country should be hunted four times in the week. Staffordshire and Derbyshire, comprising a woodland and grass country, had special attractions.

The Hon. E. K. W. Coke said, from information he had received, he thought the cost for three days' hunting would be two thousand three hundred pounds, and for four days' hunting two thousand eight hundred pounds. He agreed with Mr. Levett as to the desirability of hunting four days weekly. He had no doubt that the extra expense would be forthcoming, and it was probable that when it became known throughout England that the country was in possession of a magnificent pack of hounds, without a master, some gentleman might offer to come for a thousand or fifteen hundred a year; therefore, he considered it would be unwise to put their names down for two thousand pounds, when they might get the country hunted for one thousand. He hoped, however, that no one would be accepted from economical motives alone.

The proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to Lord Bagot for presiding.

The upshot of this meeting was that the Hon. E. Coke was Master for the season, with Tom Leedham as

huntsman, Charles Leedham first whipper-in, and Fred Cottrell second whipper-in, the hounds remaining at Hoar Cross. For some time past Tom had been regarding his nephew Charles with a somewhat jealous eye. Few people quite like their successors. On one occasion Charles had the misfortune to jump on his uncle, and it was with difficulty that the latter could be persuaded that it was not done on purpose. Everything that went wrong was laid to Charles's account. One day Tom had a fall and dislocated his thumb. Going home, he was laying the blame, as usual, on his nephew for something which had happened, till at last the latter retorted with, "I wonder you don't say it was my fault you put your thumb out." But old Tom was not to be put off in that way, for he grunted out, "Well, so 'twas. If you hadna' joomped there I shouldna' ha' joomped, and then I shouldna' ha' fallen and put me thumb oot."

There had been a good deal of good-natured chaff for some time about Tom's anxiety towards the end of the day to get home to "Phœbe and his tea." Phœbe was the sister with whom he lived, and a great favourite with the old squire. Not that there was any real grumbling against Tom. He was far too popular, and deservedly so, for that, but it is impossible that the same enthusiasm can exist at sixty-four as in the hey-dey of youth. The writer well remembers Tom being out hunting some ten years later on a pouring wet day, and remarking, in his dry way, "And to think they call this *pleasure*." One day, at Chartley, so runs the story, he looked Mr. Meynell Ingram's horse up and down, and then burst out with, "I'll be domned if thee hasna' got a better horse than me. The'd best get off and change. I've got to go faster than thee." And his good-natured master humoured the faithful old fellow's wish. He had the reputation of being very close-fisted, and so, no doubt, he was towards himself, but those who knew him best said that he knew how to be generous when occasion served, and had been known to give as much as fifty pounds in a case of real distress.

Through thrift and good management, he left as much as eighteen thousand pounds behind him. He was possessed of a most powerful and melodious voice, and it was a treat to hear it ringing amongst the trees in Bagot's Woods or the Brakenhurst. In the latter he was quite at home, and a master of the art of placing his men so as to be of the utmost service. There was nothing he disliked so much as too many foxes in one place, and he would send away a litter of cubs to some less favoured locality if they were too thick on the ground. His master knew he had a man he could trust and gave him a free hand. When he retired he lived on at Hoar Cross with his sister, and Mrs. Meynell Ingram found him a horse or two, and he had a grey pony. What is more, she gave him another when one of them broke its leg on landing over the Ash brook near Abbot's Bromley.

They tell a story of how he had a favourite hound which always stuck close to his horse's heels when the pack was not running or drawing. One day he had lost his fox outside Bagot's Woods and was coming home, when suddenly Miss Meynell Ingram called out, "Look, Tom, look! What is that hound doing?" This hound had left his horse's heels, and was going as hard as he could in the direction of a hill close by. They looked and saw a man holding his hat in the air. The inference was that the hound had seen it too and knew what it meant. Whether they went on and killed the fox is not known.

Another anecdote shows his great mastery of his hounds. One day the hunt was going up Draycott Cliff, when suddenly a cry of "Mad dog" was raised. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped over the fence, gave one note on his horn, and every hound was out of the road after him much more quickly than these few words can be read. In that, to a great extent, lay his art. He could do anything with his hounds. No man was ever a great success as a huntsman unless he was also what, for want of a better word, we will call "a doggy man."

His career as huntsman terminated at the end of the season of 1871–72. The following is a full account of the proceedings.

The Meynell Ingram Hunt.

PRESENTATION OF A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. THOMAS LEEDHAM, THE HUNTSMAN, 1872.

The hunting season in this district was brought to a close on Saturday last, March 23rd, the final meet being at Sudbury village. As it was well known that this would be the finishing up of the old "Meynell Ingram Hunt," and that the opportunity would be taken to present Tom Leedham, the ever popular huntsman, with a substantial token of the esteem in which he is held by the gentlemen of the hunt, there was a very large gathering from all parts of Derbyshire and Staffordshire. Not that much hunting was to be expected, for the ground was bound like iron by frost and snow during the night, and there seemed, when we left Derby, but few indications of favourable weather. Winter, indeed, had returned upon us with a severity which promised to make up for the recent mild weather, and heavy banks of clouds looming in the horizon threatened a renewal of the blinding snowstorms which had swept over the country on the previous day. At first it appeared very probable that the company would be more select than numerous, but towards ten o'clock the sun began to overpower the frost, and Sudbury was soon in the full bustle and activity of hunting arrivals. The old inn has been smartened and revived (it has possibly been improved), and in the large dining-room Mr. Sherwin had set out a capital hunting breakfast, to which most sensible people paid their respects before entering upon the business of the day. About twelve o'clock the word was given to move off to the park, where it was arranged the testimonial should be presented by Lord Vernon. A most picturesque scene was here presented; nearly two

hundred horsemen formed around an open carriage, in which Lord Vernon had taken his stand, and near which was posted the veteran huntsman, Tom Leedham, "the observed of all observers." The square was closed up by a variety of handsome equipages occupied by the ladies, whose presence graced the affair, and whose elegant toilettes contributed much to the beauty of the scene. In and out were the "foot people," who, on such occasions, always appear to trust implicitly to the good nature of the horses, amongst whose legs they perseveringly thrust themselves. The sun, shining brightly upon the group, brought out a picture of great interest and beauty, and it is much to be regretted that no enterprising photographer was present to catch the fleeting shadow and fix it for the future reference of many who would have gladly possessed a memento of "The Last Meet."

Amongst the company present we noticed, Lord Bagot, Lord Berkeley Paget, Lord Alexander Paget, Lord Waterpark, Lord Vernon, Sir William FitzHerbert and Miss FitzHerbert, Hon. E. K. W. Coke, Colonel Colvile and Hon. Mrs. Colvile, M. A. Bass, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Bass and Miss Thornewill, Godfrey Meynell, Esq. (Meynell Langley), Colonel Reginald Buller, Miss Chandos-Pole, Hamar Bass, Esq., R. Bott, Esq., N. C. Curzon, Esq., Robert Curzon, Esq., T. W. Evans, Esq., W. T. E. Cox, Esq., Major Pountain, Major Levett and Lady Jane Levett, Captain C. R. Levett, Oswald Mosley, Esq., and party, Walter Boden, Esq., Captain Gough, Captain Walter Coyney, Richard Sale, Esq., John Bailey, Esq., J. Broadhurst, Esq., H. Allsopp, Esq., C. Allsopp, Esq., A. Rodney Blane, Esq., Henry Evans, Esq., T. Smith, Esq. (Clifton), John Smith, Esq., William Bass, Esq., G. Mitchell, Esq. (Newton), C. Tennant, Esq., A. W. Lyon, Esq., J. Gascoyne, Esq., G. H. Gascoyne, Esq., Messrs. John Leedham, Charles Leedham, Potter (Barton), Sampson (Langley), Smith (Langley), W. Ault (Derby), and many other well-known hunting men of Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

Lord Vernon said: "I do not know whether my voice

will enable me to make myself heard by all present in the field, but I hope it will be strong enough. It will not be necessary for me to recall the reason why we have assembled here to-day, but I may be permitted to say, at the outset, that I am rather sorry that some older or more active member of the Hunt than myself has not been chosen to discharge the duty which has been given to me on this occasion; for, although I hunted formerly, I have not been a hunting man for several years past. This duty is one which, happily for us all, we have seldom, I may say we have never, before been called upon to discharge. (Hear, hear.) We can all remember the painful feelings of melancholy and regret which characterized our meeting upon a former occasion, when so old a connection was severed, and when memories of the past, which are still cherished by every member of the Hunt, were recalled. Well, we are now again about to sever our connection with one who has served his master well and faithfully for more than half a century. (Hear, hear.) He has not only served his master, but he has served the hunt as faithfully. (Hear, hear.) Not only is Tom Leedham a thorough good huntsman, but he is a successful breeder and rearer of hounds, and in these two capacities he is certainly without a rival. (Hear, hear.) But he is far more than this. As an upright and honest man, he has earned the respect of all those who have been associated with him, and I am sure that all those who have hunted with him in this country or elsewhere will bear unanimous testimony to the admirable way in which he has always discharged every portion of his responsible and onerous duties. (Hear, hear.) As I said before, it is some years since I hunted, but my own experience during the time when I was an active member of the Hunt enables me to say that never have I seen a huntsman who could handle his hounds better than Tom Leedham." (Cheers.) His lordship turned to Old Tom as he said these words, and continued—"Thomas Leedham, it is now my pleasing duty to announce to you that it is the

wish and desire of the members of this Hunt, and of others who have hunted with you, to present you with a testimonial in token of the appreciation and esteem with which they regard you. This silver cup, which I now hand to you, containing the sum of seven hundred and thirty pounds (cheers), has been subscribed for by gentlemen of this and neighbouring counties who have from time to time come in contact with you, and who, one and all, wish my presentation of this testimonial to signify to you their thorough appreciation of your excellent qualities as a successful professional huntsman, and their admiration of your sterling worth as a man of honour and integrity. (Loud cheers.) I can only express to you, in addition, my hope that in the retirement which you have so well earned, health and happiness in this world will continue to be yours, and enable you to enjoy in comfort the remaining years of your life."

The conclusion of Lord Vernon's address was received with hearty cheers, which were renewed when the old veteran took off his hunting-cap and bared his white head to the wind. His emotion was visible, and was shared by many who witnessed the interesting scene.

Mr. Leedham said: "My lords, ladies and gentlemen, I am greatly obliged to you for this very munificent present, and to my Lord Vernon for the extremely kind way in which he has alluded to my services in connection with this Hunt. I have not got words to express to you my feelings at this moment—words, I may say, fail me altogether—and I can only say that I thank you all very much for this most handsome testimonial to services which I am quite sure I have at all times been only too glad to perform." (Applause.)

The company then filed through the gates, and proceeded to draw the grounds around the Hall, which is now in the hands of workmen, who are busily engaged in restoring the edifice. The shrubberies proving blank, the Hunt returned through the village and went off for the Forest banks. A fox was found and chopped near

Marchington Cliff, and another, after a short run, was lost. In Bagot's Wood a third was found, which went away ringing, in the open, and, after a thirty-five minutes' run, went to ground in a sough near the point from which he was unkenneled. This run was as pretty an affair as ever was witnessed, and gave great satisfaction to all who were in it, as well as to Tom Leedham, who, of course, was delighted to give them a taste of his old style before hanging up his horn. Though unmarked by any of the sensational incidents which we have seen recorded on other occasions of this kind, "Tom Leedham's last run" will long be remembered by the sportsmen of Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

The testimonial list consists of one hundred and eighty-six subscribers, and will be suitably illuminated and framed, a young lady well known in county society having offered her services as artist.*

It is to Mr. Walter Boden that we are indebted for the capital photograph of "Old" Tom, as we nowadays call him, or "Young" Tom, as the late Sir W. FitzHerbert used to style him. After the presentation was over, Mr. Boden was riding by his side, and said, "Now, Tom, you ought to be photographed." Tom, who was still a good deal affected by what he had just gone through, blurted out, "No one will want my ugly old mug." But Mr. Boden over-persuaded him, saying it should be no trouble to him, that the photographer should come over to Hoar Cross and take him. This was eventually done, and so we have the dear old man's photograph on horseback in his huntsman's coat.

In January, 1872, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor came to Doveridge Hall, and both of these hunted regularly with the Meynell hounds. Subsequently they moved to Clownholme, changing places with Mr. Arthur Lyon, who was at that time at Clownholme. He bought it in 1865 from Mr. Webb.

There were few better known men than Mr. Lyon,

* This account was copied from a newspaper cutting with no heading to indicate the paper in which it appeared.

and he was an extraordinarily bold and dashing rider. He came from Cheshire, and Mr. Egerton Warburton has a verse to this effect in his "Huntsman's Lament"—

"Well, soft solder next I'll try on;
Rating only riles a swell;
Mister Brancker! Mister Lyon!
Mister Hornby! Hope you're well.
'Tain't the pack that I'm afraid on,
And I likes to see you first;
But when so much steam be laid on,
Bean't you fear'd the copper'll burst?"

But this excess of ardour cooled down afterwards, and left a residuum which resulted in the subject of the verse being always willing to go first, but not too near the hounds. It was a pleasant sight to see the white-haired old man, sailing along in the van, closely followed by his daughter, who hunted regularly with the Meynell, and well might he have said—

"Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

In the latter part of his life he went best on a very peculiar coloured sort of creamy-dun horse, called the Sprite, which he bought of Captain Stepney. This was a very conspicuous horse, or, rather, cob (for he could not have been much over fifteen hands), but a wonderful fencer, with an odd trick of galloping with his nose stretched out close to the ground. Mr. Lyon's third daughter married Captain Dawson of Barrow Hill, and died in 1876. The year after that her father returned to Clownholme, after rebuilding it, and died in 1882.

His brother, Charles Lyon, rebuilt his father's old house at Silverhill, Barton-under-Needwood, where he lived in 1840. In 1874 he was High Sheriff for Staffordshire. He was always very fond of hunting, and almost as good a man as his brother Arthur, and may be said to have died in the saddle; for a young mare, on which he was going out cub-hunting with one of his daughters, reared up at

his own gate, and, falling backwards, killed him. His sons, Messrs. Walter and Charles, who live respectively at Tutbury and Doveridge, were keen cricketers, and the elder brother, besides being a fine racquet player, played in the Cambridge eleven against Oxford. The spot where his house stands, just outside Tutbury, was once thought of as a possible site for the kennels.

The younger brother was a regular follower of the Meynell from about 1855 to 1885, and went well, especially on Gayboy, a fine timber jumper, and, to this day, no one takes a greater interest in the hunt and its doings. Of his four sons, who are as athletic as their father—more so, perhaps, he would say—three are serving their country, two in South Africa, and one in the artillery in India.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE HUNT—KENNELS AND STABLES —TESTIMONIAL TO TOM LEEDHAM—"DERBY WEEK."

1872–1873.

THIS chapter must necessarily open with a meeting of gentlemen connected with the hunt, which was held at the Royal Hotel, Derby, on Friday, February 23rd, 1872. There were present, Lord Bagot, Lord Waterpark, Hon. E. K. W. Coke, Hon. A. Strutt, Sir P. Heywood, Mr. W. Clowes, M.P., Mr. A. Bass, M.P., Mr. E. A. Holden, Mr. J. Broadhurst, Captain Duncombe, Mr. J. Levett, Mr. W. Taylor, Mr. N. C. Curzon, Colonel FitzHerbert, Mr. G. J. Moore, Mr. J. Bailey, Mr. H. Boden, Mr. Evans, Captain Goodwin, Mr. T. W. Evans, Mr. R. Sale, Mr. O. Mosley, Rev. J. Wadham, Mr. C. W. Lyon, Mr. W. Boden, Captain R. Blane, Mr. W. E. T. Cox, Mr. S. R. Cox, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. Jacob Smith, Colonel Cavendish, Mr. J. W. Gascoyne, Major Pountain, Mr. Sampson, Mr. Walker, Mr. C. Eaton, Mr. E. J. Bird, Mr. J. Bell, Mr. Walton, Mr. Wheeldon, Captain Levett, Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. T. Smith, Mr. L. R. Hall, Mr. Forman, Mr. Fulton, Captain Stepney.

Lord Bagot, who presided, read the following report of the Hunt Committee.

Several portions of the report elicited applause.

The committee appointed at a general meeting of the Meynell Ingram Hunt held on December 8th, 1871, have to report that they, in accordance with instructions received

have met on sundry occasions, "for the purpose of entertaining and considering offers to hunt the country," and we have also deliberated and consulted on other matters of detail connected with the future of the Meynell country, viz. the kennels, stables, and other questions of importance, and they venture, after due deliberation, to make the following suggestions for adoption :

Future Master.

Your committee have received sundry offers, both local as well as from all parts of England. Your committee were strongly impressed with the opinion that it would be far preferable that the future master should be a local man if possible, believing that such an arrangement would be more acceptable to owners of coverts generally, also to hunting men and farmers in particular, and they have much pleasure in being able to inform you that Mr. Clowes with Lord Waterpark are willing to accept the mastership of the "Meynell Hounds" for a period of three years, the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds being guaranteed per annum, and they are willing (in accordance with a resolution passed at the meeting held in December) to hunt four days weekly. The above sum is exclusive of all expenses in connection with rent of coverts, compensation for poultry, earth stopping, and suchlike charges.

Your committee have much pleasure in having it in their power to suggest the acceptance of this offer, and feel it quite unnecessary to dilate on the peculiar advantages that the country will derive from having the experience of such a well-known and proved good sportsman and popular gentleman as Mr. Clowes ; while at such times as he may be called away by parliamentary duties, both he and the country will derive valuable assistance from Lord Waterpark.

For private and local reasons, Mr. Clowes wished it to be understood that he will not be able to take an active part in the field during the first season.

Kennels and Stables.

This question has also been much deliberated upon by your committee. It will be remembered that at the general meeting it was understood that one of the first steps to be taken in hand was the erection of kennels and stables, consequently your committee, meeting shortly afterwards, decided on opening a subscription list for the purpose of defraying the cost; a considerable sum of money was within a short time promised.

On July 26th a communication was received from Mrs. Meynell Ingram making an offer to the country of the present kennels and stables at Hoar Cross, and at the same time expressing her willingness to defray certain incidental expenses, namely, refreshment to those who came to the kennels on business, in fact, meaning that she was willing to continue hospitality for which Hoar Cross had been proverbial. Your committee have given full consideration of this most kind and liberal offer, and have, moreover, when in the hunting field, endeavoured to ascertain the views and wishes of those who had offered subscriptions to erect new kennels, etc.

The result of such inquiries, together with their own opinion, leads them to the conclusion that it will be most beneficial to the hunt, and far more convenient in the future, to erect new kennels, etc.

Having found that no gentleman would be willing to undertake the mastership, unless the kennels are removed to a more central position, we decline most gratefully Mrs Meynell Ingram's most kind and generous offer.

Your committee recommend that the hounds, kennels, stables, etc., of the hunt be vested in the committee to be appointed, who shall also be considered as guarantors of the subscriptions for two thousand five hundred pounds for the three years during which they hold office.

Erection of Kennels and Stables, also Selection of Site.

With a view to obtain as large a scope as possible for the selection of plans, your committee put an advertisement in the *Builder*. The result has been that a large number of competitors from all parts of England have sent in designs and estimates. Your committee have not yet been able to make a selection, and before doing so would advise that the future master or masters should be members of the committee, in conjunction with such others as you may think proper to appoint, and to whom we would also suggest the selection of the site should be referred, as your committee have not as yet come to any definite conclusions on this difficult and important point.

Covert Fund.

The subscription list having been most liberally filled in, your committee would suggest that it is not necessary to continue the old covert-fund subscriptions of five pounds, but that what is requisite for that purpose shall be drawn from the general fund, after having handed over the two thousand five hundred pounds yearly, as agreed upon, to the masters.

The cost of rent of coverts, poultry compensation, etc., is estimated at four hundred pounds yearly, consequently the annual expenses of the hunt will amount to about two thousand nine hundred pounds, exclusive of interest on building debt.

At the present moment the subscription list far exceeds this in amount, and your committee would advise that the balance over and above what may be required for the above purposes shall be used in part payment of capital due for expenditure on kennels, stables, and site, and your committee would strongly advise and urgently beg that present promised subscriptions shall not be reduced until the building debt is paid off; when that is accomplished

it is hoped that all subscriptions might be reduced *pro rata*. Two or three years might bring about this desirable object.

Non-Hunting Owners of Coverts.

Your committee would suggest that non-hunting owners of coverts should be honorary members of the "Meynell Hunt."

Testimonial to Thomas Leedham, Huntsman.

Your committee have great pleasure in calling your attention to a suggestion which they feel sure has only to be mentioned to insure its most favourable acceptance. They refer to the presentation of a testimonial to Thomas Leedham on his retirement, in such a form as may be most acceptable to him, as a token of their high appreciation of the valuable services he has rendered to the country during the many years he has hunted the "Meynell Ingram Hounds."

In conclusion, your committee beg to remind you that they have endeavoured to perform to the best of their ability such duties as they were deputed to take into consideration, and that as a committee they now cease to exist, and that they would recommend the appointment of a fresh committee for the purpose of further considering the kennel, stable, and site question, also sundry other matters of detail that may and will arise from time to time, and they further suggest that such committee be appointed for three years.

Mr. W. Boden read the list of subscriptions already received for the two objects named in the list, viz. for the purposes of defraying the expenses of hunting the country next season, the cost of which is estimated at not less than three thousand pounds, and for the erection of stables and kennels and the purchase of land, the estimated cost of which is from four thousand to five thousand pounds. From this list it appeared that Mrs.

Meynell Ingram had subscribed five hundred pounds to the hunting fund, and Miss Meynell two hundred pounds to the hunting fund, and a like sum to the kennel fund.

Mr. H. Boden moved that the report be received. He stated that it was most satisfactory in every possible way, and suggested that the retiring committee should be re-elected, with the addition of a few other gentlemen if necessary.

Sir Percival Heywood seconded the motion, and congratulated the committee on the very admirable manner in which they had performed their duties. He agreed to the suggestion that they should be reappointed, and moved a resolution to that effect.

It was suggested that Mr. Clowes and Lord Waterpark should be added, but they preferred to be honorary members of the committee. This was agreed to, and the motion was carried, E. S. Chandos-Pole, Esq., and Captain Duncombe being added to the committee. In reply to a question by Mr. Broadhurst as to whether the "Derby Week" was to be continued in connection with the hunt, the Hon. E. K. W. Coke said that was a subject upon which it would be well to take the opinion of the meeting. There was a difference of opinion as to whether it was desirable to continue the old-established custom of the "Derby Week." He was in favour of continuing the custom to a certain extent, and many gentlemen agreed with him. He looked upon the "Derby Week" as a great convenience in a social point of view, and the custom was not without precedent in other parts of England. There was a great deal to be said against it and also much in favour of it. During "Derby Week" there was the usual Hunt Ball; and it was a great convenience also to know previously when there would be meets in certain districts. He thought if they were to hunt four days a week, they might have three of those days set apart for hunting in the grass country; the first day's hunting might be in Staffordshire, and the latter three days in Derbyshire.

Mr. Clowes said, the great object of himself and Lord

Waterpark in undertaking the mastership of the hunt was, and ought to be, to provide the greatest amount of sport for the greatest number the country would afford; therefore the social arrangements of one person or another ought not to enter into their consideration, but simply the hunting of the country to the best possible advantage. He did not think that due advantages would result from hunting four days a week by the arrangement suggested by Mr. Coke. To mention one thing only, supposing frost should come, it might happen in the first week in December, the first week in January, and the first week in February, the coverts would be stopped by frost, and the result would be that the coverts would not be drawn, and the sport would be confined to cub-hunting. There was a licence allowed to the master of the hounds, and if upon any particular occasion any member of the hunt desired a change in the programme for the convenience of his friends, he (Mr. Clowes) and Lord Waterpark would be most happy to comply with the request. He did not think it of advantage to the country that the hounds, as a rule, should be kept on one side of the country altogether during one week.

Mr. Holden stated that during the whole of his hunting experience, the members of the hunt had been thankful to Mr. Meynell Ingram for hunting the country as he had thought best, but he thought that the "Derby Week" was a somewhat inconvenient arrangement to owners of coverts, on the grounds Mr. Clowes himself had mentioned, viz. that there were two or three months in winter when there was very severe frost, and at such times the coverts had remained without being drawn more than once in the whole season. To himself, as an owner of coverts, this was not satisfactory. As the hounds were now to be kept in the centre of the country, he would much rather that the question of "Derby Week" should be left for the masters of the hounds to decide. The two gentlemen selected would not fail to give satisfaction with regard to the question, which might be safely left to them, and he

had no doubt they would consult the convenience of the ladies upon the subject of the Hunt Ball.

The Hon. E. K. W. Coke said he was quite willing to agree to the decision of the masters. He then stated that it was his duty to refer to the disputed boundary between the Atherstone and Meynell countries. It had been suggested that an arbitrator should be appointed to define the boundary on behalf of the Meynell Hunt, on the supposition that an arbitrator would be appointed on the other side. It was, however, for the meeting to decide what steps should be taken in the matter.

In reply to a question by a member of the Atherstone Hunt, as to whether, in case an arbitrator be appointed for each hunt, Mr. Colvile would be likely to agree to their decision, the Hon. E. K. W. Coke said he could give no information on that point.

Mr. W. Boden said that wherever the line was drawn, they would have a covert at Lullington. The subject then dropped.

Mr. H. Boden proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Meynell Ingram and Miss Meynell for their very handsome subscriptions, which, he said, showed that they still took great interest in the hunt. Sir P. Heywood seconded the motion, which was carried.

On the proposition of Mr. W. Taylor, seconded by Mr. Boden, it was resolved that the committee should appoint a sub-committee of gentlemen living in the neighbourhood of the coverts hunted by the hounds, to see to their being kept in proper repair.

Mr. Broadhurst proposed, and Captain Duncombe seconded, the following resolution, which was also agreed to, "That the committee write to the landowners requesting permission to draw the coverts."

A subscription list on behalf of Thomas Leedham, the late huntsman, was then passed round, and most of the gentlemen present gave in their names for various sums. The amount subscribed in the room was about two hundred pounds.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEW RÉGIME—LORD WATERPARK'S DIARY—FIRST OF THE GREAT LOXLEY RUNS—SECOND GREAT LOXLEY RUN—GOOD RUN FROM NEEDWOOD.

1872–1873.

THUS Lord Waterpark and Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P., were the first masters of the Meynell hounds under the new *régime*. Charles Leedham was huntsman, with R. Summers and G. Jones as whippers-in. The hounds were kenneled at Hoar Cross, and hunted four days a week, in Staffordshire and Derbyshire promiscuously. The subscription for the first year was £3995 15*s*., and £113 17*s*. was paid out in compensation for damage. Mr. W. C. Watson was secretary. The first list of subscribers is as under :—

MEYNELL HUNT.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS, 1872–73.

Allsopp, G. H.
Allsopp, S. C., M.P.
Bagot, Lord
Bailey, Jno.
Bass, H.
Bass, M. A.
Bass, M. T., M.P.
Bell, A.
Bell, J.
Bennett, S.
Bird, E. J.
Birkett, W.
Blakiston, Sir M.
Blane, Captain R.
Boden, H.
Boden, W.
Bond, G.
Bott, R.
Boucherett, Captain
Broadhurst, J.
Butler, Captain
Campbell, C. M.
Cavendish, Lord E.
Challinor, L.
Chandos-Pole, E. S.
Chetwode, Lieut.-Colonel
Clarke, G. D'Arcy.
Clay, C. I.
Colvile, H. E.
Coke, Col. the Hon. W.
Coke, Hon. E.
Cotton, F.
Coulson, J.
Cox, F. W.
Cox, V. R.
Cox, W. E.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS—*continued*.

Curzon, H. E.
Dawson, Captain
Duncombe, Captain A. C.
Evans, H.
Evans, T. W., M.P.
Ferrers, Lord
Fielden, Rev. R.
FitzHerbert, Colonel
FitzHerbert, Sir W.
Flint, A. A.
Forman, R.
Forster, C., jun.
Fox, W. E.
Gascoyne, J. H.
Goodwin, Captain
Gretton, F.
Gretton, J.
Hardy, J., M.P.
Harrington, Earl of
Hartington, Marquis of, M.P.
Heywood, A. P.
Heywood, Sir P.
Holmes, A. W.
Hurt, A. F.
Keates, T.
Kynnersley, C. S.
Lane, Colonel
Leigh, W.
Levett, T. J.
Lyon, A. W.
Lyon, C. W.
Lyon, C. W., jun.
Meynell, G.
Meynell Ingram, Hon. Mrs.
Meynell Ingram, Miss
Mitchell, G. J.
Moore, S. J.
Mosley, O.
Mosley, Sir T.
Mosley, Tonman
Oakden, W. Hurd
Okeover, A. E.
Paget, Lord Alex.
Paget, Lord Berkeley
Palmer, C.
Philips, Wm.
Pountain, Major
Ratcliffe, R.
Ridgway, W. H.
Robinson, T. R.
Roe, C. F.
Sale, R., jun.
Salt, W. C.
Shrewsbury, Lord
Smith, J.
Smith, Jno.
Smith, T. H.
Storer, C. J.
Strutt, Hon. A.
Taylor, W. F.
Tennant, C. R.
Tredwell, W. F.
Vernon, Lord
Wadham, Rev. J.
Walton, G.
Waterpark, Lord
Wheeldon, G.
Wheeldon, W.
Wolseley, Sir C.
Worthington, A. O.

COMMITTEE, 1872 TO 1875.

No record. Names are gathered from Committee present at several meetings.

Bagot, Lord
Bass, Mr. M. A., M.P.
Boden, Mr. W.
Chandos-Pole, Mr. R. W.
Clowes, Mr. S. W., M.P.
Coke, Hon. E. (Chairman)
Duncombe, Captain
Evans, T. W.
Levett, Captain
Vernon, Lord
Waterpark, Lord

TRUSTEES.

Bagot, Lord
Bass, M. A., M.P.
Coke, Hon. E.
Evans, T. W., M.P.

Still that "grim god of Silence seemed to reign supreme," as far as the current newspapers are concerned; but, fortunately, Lord Waterpark kept an excellent diary, which he has been kind enough to place at the writer's disposal. It is illustrated with capital maps of all the best runs, which ought all to be published, but, in a work of this kind, space cannot be found for everything, in the form of illustrations, which ought to be inserted, and we are forced to limit ourselves to five. From the diary we learn that on Monday, September 2nd, they went to—

Bagot's Woods.—Found some old foxes, but no cubs. Rattled one about for some time, but the scent was bad and we had to give it up. Ground very wet, and the rides as deep as in the middle of winter.

Tuesday, September 3rd, Bagot's Woods.—Very much the same as yesterday. Scent no better.

Thursday, September 5th, Bagot's Woods.—Ran an old fox fast through the Woods, and down to Prior's Coppice,* through which he went, and on to Kingston Woods, but stopped the hounds, as the harvest was not in. Went back to the Woods.

Saturday, September 7th, Bagot's Woods.—Scent bad. No cubs, and we could not catch the old foxes.

Monday, September 9th, Bagot's Woods.—Scent much better. Ran a little old vixen about the woods for forty minutes, across the turnpike road, and killed her.

Tuesday, September 10th, Bagot's Woods.—An old fox crossed the road as we were going to draw Lord's Coppice; laid the hounds on, rattled him once round the Coppice, across Bagot's Park, through the Cliffs, leaving the Park Lodge to our right, down to Smallwood, by the new church, and killed him in the open. First-rate run; thirty minutes, best pace, without a check. The hounds ran clean away from us all, as the country was very heavy and the fences very blind.

Thursday, September 12th, Draycott Cliff.—Drew all the Forest Banks, and only found a brace of old foxes. Ran one to Bagot's Woods and back to Buttermilk Hill, and lost him. Scent indifferent.

Saturday, September 14th, Needwood House.—Found plenty of cubs, and killed a brace. Capital day for the hounds.

Monday, September 16th, Holly Bush.—Found a brace of old foxes. No cubs. Had a nice gallop with one across the open to Jackson's Bank, and killed him in the Brakenhurst. Then drew the Brakenhurst, and found pretty well of cubs, but the scent failed, and we could not catch one.

Tuesday, September 17th, Knightley Park.—Found cubs; hunted one to Rangemoor and round about, and killed him in one hour and thirty-five minutes.

Thursday, September 19th, Birchwood.—Found some cubs, but the scent was very bad.

Saturday, September 21st, Blithfield.—Drew the Warren and found a nice lot of cubs. Killed a brace. Pouring wet morning, but the scent was good.

* Floyer's Coppice.

Monday, September 23rd, Ridware.—Drew Cawarden Spring and all that side blank. Also Pipe Wood. Found an old fox in Pear Tree Gorse, ran a ring and through Laurence's Wood in the direction of Rough Park, and lost him. Drew Rough Park blank.

Tuesday, September 24th, Sudbury Coppice.—Found plenty of cubs. Rattled one backwards and forwards between the Coppice and the Bottoms, and killed. Got on to another, and killed him after a capital hunt.

(I went to Scotland the next day, and only know what was done from Charles Leedham's letters.)

Thursday, September 26th, Rangemore.—Found an old fox in the Deanery plantation, ran him to Byrkley Lodge, and from there to Yoxall Lodge.

Saturday, September 28th, Lullington.—Found lots of foxes and killed a brace of cubs.

Monday, September 30th, Yoxall Lodge Hills.—Found cubs. Killed one.

Tuesday, October 1st, Henhurst.—Found some cubs, and killed one.

Thursday, October 3rd, Gorsty Leys.—Found cubs, and ran to ground. Earths badly stopped.

Saturday, October 5th, Wichnor.—A nice lot of cubs, and killed a brace.

Monday, October 7th, Chartley.—A good show of old foxes—no cubs. Went away with a fox to Draycott Woods, but could not kill him.

Tuesday, October 8th, Rangemore.—Plenty of cubs. Ran them from there to Dunstall and back, and killed a brace.

Thursday, October 10th, Catton.—Found cubs. Ran one to Fisherwick and killed.

Saturday, October 12th, Bagot's Woods.—Found very few foxes. Capital scent in the woods.

Monday, October 14th, The Kennels.—Drew the Birch Wood and found foxes. Scent bad.

Tuesday, October 15th, Chartley.—Found foxes. Ran to ground at Birchwood Park.

Thursday, October 17th, Walton Wood.—Found an old fox, ran to Lullington, and killed at Edingale. Capital hunting run of two hours.

Saturday, October 19th, Woodford Rough.—Did not find. Very bad night and foxes supposed to be stopped in. Found an old fox by Buttermilk Hill and killed him at Moot Spring. Very good day.

Tuesday, October 22nd, Kedleston.—Drew Breward's Car blank. Found a brace of old foxes in Ravensdale Park, ran to the new gorse and back two or three times. Found no cubs, though the keepers spoke of having twenty! The first day I was out after my return from Scotland.

Wednesday, October 23rd, Kedleston.—Breward's Car, Ravensdale Park, the new gorse, and sundry small places all blank. Found an old fox in Champion's Car. Very little scent.

Friday, October 25th, Kingston Woods.—Met at Housalem's Coppice, where we did not find. An old fox went away from the far end of Kingston Wood, ran a short ring and into Bagot's Woods, through Housalem's Coppice. Not much scent, and we lost him. Found again in Black Gutter Coppice, ran through Hart's Coppice, across the Park, back again as if we were going to the Birch Wood, but he turned back across the Park into the woods. We had him, dead beat, in front of us, when a heavy storm came on and saved his life.

Saturday, October 26th, Hilton Gorse.—Found a nice lot of foxes. Chopped a cub almost immediately, and afterwards ran an old fox for two hours in cover and killed. Last day of cub-hunting. Eleven and a half brace of foxes.

Monday, October 28th, Sudbury Coppice.—Ran a fox about for some time between the Coppice and the Bottoms, and eventually lost him. Found again, but could do no good on the foiled ground. Went to Sapperton. No fox in the covert, but one lying in the next field to it, which ran to Sudbury Park, and two more foxes jumped up in a turnip-field. He crossed the Park to the Coppice, and we could do no good with him. Drew the Plantation in the Park, but did not find.

Tuesday, October 29th, The New Inn.—Found in Hanbury Park Covert, ran back through the Needwood House Plantations, and on to Castle Hayes, and lost him in a storm of rain. Drew the Hare Holds Rough and Cupandition Wood blank, also Kingstanding osier-bed. Found at Byrkley Lodge and ran to Yoxall. Three or four foxes on foot, hounds divided, and I went away by the New Church with nine and a half couples of hounds, through Jackson's Bank and on to Hoar Cross village.

Thursday, October 31st, Stenson Lock.—A brace, if not three foxes in Arleston Gorse. Ran one across Sinfin Moor almost to Chellaston, when he turned to the right at the Canal, and killed him by Swarkestone, about thirty minutes. Found in Hell Meadows, ran a ring and back to the covert, where we got on the line of another fox that had gone away, and the scent was cold, and we lost him. Trotted to Spilsbury's Plantations, where a man told us he had seen a fox go in ten minutes before—no doubt our fox from Hell Meadows. There he was, sure enough, and went back to Hell Meadows and on to Arleston Gorse, where we viewed him dead beat, but he got into some farm buildings, where we left him, not caring for more blood.

Saturday, November 2nd, Blithbury.—Cawarden Springs, Ridware Plantations, Pipe Wood, and Pear Tree Gorse blank. Trotted off to Moreton Gorse, found a brace of foxes, ran one across to Blythe Moor and back to the gorse, then over the brook up to Newton Gorse, where he was headed back and went to Kingstone Woods. Capital hunting run.

Monday, November 4th, Loxley.—Many foxes in Carry Coppice. Ran round and round for some time, crossed the railway to Bramshall, and lost. Found in Philips' Gorse, ran up to Carry Coppice, and eventually on, with a fresh fox, to Birchwood Park, leaving our beaten one with five or six couples of hounds behind. Any quantity of foxes on foot. Too many for sport.

Tuesday, November 5th, Boylestone village.—Chopped a fox in Potter's Covert. Ran another to Mamerton, back below Potter's, slow hunting down to Sapperton. Went on to Foston, where we again got on to our run fox. We went back to Barton, leaving Church Broughton on the right, by Potter's Covert, down to the Alkmonton Bottoms; when he turned sharp in the direction of Cubley, but he turned back, and we left him. Cubley blank. Found in Bentley Car. The fox went away at the top side by Bentley Hall, and then to the right almost down to Alkmonton Bottoms, over the road and to within a field or two of Potter's Covert. Here he turned to the right, and ran below Potter's House down to Foston Mill, when Charles viewed him in the same field as the hounds, but a fresh fox jumped up out of a small osier-bed and went back to Potter's Covert, which saved our run fox's life. Three couples of hounds got a long start with the one that went back, and we never caught them with the rest of the pack till we got to Potter's. From there we turned to the right, ran down the meadows to Mamerton, and we killed him in the stackyard of Hewitt's Farm. Time from Foston, forty minutes. Found in the Spath, ran fast up to Hilton, through the gorse and back again, down to Sutton Mill, where he was headed, and we lost him.

Thursday, November 7th, Radburne.—Two or three foxes in the Rough. One went away towards Dalbury Lees, then turned to the left, over the brook, and ran down to Sutton Gorse. Twenty minutes, fast. Two fresh foxes went away from the gorse, and at last our run fox, who ran a ring by Dalbury and back within a field of the gorse. Eleven minutes, very fast. Took the hounds on to the old gorse, where there was a fox, but whether or not our run fox I do not know. Soon lost him. Found another fox in the large gorse, ran a ring and killed him in a pit-hole, close to the covert where we had found him. Drew several coverts about Foston without finding again. Trotted on and drew round the house at Barton with the same result.

Saturday, November 9th, Anslow.—A long trot to Dove Cliff and no fox in the osier-bed. Found at Rolleston in the covert near the Burton road. It was some minutes before he went away. He then crossed the road and bore to the right by Rolleston Park, over a capital country up to Castle Hayes, through the covert there, and to ground close before the hounds in the cliff at Coton. Time, from find to finish, forty minutes, of which thirty minutes was as fast as hounds could go. Found in the Cupandition Covert, ran by Needwood House plantations, only just going through the corner of one, left Knightley Park to the right, on within a field of the Henhurst, turned to the right, on to the Dunstall Coverts, through them to Bannister's Rough and down to Knightley Park, where scent got very cold and we stopped the hounds. Capital fox and a capital hunting run, hounds at times going very fast.

Monday, November 11th, Doveridge.—Only one fox in the whole of the parish, which ran a ring and got to ground in a drain by Minors' House. Trotted off to Cubley. Drew all the coverts blank. Found a fox in Bentley Car, which broke in the direction of Longford, and no doubt went on, but we got on a fresh fox in a pit-hole the other side of the road, which came back, and we hunted him slowly by Cubley, and to ground in a rabbit-hole by the Sudbury and Ashbourne road.

Tuesday, November 12th, Wichnor.—Very nearly chopped a fox, but he got clear through the hounds and went along the meadows by the Trent, and crossed the river by King's Bromley. We had to go round by the bridge, and found the hounds at fault in King's Bromley Park, the fox, no doubt, having gone on for Black Slough. Bad scent, but a capital line of country. Went back to Wichnor and found another fox, but the scent was so bad we had to give it up and go home.

Thursday, November 14th, Kedleston.—Found one fox in Breward's Car, ran him about for some time, and lost him. All the other Kedleston coverts blank. Trotted off to Wild Park, but no fox at home. Very wet day and very cold, and no scent at any time.

Saturday, November 16th, Chartley.—Found on the Moss, ran a couple of rings with him and lost. There were four or five couples of hounds forward which stopped us. Found another fox in Handleasow Wood, ran down to Gratwich Wood, back to where we found him, across Chartley Park, through the Moss, over the road as if he was going for Newton Gorse, but he turned instead to the left, crossed the Blythe, ran through the corner of Kingston Wood and through Housalem's Coppice into Bagot's Woods, where we stopped the hounds. Nice hunting run.

Monday, November 18th, Egginton.—Four foxes in the gorse. Got away with one over the road, leaving Burnaston to the right and Etwall to the left, up to Dalbury, on by the brook side almost up to Sutton village, where he was viewed, dead beat, in the road. Could make nothing of it, so went on to the Spath,

where, sure enough, our run fox was, but the hounds were halloaed away on a fresh one, and ran very fast for a bit along the meadows towards Longford, then turned to the right and came back close to the Spath, without going into it, and on, as if for Hilton, but he turned again to the left and came back towards Sutton Mill, and we lost him in the very same way and in the very same place as we did our fox on the 5th. Good day's sport.

Tuesday, November 19th, Henhurst.—A fox went away towards Anslow, but turned to the left, crossed the turnpike road, and the hounds raced him to ground in a main earth in Sinai Park. He was only just before the hounds, and they must have killed him in another five minutes. Trotted off to Knightley Park, hunted a cub about for some time, and across the road to Rangemore, where we killed him. Drew the Deanery Plantation blank. Found in Yoxall Lodge Hills, ran by the New Church into Jackson's Bank, through the Covert, by Hoar Cross village to the Birchwood, where the scent was bad and we went home, as we could make nothing of it. We heard afterwards that the fox had gone round in front of the old Hall at Hoar Cross, and so no doubt back to Yoxall.

Thursday, November 21st, Snelston.—Did not find till we got to the little covert by Cockshead Lane, where there were a brace of foxes. Ran one by Birchwood Park. Hunted on to Mamerton, and finally lost our fox at nearly five o'clock by Hewitt's Farm. Scent never very good, but it got worse towards evening.

Saturday, November 23rd, Blithfield.—Horrible morning, wet and windy. Did not find in Moreton Gorse. Found in Stanley Wood. Scent very bad, walked after our fox into Bagot's Woods. Here a fresh one jumped up amongst the hounds and went straight out of the woods by Prior's Coppice, down to Smallwood and on to Marchington through Kynersley's yard and straight down to Woodford Rough, where we thought he had gone to ground, but we heard afterwards that he crossed the river, went through Palmer Moor and up to Sudbury Coppice.

Monday, November 25th, Foston.—Wet morning. Found below the house and ran a bit in the direction of Tutbury, and crossed the Uttoxeter road up to Church Broughton, turned to the left, and ran up to Potter's house, over the brook and checked for a long time by the Bentley brickyard. Scent very indifferent and we could only just make out that our fox had gone in the direction of Longford. Chopped a three-legged one in a pit-hole close by, which the hounds thought was our hunted fox, which did very well, as we wanted blood for them. Drew Alkmonton Bottoms blank. Found several foxes at Longford. Ran one round the house and back into the car, but he would not break again, and we could not kill him, though we stuck to it till nearly five o'clock.

Tuesday, November 26th, Rangemore.—Found in Bannister's Rough, ran through Rocket's Oaks to Knightley Park and back again, and lost. Scent very bad indeed. Went to Needwood, found in Hanbury Park covert, but could do nothing.

Thursday, November 28th, Stenson Lock.—Drew Arleston Gorse, Hell Meadows, and Spilsbury's blank. Found three foxes in Egginton Gorse, ran a ring with one over the line, and lost. Came back to the Gorse, but the foxes had all gone. Trotted off to Hilton Gorse. Found a fox at once. He went away at the lower corner, up the brook side, over Limberstick Brook to Church Broughton, which he left on the left and ran nearly up to Barton Blount. Here he bore again to the left by Potter's house to the Boylstone Lane, where the first check was. On again to Bentley Car, through the corner of which he went, bore to the

left by Bentley Hall, over the brook, and perfectly straight by Stydd up to the Hollywood. Snelston, where he was viewed, dead beat; but a fresh fox jumped up, and we lost him. Time, up to the first check in the Boylstone Lane, twenty-three minutes; distance, close on five miles. Time, up to the Hollywood, Snelston, fifty-three minutes, and the distance ten miles.

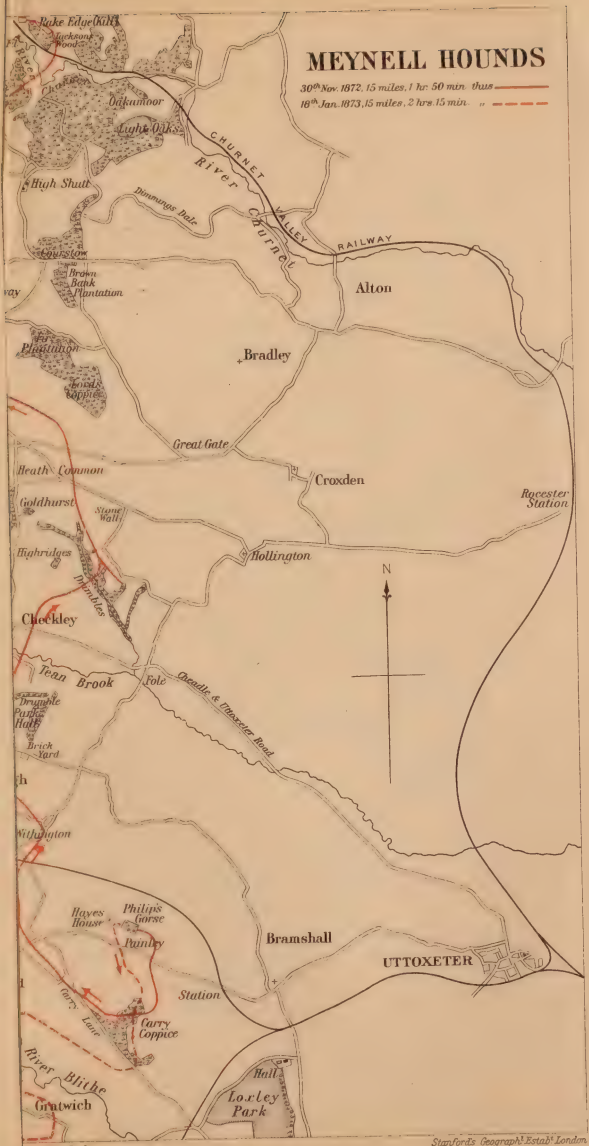
Saturday, November 30th, Bramshall village.—Found a fox in Philips' Gorse, ran up to Carry Coppice and through the covert, out at the top end, over the lane between Field Hall and Painley Hill, over the railway to Withington, on to Park Hall, leaving Leigh on the left, down to Checkley; here he bore to the right past High bridges and Broadgate Hall, through Broadmoor plantation by Sandy Lane and Light Oaks, to the right of Free Hay, crossed Moss Lane by Light Wood, through Monks Wood, and, leaving Hales Hall to the left, went on to Woodhouse, through Gibriding Wood, over the Churnet to Jackson's Wood, where he turned to the left, and was killed close to the railway at Rake Edge. Distance, fifteen miles, and the time one hour and fifty minutes. The field could not get over the Churnet, so they had to go round by Oakamoor, and the hounds had killed their fox fully twenty minutes before any one got to them. We had out twenty-seven and a half couples of bitches, of which number twenty-seven couples crossed the Churnet and killed the fox: the one absentee being old Rachel, who had been lame for a fortnight and was short of work, and she only stopped at Woodhouse. The first part of the run, up to Checkley, was over a beautiful grass country, and quite fast enough for the state of the ground. After that the country was rough and the hunting slower, and, curiously enough, had we known of it, there was a ford over the Churnet within one field of where the fox crossed the river. A hound carried the fox's head all the way back to Hoar Cross.

Monday, December 2nd, Blithbury.—Pear Tree Gorse blank. Found a fox in Pipe Wood, ran him round the covert four times, and killed him. A brace in Laurence's Wood; went away with one over the Blythe, along the side of which he ran for a bit, and then re-crossed the river, which we could not do, as it was bank full, so the hounds ran clean away from us, and we never got to them till they had raced into their fox and broken him up by St. Stephen's Hill, near Blithfield. The hounds positively flew up the meadows, and they must have run into their fox in about fifteen minutes. There was evidently another fox before the hounds, for they got on a fresh line at once and ran within a field of Moreton Gorse, which we left on the right, and ran up the meadows to within three fields of Chartley, which was evidently his point (we had come through Blithfield and by Newton village, and changed foxes once if not twice). Here he was headed and turned back by Newton Gorse, and ran into Bagot's Woods. Got on a fresh fox again there, ran back to Newton Gorse, almost up to Chartley, and back by Moreton Gorse, as if they were going to Bishton, where we stopped the hounds, as it was almost dark, the horses were all tired, and every one had gone home. From the time we went away from Laurence's Wood till we gave over, we were running three hours and forty-five minutes.

Tuesday, December 3rd, Brailsford.—No foxes in any of the coverts at Brailsford. Found at Ednaston, ran a ring for twenty-five minutes, and to ground in a rabbit-hole in the gorse. Country very heavy and boggy. Culland plantation blank. Found in the Reeve's Moor at Longford, raced up to the car, but the brute would not go away for a long time, and, at last, when he did, he went to ground in an old earth by the Icehouse.

Thursday, December 5th, Radburne.—Frost.

Saturday, December 7th, Catton.—Two or three foxes in Catton Wood. One,


MEYNELL HOUNDS
30th Nov. 1872, 15 miles, 1 hr. 50 min. thus
16th Jan. 1873, 15 miles, 2 hrs. 15 min. "
Rake Edge Hills
Hackenknowl Wood
Dickamoor
Light Oaks
High Shutt
Dimmings Dale
CHURNET VALLEY RAILWAY
River Churnet
Brown Bank Plantation
Alton
Bradley
Great Gate
Heath Common
Croxden
Goldhurst
Stone Wall
Rocester Station
Highridges
Hollington
Checkley
Tean Brook
Foley
Cheadle & Mayfield Road
Brick Yard
Withington
Hayes House
Philips Gorse
Bramshall
UTTOXETER
Station
Carry Coppice
River Blithe
Gratwich
Loxley Park
N
Stanfords Geograph.l Estab.t London.

after being headed several times, went away by Walton Wood up to Lullington, where he went to ground. Found several foxes in Homestall Wood, ran one to Lullington to ground, Colvile having suddenly taken objection to having the earths stopped. Found again in the covert below Walton Hall, but could not do much. Plenty of foxes all over this country. I was not out, having gone to Rugby to try and buy a horse.

Monday, December 9th, Sudbury Coppice.—A brace of foxes went away at once, one turned back to the Bottoms, the other, which we hunted, went by Vernon's Oak, leaving Cubley village to the left, up to Bentley Hall, where we checked. There was a great deal of snow on the ground, and up to this point—twenty-five minutes, very fast—the hounds ran clean away from us. Went on to Bentley Car, where the hounds showed a line into the covert, but whether or not our run fox I cannot say. A brace of foxes here. One went away towards Longford, the other tried to do the same, but was headed in the road, thence back through the covert, went almost down to Cubley village, within a field of Cubley Gorse, up to Marston Park, and down to Marston village; here three couples of hounds got forward, and we had to hunt slowly up to them, to Cubley Stoop, when we turned to the right, back by Vernon's Oak, across the Ashbourne and Sudbury road, down the meadows to Boylestone, where the fox jumped up before the hounds, and they raced him for five fields up the brook side towards Cubley, and killed him. Capital day's sport. Just three hours from the time we found at Sudbury.

Tuesday, December 10th, Dunstall.—Very thick fog. Could not draw till twelve, and even then it was not really fit to hunt. Found a fox, and walked after him for about an hour, when the fog came on so thick again that we were obliged to go home. Not a particle of scent.

Thursday, December 12th, Langley Park.—Frost.

Saturday, December 14th, Chartley.—Frost.

Monday, December 16th, Marston-on-Dove.—Very thick fog. Waited till twelve, and then drew Hilton Gorse. A fox was halloaed away over the brook, as the hounds went into the cover; some time before we got them away, as they were running another fox in the cover; ran down to Sutton and lost close to the Mill, the third fox we have lost in the same place. Drew the Spath and Potter's cover blank. Trotted on to Foston, and drew all the covers there without finding a fox, but found one by the icehouse at the back of the kitchen garden. Ran over the road towards the Foston Woods and on as if for Barton, but turned to the left by Sapperton and into Sudbury Park; twenty-five minutes. Here the scent was very bad, and after walking after him slowly round the Park we gave it up, as it was late, and the scent got worse every minute.

Tuesday, December 17th, Bretby.—Blank day!

Thursday, December 19th, Radburne.—Certainly three, if not four, foxes in the Rough, but the scent was so very bad that we could do nothing. A brace of foxes in the Nursery, and result the same. Trotted down to Newton's osier-bed, found a fox, but could not run him above a couple of fields, and the hounds turned back. Got on the line again, however, and walked after him to Sutton Gorse, through which he had evidently passed. No fox in the large gorse. Found in the Ash (or else got up to the fox we had been hunting from Newton's osier bed), went away towards Trusley, where he bore to the right as if for Radburne, but, instead of going there, he went along the brook-side up to Etwall, through Hilton town end, just below the gorse, where he began to run like a beaten fox, crossing and recrossing the road, the hounds hunting beautifully, and so up to Sutton village, and here it got so dark that we had to stop the hounds,

though our fox was only just before them.' [Capital scent with this fox, and the hounds ran hard up to Hilton, after that it was slow hunting. Time, one hour and eight minutes.

Saturday, December 21st, Kingston village.—Very foggy all day. Found at Windy Hall, and soon got into Bagot's Woods, where there were too many foxes on foot to do much good.

Monday, December 23rd, Wychnor.—No fox here, or at Rough Park! Found at once in the Brakenhurst, ran to Yoxall Lodge Hills, and back to the Brakenhurst, on to Jackson's Bank, back through the big woods, to Yoxall again, through Byrkley Lodge and to ground by the kitchen garden wall at Kingstanding.

Tuesday, December 24th, Shirley Park.—One fox reported to have gone away towards Yeavely, while we were running another in cover, which eventually went to ground in the cover. Trotted off to Ednaston and found in the gorse. A very bad fox, and after two short rings he got to ground in the main earth in Brailsford Old Gorse. Found again at Culland, ran almost up to Brailsford village, where a fresh fox jumped out of a pit-hole, and seemed as if he was making for Longford, but bore to the left, by the Long Lane, almost up to the Parson's Gorse, over the road and down to Radburne Rough, where we stopped the hounds. Poor scent all day.

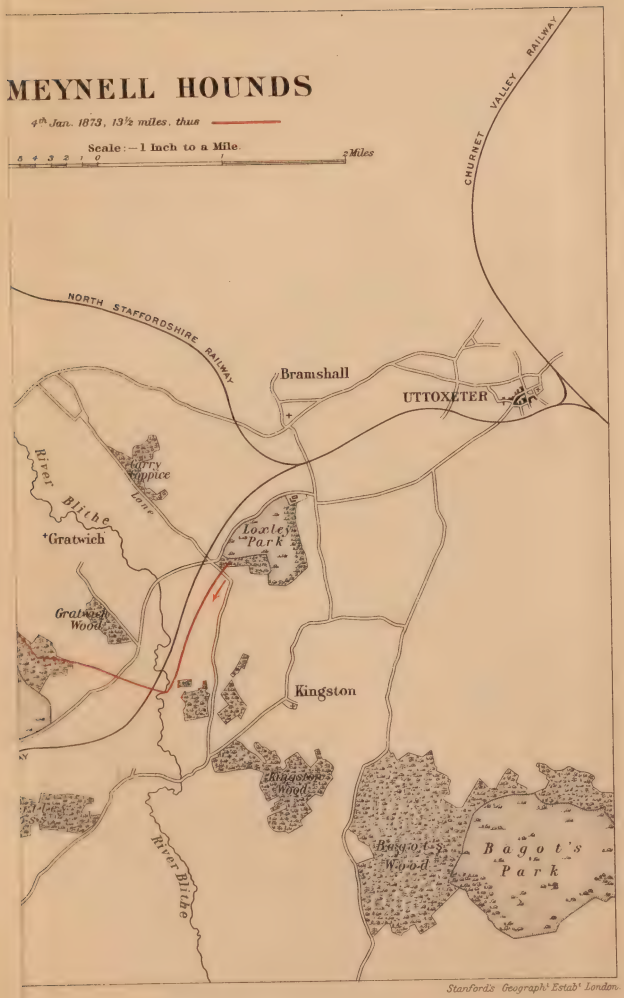
Friday, December 27th, Langley Park.—Found in the gorse, and hunted slowly by Langley village, the Parson's Gorse, through Radburne Park, on to the osier bed below Mickleover, where our fox had evidently waited and not heard us coming, as it was up wind, and here we got up to him, and ran fast down to Mackworth, where he made a sharp turn to the left and back to the turnpike road. He was viewed, dead beat, and must have got to ground somewhere, as we could make nothing of it. A brute of a sheep dog chased him over the road, or we must have killed him in a few minutes. Very provoking. Drew Markeaton and Radburne blank, and went home. The time of our run from Langley to where we lost him at Markeaton, was one hour and fifteen minutes.

Saturday, December 28th, Chartley.—Found in the gorse at Shaw, ran a ring and back across the Park—twenty minutes, fast, and checked. The fox had turned short back, and the scent had got very bad, so we trotted back to the gorse and found another fox. He went away through Birchwood Park up to Sherratt's Wood, in the North Stafford country, where we gave it up, there being no scent whatever. Found again in Handleasow Wood, rattled him once round the cover, when he broke at the far end, and went by Gratwich Wood, close to the village up to the road, where we came close to a long check and lost him.

Monday, December 30th, Eaton Wood.—A brace of foxes in the wood. Ran one for forty-five minutes in the wood and to Doveridge and back, and killed him. Trotted off to Sudbury and found in the coppice. The fox pointed as if for Bentley Car, but, turning to the left, went through Cubley village, and we hunted him slowly to Cubley Gorse; here we got up to him, and had a very fast spin up to Bentley Car, and killed him in cover. Four other foxes in the gorse.

Tuesday, December 31st, Newborough village.—Drew Holly Bush, the Parson's Brake, Hanbury Park Cover, Needwood, Byrkley Lodge, and Yoxall Lodge Hills without finding. Found a lot of foxes all together in Brakenhurst. Hounds divided, part running to Yoxall, and a ring to the right and back to Brakenhurst, the others going by Kingstanding, Needwood House, and up to Castle Hayes.

Thursday, 1873, *January 2nd, Kedleston.*—Only one solitary fox in the


MEYNELL HOUNDS
4th Jan. 1873, 13½ miles, thus
Scale:—1 inch to a Mile.
5 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 Miles
CHURNET VALLEY RAILWAY
NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE RAILWAY
Bramshall
UTTOXETER
River Blithe
Loxley
Gratwich
Loxley Park
Gratwich Wood
Kingston
Kingston Wood
River Blithe
Bagot's Wood
Bagot's Park
Stanfords Geograph.l Estab.t London.

whole place. Found him in Breward's Car, and ran across the Wirksworth railway towards Duffield, but there was no scent, and we could only walk after him. Ravensdale Park, the new gorse, Wilde Park, Brailsford, and Culland, all blank!

Saturday, January 4th, Loxley.—Very wet day. Found in the Park Cover three foxes at least. Hounds divided, but at last we got them together, though by this time the fox had got a long start. Ran by Woodcock Heath, over the Blyth, up to Handleasow Wood at Chartley, where we got on better terms with our fox; on by Shaw, through the corner of Fradswell Heath up to Sandon, by Shaw's Wood, right through the middle of Hardewick Heath, over the Uttoxeter and Stone road, through the Holly Wood, and Cotwalton Dumble, and on to within a few fields of Moddershall Oaks, where we whipped off, having only eight couples of hounds, and the scent so bad that we had no chance of getting up to our fox. We were with the hounds up to Fradswell Heath, but there, owing to two impracticable dumbles, they gave us the slip, and we never got to them again till Sandon. Three couples of hounds got on a fresh fox at Chartley, and the first whip had to go and stop them, and at Hardewick Heath, five and a half couples ran a fox back, and eventually to ground in the earths at Sandon, so that we had to go on with only eight couple, and neither of the whips. Whether it was our run fox or not which went to ground at Sandon it is impossible to say, as we must have had, at least, a brace of foxes before us all the way from Shaw's Wood. Another fox was seen to go into a pit-hole, dead beat, just beyond the Holly Wood, and we went back to look for him, but of course he was gone. The distance of this run from point to point is over nine miles, and must have been at least thirteen and a half the way we went. The country was so deep that no horse in England could have lived with hounds the pace they went.

Monday, January 6th, Walton village.—Brace of foxes in the Grove at Drakelowe, ran one round and round, and at last to ground in the Park. Tried to dig him out, but could not. Found another fox in the fox-covert, ran very fast alongside the railway as if for Seal Wood, but he turned to the right, back through Caldwell, and on to the covert where we found him, through that and up to the Grove, and here the scent turned so bad, and the ground was so foiled from running about in the morning, that he got a long way ahead, and we could only walk after him as far as Coton, where we gave it up, the fox having evidently gone on to Lullington.

Tuesday, January 7th, Spread Eagle.—A fox broke at once from Egginton Gorse, crossed the brook, over Hilton Common, by Hilton Cottage, up to Hilton Fields, his point evidently being for the Ash, but being headed at the Sutton and Etwall road, he turned to the left and made his point, passing by the Ash, over the Sutton and Radburne road, and went to ground in a new-made drain close to the brook at Rook Hills, just below Trusley. A capital gallop of thirty-five minutes, and quite fast enough for the state of the country. Drew the Spath and Sapperton blank. Found in the Lemon hole at Foston, ran a ring at first, and then went up the meadows towards Tutbury, crossed the turnpike road by the Pennywaste almost up to Hilton Gorse, where we stopped the hounds, as it was too late to go into the gorse.

Thursday, January 9th, Radburne.—Drew the Rough, Parson's Gorse, Squire's Gorse, the Nursery, and Newton's osiers blank. Found in a small plantation just beyond the latter place, but, owing to false halloas and an unruly field, soon lost him. Drew Bearwardcote, and then on to Sutton Gorse, where we found at once, and ran by the Ash to Trusley and back to Sutton, but the scent was bad and the fox worse, and we gave it up.

Saturday, January 11th, Stretton village.—Found in the osier-bed at Dove Cliff, and killed within a field of Knightley Park.

Then follows a printed account :—

On Saturday, January 11th, the meet was at Stretton (a new one for these hounds), and a good field assembled to join in the sport. They trotted off to Dove Cliff, where a fox was found near the gardener's cottage. He ran over the Newlands meadows, skirting the river Dove and across the North Staffordshire Railway, then up the meadows and across the Rollestone brook, in the direction for Tutbury, and leaving Tutbury on the right, crossed the road leading from Rollestone to Tutbury, at the Mill Lane End. Skirting the coverts here, he crossed the Burton and Tutbury turnpike road, near Rolleston Park, which farm he went over in the direction for Bushton ; leaving both former and latter farm-houses to the left, he went towards Belmot Green, near which place a short check occurred—letting in a few stragglers, as the pace up to this point was tremendous, and the field had become very select. Several casualties had occurred during the early part of the run, and those, who had second horses to ride, showed some anxiety as to their whereabouts. From this point the fox went towards Stockley Park, crossing the brook below Belmot. He afterwards came round to the right, over some heavy land towards Hanbury, and, leaving lower Castle Hayes to the right, ran in the direction for the Top House. Here a man in a large stubble field headed him, when he again turned to the right, and was in view for a short time. On leaving Castle Hayes he crossed Belmot Green, and a second time crossed the brook below Belmot, and again ran towards Stockley Park. After dodging about the farm for some time, he crossed the road leading from Anslow to Hanbury, near Anslow Church, and, passing through some gardens at the Bell House, he crossed the Bell House brook, and, leaving Anslow Church to the left, made for Collingwood covert ; passing this, he went towards the Henhurst, but, doubling back, ran to Rough Hay, where a check occurred, delaying the hounds a long time ; after which they again got on the line, and ran a short distance towards Knightley Park, but the scent again failed before reaching the covert, and another hindrance—about fifteen minutes—took place. The hounds were then taken towards the New Inn, and many thought the fox had saved his brush, but the hounds caught scent again, and ran him to Rough Stock Farm and back towards Knightley Park ; and he was pulled down in the open near the latter place, and proved to be one of the finest foxes ever seen in the neighbourhood. Many horses and riders had now had enough ; but others went on, and, after drawing Knightley Park blank, a fox was found at Rockets Oak, and ran to Yoxall Lodge.

GALLOPER.

An account of these days will also appear in Lord Waterpark's Diary later on.

Field, January 18th, 1873 :—

Thursday, January 9th.—Meet, Radbourne Hall. Rather an unfortunate day ; no fox at home, the excessive wet having placed the osier-beds under water.

Saturday, January 11th.—Met at Stretton village. A large meet and a lovely morning. Drew first of all the osier-beds below Dove Cliff House, and

found immediately a rare old fox, who took us merrily along the meadows by the Dove almost to Tutbury, across the Burton and Tutbury road for Stockley Park, and a ring round Anslow village, and on for a small covert close by Rangemoor church, where Master Charley doubled back, and tried very hard to save his brush by gaining Knightley Park; but this gallant fox had to succumb to the patience of the Meynell blood and Charles Leedham one field from the above-mentioned big wood, after a most excellent run of over two hours.

Monday, January 13th.—Met at Sutton Mill. Not much sport, a poor scent, a good many people rolling about. Had a burst of about twenty minutes, and a kill.

Tuesday, January 14th.—Meet, The Henhurst. Not a very large gathering, as it is not an over popular meet; but among the noble sportsmen were the worthy master (Lord Waterpark), Lords Berkeley Paget and Tarbet, Captains Paget, Mosley, and Butler, Colonel Chetwode, Mrs. Colvile, Messrs. Bass, Arthur Bass, Hardy, H. Evans, George Allsopp, Levett, Gretton, Pole, etc. Found immediately, and had a bit of a ring, and lost our fox very soon, partly owing to the excessive noise of the foot-people. Drew some of Mr. Bass's coverts blank, but no wonder, as hounds were in them on the Saturday previous and found a brace of foxes, then drew all Dunstall—*mirabile dictu*—blank. On for Needwood, and found in a small and nice covert directly, called Black Wood, I believe, and away for Castle Hayes, across the Burton and Sudbury road, by the Draycott turnpike, leaving Coton House on the right, and on for Marchington, then sharp to the right across the North Stafford Railway, down the meadows opposite Sudbury Hall, across the river Dove, which was almost a swim for it, and which only Lords B. Paget and Tarbet, Captain Butler, Messrs. George Allsopp and Mitchell, and Dick Somers (first whip) crossed; the rest went round, and found us with our gallant fox marked to ground; he was bolted, and could hardly make a go of it, and so these beautiful hounds gained their well-merited prize, after a very sharp fifty minutes over a big grass country.

An Old Boy.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GREAT RUN FROM SUDBURY COPPICE TO WOOTTON—THE BULLERS—LORD WATERPARK'S DIARY.

1873.

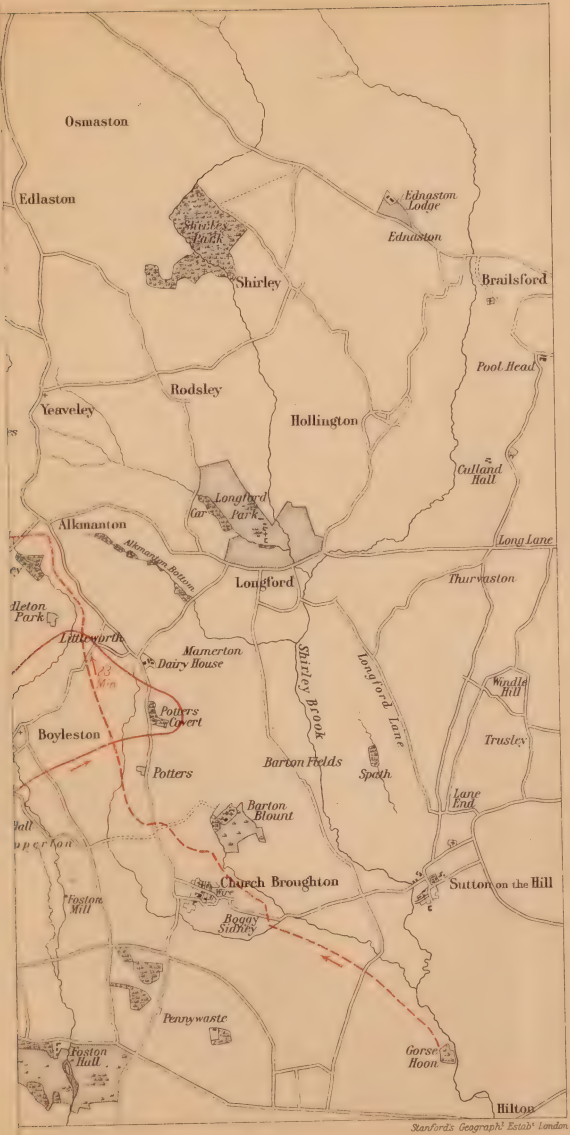
From Lord Waterpark's Diary :—

Monday, January 13th, Sutton Mill.—Trotted off to Longford. Found in the Car, ran down to the village, up to the Reeves Moor and on for Culland, where we came to a long check, as the fox had run up the road and skirted the plantations. After this we hunted him slowly in the direction of Burrows; but the scent got so cold that we gave it up. Found in the cover by Potter's house, ran up to Longford Car, and killed him in the cover. Drew Bentley Car, where a fox was at home. Ran a short ring and lost him, the evening turning very cold and the scent very bad.

Tuesday, January 14th, The Henhurst.—Several foxes on foot, had a bit of a ring with one, and lost him above Sinai Park. Drew the Rangemore, Dunstall, and Needwood House covers blank. Found in the Black Brook cover, went away for Castle Hayes, across the Burton and Sudbury Road, by the Draycott turnpike, leaving Coton House on the right, and on for Marchington, then sharp to the right, across the North Stafford Railway, down the meadows opposite Sudbury, across the river Dove, and to ground in the Wood Yard at Sudbury village. Bolted him and ran into him the other side of the lake. Time, fifty minutes, over a magnificent country, all grass.

Thursday, January 16th, Elvaston.—Found some bad ringing foxes at Aston, which would not go away, and killed a brace. Trotted on to Arleston, found a three-legged fox, which we ran for six minutes and killed. Drew Hell Meadows and Spilsbury's covers blank.

Saturday, January 18th, Bramshall.—Slight frost, cold, starving east wind. Found two, if not three, foxes in Philips' Gorse, but could never fairly settle to one till Carry Coppice, where he was halloaed away over the lane, and hounds ran sharp towards Chartley, over the Blyth by Field Mill, to Shaw's Rough, where we probably changed foxes. A longish check by Shaw Farm, then ran, but only at a moderate hunting pace, and leaving Birchwood on the left, towards Brindley's Coppice, bent to the right over the railroad below Dairy House, between Blyth House and Team Leys to Oak Hill, over the Newcastle and Uttoxeter road, just to the right of Totmanslow, to the Draycott Fox covert, over the road by Bond's House, close up to Draycott Cross, then through


Osmaston
Edlaston
Shirley Park
Shirley
Edgaston Lodge
Edgaston
Brailsford
Pool Head
Rodsley
Yeaveley
Hollington
Culland Hall
Longford Park
Alkmanton
Alkmanton Bottom
Long Lane
Longford
Thurvaston
Mamerton
Dairy House
Shirley Brook
Longford Lane
Windle Hill
Potters Covert
Boyleston
Trusley
Barton Fields
Potters
Spath
Lane End
Barton Blount
Church Broughton
Sutton on the Hill
Foston Mill
Boggy Siding
Pennywaste
Gorse Hoon
Foston Hall
Hilton
Stanford's Geographical Estab.t London.

Callow Hill Wood, and lost at the Forsbrook road, between Field House and Dilhorne, pointing for Blakeley Bank. Time, two hours and fifteen minutes. Never a good scent, but a good fox. Distance, certainly not less than fifteen miles.

Monday, January 20th, Catton.—Found directly in Catton Wood, ran a ring and through Walton Wood on to the Grove at Drakelowe. Here the hounds hung for some minutes in cover, and we hunted slowly on towards Caldwell, turned to the right and went on to Homestall Wood, and from this point we never fairly hit off the scent again, though we heard our fox had gone on to Lullington. A good scent on the grass, of which there was mighty little, but none on the plough, which was hard at the top, owing to the frost last night. No fox at Lullington, and the same at Drakelowe, but we had run through the Grove at the latter place, and a fresh fox had been viewed away. Heavy fall of snow before I got home.

Tuesday, January 21st, Snelston.—Snow and frost.

Thursday, January 23rd, Kedleston Toll-bar.—Could not draw till twelve-thirty, owing to the frost, and even then it was really hardly fit to hunt. Found a fox in Darley osier-bed, the hounds got away close to his brush, raced him up to Allestree, and killed him. Found again at Allestree, had rather a pretty ring down the meadows towards Duffield and back to the cover, through which they rattled him, and he came out as if he meant going for Markeaton, but turned back, and eventually went to ground in a large rabbit-hole. Trotted off to Langley Gorse and soon found. The fox went as if for Radburne, but turned back before he got there, and, the scent being very bad and the day late, we gave it up.

Saturday, January 25th, Blithbury.—Frost.

Monday, January 27th, Sudbury.—Found at once in the Coppice, and ran, very slowly at first, into the park, and here the scent seemed to improve a bit, and we hunted, at a fair pace, by Sapperton up to the cover by Potter's, without going into either of these covers. From Potter's they began to run hard, up to Middleton Park, where the fox turned to the left and then again to the right, by the back of Cubley Church, across the Sudbury and Ashbourne road, leaving Cubley Gorse to the right, where we came to a slight check on a wheat-field. From this point they ran very fast over Birchwood Moor, to the right of Marston Park, down to Roston, crossed the road and ran nearly up to Norbury station, where he bore a bit to the left and crossed the Dove, just before the hounds, opposite Dove Leys. A slight check occurred at the top of the hill, by the Rocester and Ashbourne road, but they soon hit it off again, and hunted by Prestwood, up to Wootton Park, where we viewed the fox by a farm-house, and killed him under the wall of the cover, and within fifty yards of the main earths he was making for. It was slow hunting up to Potter's, but from there they ran hard to Cubley, and from Cubley down to the Dove it was very fast. Distance, fourteen and three-quarter miles in all, and eleven miles nearly straight from Potter's to Wootton. Time, one hour forty-five minutes. The fox never went into a cover the whole way, and the hounds were never cast.

Tuesday, January 28th, The Henhurst.—Very hard and frosty, too much so to hunt in the open, so at twelve-thirty we trotted off to the Forest Banks. Found in the Greaves, and ran out towards Hanbury, but the fox turned back and we soon lost him. Found again in the Far Wood, ran across Bagot's Park, through the Woods, and back to the Banks, and, at a quarter past five, Charles and I found ourselves alone in the middle of the woods, with a beaten fox before us, and no light to kill him. Every one gone home and both whips lost.

Four days frost.

Thursday, February 6th, Radburne.—Drew the Rough blank. Found in the Parson's Gorse. Ran hard for a quarter of an hour and to ground, near Langley village, in a sough under the road. Found again in Langley Gorse, a very bad ringing fox, which we hunted round and round, and finally lost near Radburne. The Nursery and Newton's osiers blank. Trotted off to Sutton, found and ran by the Old Gorse, over the road towards Hilton, but there was not much scent, so we stopped the hounds, not wishing to get into Hilton.

Saturday, February 8th, Blithbury.—All the covers there blank, also Moreton Gorse, at Blithfield. Found three foxes all together in Blythe Moor, and killed a dog fox almost immediately. A brace of foxes in Hart's Coppice, but the very worst scent I have seen this year.

Monday, February 10th, Boyleston village.—Found at Sapperton, ran by Sudbury Park into the Coppice, out towards Cubley village, and down to Marston Park, where we killed him, after a nice gallop of forty-five minutes. Never a good scent, but the hounds were close behind their fox the whole way. Drew Bentley Car, Longford, Alkmonton, and Potter's Cover blank. Found at Foston, ran up to Hilton Gorse, and killed him in the cover.

Tuesday, February 11th, Walton village.—Frost.

Thursday, February 13th, Egginton.—Several foxes in the Gorse. Ran round and round, and got away two or three times, but the foxes were bad ones and kept coming back. Scent very bad. Drew Sutton blank, and the Spath Covert, but found in a little osier-bed by Sutton Mill, and walked after him almost up to Radburne, where we stopped the hounds, the fox having gone to Newton's osiers.

Saturday, February 15th, Chartley.—Found in the Gorse at Shaw, ran by the corner of Handleasow Wood, close by Gratwich Wood, over the Blythe and the railway to the Park Covert at Loxley, where the fox was viewed quite beat; but, unfortunately, we went away with a fresh one, by Kingston village, on to Prior's Coppice, through the Woods, and across Bagot's Park, where he turned sharp to the left and back along the cliffs to Buttermilk Hill. Here he doubled short back, ran along the Woods and out at the bottom end towards Marchington, but turned to the right at Smallwood, went by Littlewood's Farm, through the Banks, across Agardsley, over the road and through Hollybush Park, by Hollis' house, and killed him in Bull's Park. Capital hunting run of three hours and ten minutes from the time we found at Chartley.

Monday, February 17th, Yoxall village.—Wychnor blank, also the Fir Covert by Silverhill. Found in Bannister's Rough, Rangemore, had a capital slow hunting run all over the Forest for three hours and five minutes, and killed our fox by Hoar Cross village. Several fresh foxes on foot in the Brakenhurst, and innumerable halloas, but the hounds stuck to the line of the hunted fox, and regularly walked him to death.

Tuesday, February 18th, Snelston.—Found in the Cinder Hills, went away at a great pace as if for Eaton Woods, but at Raddle Wood he turned to the left, crossed Marston Common, down to Cubley Gorse, and on to Vernon's Oak, where we came to a check. Time, thirty-three minutes, very fast indeed. Here we were a long time before we got on to the line again, but when we did, went through Sudbury Coppice, across the Park, and down to Sapperton, beyond which place we could make nothing of it. A capital gallop down to Sudbury, though the hounds slipped on for a bit between Sudbury and Cubley. Drew again, but did not find another fox.

Thursday, February 20th, Swarkeston Bridge.—Found a fox in Gorsty Leys, but the scent was bad, and we soon lost him. Drew Ingleby Heath blank, and

Coote Manningham-Buller,
Rifle Brigade.

Reginald Manningham-Buller,
Grenadier Guards.

Edmund Manningham-Buller,
Rifle Brigade.

Frederick Manningham-Buller,
Coldstream Guards.

Ernest Manningham-Buller,
Rifle Brigade.

then trotted off to Calke, where we soon found, and ran across the Park to Stanton Harold; here he doubled back by Calke Abbey, and ran in the direction of Ashby, but turned again to the right, and went to ground in the earth at Hartshorn Gorse, close in front of the hounds. Time, one hour and thirty minutes.

Saturday, February 22nd, Loxley.—Found in the Park Covert, but there was no scent, and we could only walk after him. He went pretty nearly straight to Bagot's Woods, over the road, and into Kingstone Wood, then turned sharp back, went through Bagot's Woods again, and to ground in the main earth at the Warren at Blithfield. Drew Prior's Coppice, and then trotted back to Loxley. Found a brace of foxes in the covert by the railway, but the scent was even worse than in the morning, and we could only hunt slowly up to Bagot's Woods again.

In this run Colonel Edmund Buller unfortunately broke his leg.

Among the most constant frequenters of the Meynell Hunt were the Bullers. The Hon. John Yarde Buller, the father of the present Lord Churston, from the time of his marriage in 1845, came from Devonshire every winter to hunt from Radburne Hall, staying with his father-in-law, the grandfather of the present squire, until the death of Mr. Chandos-Pole in 1863. Then there were his cousins—Bullers from Dilhorne, Staffordshire—who began certainly as early as 1849, and never missed a season until death thinned their ranks. They were all soldiers. The eldest and now only surviving brother, Sir Morton Manningham-Buller of Dilhorne, was in the Militia, and for some years Colonel of the 2nd Staffs. The other five were two of them in the Guards, and three in the Rifle Brigade. They were keen sportsmen, well mounted, considering their means, and all good riders—bound to have a good many falls amongst them, so that "a few Bullers in the brook," or "another Buller down," became a familiar saying. But, mercifully, there were no serious accidents—a broken leg, a collar-bone, a wrist, a slight concussion, being all there was to record during forty years and more of persistent riding to hounds.

One day their cousin, the Hon. Eleanor Buller (now the Hon. Mrs. Northey Hopkins), came out when she was only a slip of a girl, and, knowing no one in particular to follow, selected as her pilot a nice, quiet-looking, gray-haired old gentleman. It was not many minutes before

the quiet old gentleman popped over an innocent-looking little fence, and she followed him, to find herself up to her neck in a brook. The "old gentleman" was Mr. Clowes!

Monday, February 24th, Marston-on-Dove.—Frost.

Tuesday, February 25th, Stretton village.—Frost and snow.

Thursday, February 27th, Walton village.—Chopped a fox in the Grove at Drakelowe. Did not find again till we got to Catton, where there were either two or three foxes. Walked after one by Lullington, over the river to Clifton Hall, and lost him. One of the worst scents we have had this season.

Saturday, March 1st, Chartley.—Quite impossible to hunt here (Doveridge) on account of the snow, so I was much surprised to hear, in the afternoon, that the hounds had gone to Chartley. However, as they were there and wanted exercise, Charles took them to Kingstone Wood, and they ran hard in the woods for an hour and a half, and out towards Loxley, where Charles stopped them.

Monday, March 3rd, Marston-on-Dove.—Trotted off to Egginton Gorse, found at once, but the scent was very bad, and we could only get on slowly. However, the fox went over a fine line of country, by Etwall, through Sutton Gorse, almost to Trusley, where we lost him. Drew Hilton Gorse, the Spath, Potter's Covert, and Bentley Car blank.

Tuesday, March 4th, Newborough.—Found in Roost Hill Coppice, ran through the Birchwood, on through Tomlinson's Corner to Marchington Cliff, and all along the Woods to Bagot's Park. Several foxes on foot, and the hounds divided. Hunted across the Park and through the Woods several times. Not much scent.

Thursday, March 6th, Bradley.—Found a brace of foxes at Ednaston. Very poor scent, and, as the fox we were hunting had evidently gone to Shirley Park, I stopped the hounds, not wishing to go there on account of Mr. Wright's death. Viewed a fox as we were going to draw Brailsford Gorse, ran him for ten minutes and killed him. Trotted off to draw at Culland. A fox jumped up in a field just before the hounds, and they ran him up fast to Shirley Park, where there was one, if not two, fresh foxes on foot. Got away over the Ashbourne and Derby Road and hunted slowly, with a bad scent, up to Mansell Park, where we gave it up. Hounds could only run to-day when they were close to their fox.

Saturday, March 8th, Bramshall.—Found in Philips' Gorse, ran to Carry Coppice, and to ground in a pit-hole on Mr. Blurton's farm. Four foxes in the Park Covert; got away with one through Carry Coppice, over the railway and back again, on by Loxley Hall, and from here they ran well to the Red Cow on the Uttoxeter Road, where he turned sharp back to the right, back across the Park and through the covert we found him in, and, after ringing about a good deal, we finally killed him in the open below Carry Coppice.

Monday, March 10th, Chartley.—Found on the Moss, ran a short ring and lost. Very poor scent. Found again in Shaw's Rough, ran by the corner of Handleasow Wood, over the Blythe to ground in Carry Coppice. Went to Kingstone Woods. Ran hard for forty-five minutes in the Woods, with a much better scent, and stopped the hounds when we found it was a vixen.

Tuesday, March 11th, Stretton village.—Drew Dove Cliff osier-bed and the Rolleston coverts blank. Trotted off to the Henhurst, where we found a brace of foxes, got away on very bad terms with one, hunted him slowly on to Tatenhill, where we lost him. No fox in Knightley Park, nor in the Rangemore coverts. Found a brace in Yoxall Lodge Hills, ran to Rangemore very prettily, where a

violent storm stopped us for a long time, and afterwards hunted him slowly on to Dunstall and over the Burton road, and there he turned short back and went to ground.

Thursday, March 13th, Meynell-Langley.—A fox went away from the gorse before the hounds came, which accounted for drawing it blank. Drew a good many small coverts, but did not find till we got to Egginton. A fox broke at once from the gorse and went up the meadows towards Hilton, crossed the Derby road by Hilton Town end, up to Sutton, within two fields of the Ash, where a man headed him, and we had a check—twenty minutes up to this, and very pretty. Hit him off again and went by Dalbury as if he meant going to Radburne, but he turned to the left by Trusley, kept on up the brook side, over the Long Lane, up to Burrows, where he checked again for some time, but got on the line and went on to Brailsford, where we gave it up, as the fox was a long way ahead of us, and had evidently gone on to Ravensdale Park or to Kedleston. Went to Culland with a field reduced to five, found three foxes, ran one very fast within a couple of fields of the Parson's Gorse, where the ploughs stopped us, and we went home. Very good day's sport.

Saturday, March 15th, Loxley.—There was a fox in the Park Covert, but absolutely no scent, and we lost him immediately. Found in the Kingston Woods, ran to Bagot's Woods, turned to the left and across the open to Loxley, where we lost him.

Monday, March 17th, Yoxall village.—Drew Rough Park blank. Found in the covert by the Cross Hayes, ran to Hoar Cross, leaving the Birchwood to our right, very fast up to Lord's Coppice. Here we took a ring round the woods and out over the park towards Hart's Coppice, but turned short back, and was pulled down in the open after a good run of an hour and eight minutes. Drew Birchwood, Roost Hill, and the Chantrey blank.

Tuesday, March 18th, Snelston.—Found in Holly Wood, ran fast for twelve minutes and to ground in a drain near Cubley Gorse. Drew the rest of the Snelston coverts, Shirley Park, and Longford blank. Chopped a vixen in Bentley Car. Went away with another fox, but, as she turned out to be a vixen, we stopped the hounds. Drew Sapperton blank.

Thursday, March 20th, Lullington.—Drew Lullington, Catton (earths open and vixens in them), and Walton Wood blank. Came over the water and drew some coverts of Mr. Hardy's, in the meadows, but did not find. Found in the Brakenhurst, and ran rather nicely for a bit, as if he meant going for Hollybush, but turned to the left by Newborough, and went on to the Chantrey, where we lost him.

Saturday, March 22nd, Chartley.—A brace of foxes in Shaw's Rough, but could do nothing with them. Earths open on the Moss and no fox to be found. Drew some plantations at Hixon blank; the Coley coverts the same; ditto Moreton Gorse and Blythe Moor. Found a fox on Newton-hurst, but there was no scent, and we only walked after him as far as the big woods and gave it up.

Monday, March 24th, Brereton village.—Found a fox in Brereton Hayes. Ran very fast for ten minutes, to ground in an earth on the Chace, and soon found another fox, which we ran for some time, but the scent was bad and we could not kill him.

Tuesday, March 25th, Draycott Cliff.—Drew the Greaves blank, and, hearing there were some cubs above ground near Marchington Cliff, we trotted off to Castle Hayes, where we did not find, but we found a fox close by in Hare Holds, and had a capital gallop. He pointed at first for Rolleston Park, but turned to the left by Castle Hayes Park, down to Fauld, ran along the meadows by the

riverside to Coton, where he turned up the hill, went straight through the Greaves, by the New Lodge, through one corner of Parson's Brake, over the road towards Hollybush, and here occurred a most extraordinary thing. Charles viewed the fox in a grass field, and actually saw two couples of hounds roll him over, and, when he got up to the spot, no fox or hounds were to be seen. A man working on the Bank at Hollybush said he had seen the fox go down a ploughed field, but though we cast all round we could not hit off the line, and it was not till a week afterwards that we heard that the fox had gone into a pit-hole and laid down. It was a capital gallop of about forty minutes, and very fast. Found three vixens and a dog fox at Needwood House, and fortunately got away without doing any mischief. Drew Byrkley Lodge blank.

Thursday, March 27th, Bagot's Park.—Found in Hart's Coppice, ran a wide ring by Tomlinson's corner and back, across the park, into the woods, where we got on a fresh fox, and were a considerable time before we got on the line of our hunted one, he having evidently gone for Loxley and the scent was cold, so we gave it up. Found another in a little covert beyond Hart's Coppice, but soon lost him, the scent getting worse. Drew the Birch Wood and Roost Hill blank. Found in Brakenhurst late in the evening, ran hard for forty minutes, and had the greatest difficulty in stopping the hounds just as they were running into a vixen, which must have had cubs laid up in the wood.

Saturday, March 29th, Wolseley Bridge.—Found immediately and ran over the Chace, and through Heywood Park to Shugborough, and lost him in the covert by Stafford Lodges. Chopped a fox on the Chace. Found again, and ran hard for an hour and a half all over the Chace, and finally gave it up near Hednesford, as we had missed our second horses, and those we were on had had enough, as it was a hot, close day.

Foxes killed, twenty-seven brace; run to ground, eleven and a half brace; hounds out, a hundred and eight times; stopped by frost, twelve times.

Foxes killed in regular hunting, fifteen brace and a half.

CHAPTER XXX.

LORD WATERPARK'S DIARY—"TOM" SMITH.

1873–1874.

THE subscriptions for this year amounted to £3941 2*s.* 10*d.*, while £167 18*s.* 6*d.* was paid in compensation for damage. In Mr. Meynell Ingram's time the huntsman paid all claims for the poultry which farmers lost through foxes. The Rev. A. Colvile, a welter weight, who went well, especially on a bay, Mowcop, and a thick dun horse, came as curate to the Rev. R. G. Buckston, of Sutton-on-the-Hill. The latter is the son of the famous Mr. German Buckston mentioned before. Mr. Colvile left the Meynell country in 1885. In this year, 1873, Mr. E. S. Chandos-Pole, of Radburne, died.

The new-comers seem to be Mr. Crowder, Master of the Dove Valley Harriers, Mr. Mould, and Mr. George Troutbeck.

The entry for this season includes the famous Linkboy, whose skin eventually decorated Charles's room. This was a hound he was never tired of talking about, and no wonder, for he was everything that a foxhound should be—a good drawer—stout and staunch in chase, and he would hunt the coldest scent. But he was a fearful savage, being so quarrelsome that, when he was lent to Mr. Corbet, that gentleman sent him back next day with a note to say that he could not afford him a kennel to himself! James Tasker took the place of G. Jones as second whipper-in.

From Lord Waterpark's diary :—

Cub-hunting began on August 25th, in Bagot's Woods; there was a good show of foxes everywhere, sport was excellent, and sixteen brace of foxes were brought to hand.

Monday, November 3rd, Sudbury Coppice.—Found in the Coppice, ran across the Park, down to Sapperton, where a man headed him and he turned to the left, went up to Hare Hill, and laid down, dead beat, in a field. Here Rummager (a fifth season hunter by Fairplay—Ringlet, the heroine of the great 1868 run) got hold of him, but he managed to slip into an earth in the middle of the field. Went back to the Coppice, got on a tired fox, and ran him to ground in the main earth in the Aldermoor, which had not been stopped. Found in the Bottoms, hunted over the Park, on to the left of Boylstone village, through Potter's Covert, and on to Mamerton, where we lost him. Not much scent at any time, and it got worse towards evening. Good day's sport.

Tuesday, Needwood House.—Found in the far covert by the road, ran through the Parson's Brake, as if he meant going through the Greaves, but he turned to the left, ran by Hollybush Covert without going into it, down to Newborough. Here he was headed and turned to the right, crossed the road by Newborough Hall, ran through Daisy Bank and into Bagot's Park, not far from the Park Lodge. Right across the Park, where the deer stopped us very much, into Lord's Coppice, and through the corner of the Woods, across the Uttoxeter turnpike road and on up to Blithfield, where we lost him. About nine miles as the crow flies, and very pretty up to Bagot's Park, after that slow hunting.

Thursday, Radburne.—Ran a ring from the Rough with an old fox and lost him. Trotted back to the Rough, got away on better terms with another fox, and ran very well up to Langley village (twenty minutes). Hunted him slowly after this to Breward's Car, where he went to ground in the main earth, which ought to have been stopped. Found a brace of foxes in Ravensdale Park; one went to ground at once; the other we hunted twice round by the New Gorse, and he then got to ground. *Five* foxes run to ground by the dog hounds this week owing to imperfect stopping.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pear Tree Gorse, ran a ring by the Black Flats and into Pipe Wood. Not a particle of scent. Got on a fox which was halloaed away from Pipe Wood, ran over the Blythe and across Bromleyhurst very fast, up to Hoar Cross Park, and on to the Brakenhurst, where we kept changing foxes and running out to Yoxall Lodge and back again. It was a very pretty gallop of twenty-five minutes.

Monday, November 10th, Egginton.—It was an hour or more before a fox broke from the gorse, and then we lost him in about two minutes. Found a brace of foxes in an osier-bed close by. Got away on the back of one and lost him immediately. Hilton Gorse blank. No covert in it to speak of. Found again at Foston, hunted him down to the Decoy, and over the road towards the river, and lost him. One of the worst scents I ever remember.

Thursday, Kedleston.—The hounds hunted from the new Kennels at Sudbury for the first time. Found a three-legged fox in the Vicar Wood, ran him to Langley, and killed him. Trotted off to Breward's Car, found, and ran a wide ring, slowly, over the hills, round by Chapel Intake, towards Hulland Ward and back by Turnditch to the Lilies and Breward's Car, and killed. Good hunt for hounds, but a vile country to ride over.

Saturday, Wichnor.—Found several foxes, but there was no scent, and we

could do nothing with them. Found a fox in Rough Park, but soon lost him. Went to Laurence's Wood and hunted a fox slowly from there by the Black Flats and back by Walter's farm, and lost him. Wretched scent.

Monday, November 17th, Newborough.—Found an old fox in the Birch Wood, rattled him about for some time, when he went away, and then ran into him in the middle of Bagot's Park. Twenty-five minutes. First rate. The coverts at Hollybush had previously been drawn blank.

Tuesday, November 18th, Boylestone village.—An old fox went away from Potter's Covert, back towards Boylestone, turned short back again, and ran by Church Broughton to Hilton, to Hilton Gorse—twenty-five minutes; first class. After this no hurry, and slow hunting to Sutton, Hilton Gorse, Marston-on-Dove, and Tutbury, and "accounted for him by losing him." The Spath blank, found in osier-bed close by, hunted by Barton Blount and Potter's to Bentley Car, half an hour there, and then to ground in a drain by Bentley Hall. Got him out in half an hour—a cub, not our Spath fox.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—No fox at Arleston. Found in Hell Meadows, and to ground under the railway in two fields. Spilsbury's Covert blank. Found at Egginton. Fox went away at once, ran round by Etwall, and to ground in a regular earth in a pit. Drew Bearwardcote and osier-beds beyond, but did not find. Found a fox in the Potluck osier-bed, but he went away over the Trent at once.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw, after drawing nearly an hour. Ran a ring for twenty minutes, and killed him. Handleasow Wood blank. Four foxes on the Moss; scent very bad; ran a cub about, and eventually to ground in a pit-hole. Wild, stormy day.

Monday, November 24th, Anslow.—Found three or four foxes in the Henhurst, ran out and back again several times, and lost him. Found and killed a very bad cub in Knightley Park.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Ran down to Sidford Rough, and back to the Wood; then out at the far end by Marston, nearly up to Snelston, through the Cinder Hills, and killed in a quarry at Birchwood Park. Capital hunt for hounds. Found in Cubley Gorse, and ran down to Sudbury Coppice, and lost him. Found again in the Bottoms, hunted slowly by West Broughton, nearly down to the river, and gave over, as it was nearly dark. The fox went to ground.

Thursday, Brailsford.—The Gorse and Ednaston blank. Found and killed at Culland. Trotted off to Longford. Found in the Reeve's Moor, ran very fast up-wind, through the Car, on to Mamerton, and lost him. Chopped a fox in Potter's Covert. Another one went away, hunted him by Barton and Church Broughton, and up to Boylestone, where we gave over. Very bad scent all day.

Saturday, Blithfield. No fox till we got to Lord's Coppice, and then ran a short ring out, and lost him. Another fox in Black Gutter Coppice. Ran across the Park and into the Woods, and finished the day in them. Wild, stormy day, with heavy showers.

Monday, December 1st, Walton.—Drew Walton Wood blank. Found a brace of foxes at Catton, and ran one to ground immediately in Croxall Hills, earths badly stopped. Found again in Homestall Wood—scent very bad. Ran in the direction of Lullington, but, owing to the foot-people halloaing every fox that got up, soon lost him. A brace of foxes in the little gorse at Lullington: chopped one, had a smart ring with the other for a quarter of an hour, and ran him to ground in a drain, where we left him.

Tuesday, Snelston.—Found in the Holly Wood, ran slowly almost down to

Rodsley, bore to the left, through Shirley Park, up to Ednaston; here the fox was headed, and turned to the left, across the Bradley Bottoms, where the scent improved, and the hounds ran hard up to Hulland. After this slow hunting, and to ground, in the main earth at Ravensdale Park, good fox and excellent day's sport. The distance from Snelston to Ravensdale Park, as the crow flies, is seven miles, and cannot be, the way the fox went, less than twelve.

Thursday, Meynell-Langley.—Crowds of people from Derby. One fox broke from the gorse in the direction of Radburne, but was headed back. Another towards Kedleston, and we hunted him slowly by the Vicar Wood up to Allestree, rattled him about in the covert till he went away at the bottom end, crossed and recrossed the turnpike road, and hunted him up to Farnah, and eventually back to Allestree. Here we got on a fresh fox, and ran hard down to Derby Town End, and to ground in a drain by a nursery garden. Found a fox in Darley osier-bed, ran up to Allestree, and out in the direction of Duffield, but the scent was bad, and it was getting late in the day, so went home.

Saturday, Loxley.—Found in Carry Coppice, ran at first as if he meant Philips' Gorse, but turned to the left, and we ran very fast up to Chartley Park—thirty-five minutes, very pretty—across the Park, by the corner of Handleasow Wood, down over the railway, under Laurence's Wood, through Woodcock Heath, to the Park Covert at Loxley. Here the fox had turned very sharp to the right, under the covert, and, owing to the people riding over the line, we had a long check. Hit it off again, and hunted down to the Alder Car—where I have little doubt we left our run fox and got on a fresh one. Hunted him over the railway by Bramshall crossing, up to the village, where he bore to the left, went through Carry Coppice, up Fradswell, and on through Birchwood Park. From this point we had two foxes before us, and the scent got very bad, so we gave it up. We were running almost without stopping for two hours and forty minutes.

Monday, December 8th, Tutbury Station.—Found in the Hanging-pit at Rolleston, ran down to the osier-bed at Dove Cliff, where the fox crossed the river, and we had to go round by the bridge at Clay Mills. Got to them again by Egginton, ran a ring by the Spread Eagle, and viewed the fox into the gorse not fifty yards before the hounds. Time, one hour and fourteen minutes. Three fresh foxes went away, but we stayed back on the chance of picking up our hunted fox, but the scent was bad, and we had to leave him. Found in the Blakeley osier-bed, and ran by the gorse, over the road by Burnaston, down to Findern Windmill, where we gave it up, as the scent was getting worse every minute.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Blank. Shirley Park the same. Found at Longford, ran as if for Shirley Park, but turned to the right, and ran down to Culland, and from there very fast up to the Long Lane, where we checked for a minute or two. Hit it off over the road, and ran very prettily down to Barton, leaving the Spath on our left. Here there were a brace of foxes before us, and the hounds divided, part going on for Church Broughton, where the first whip stopped them, the remainder with the huntsman running up to Hoon Clump. After this the scent failed, and we hunted slowly on, over the road, by Marston-on-Dove, to Tutbury Station, where he turned back, re-crossed the turnpike road, and went up nearly to Barton. But, as it was late, and no scent to kill him, we gave up.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Frost.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Frost.

Monday, December 15th, The New Inn.—Frost.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Drew all the coverts and Eaton Wood blank. Found a brace of foxes in the Dingle. Ran them into Eaton Wood, and left them there.

Trotted off to my little osier-bed, found a brace of foxes, ran one, by West Broughton, into the meadows by the river, and to ground in a drain. Sixteen minutes. Drew all the coverts at Sudbury blank, including the Park and Sebastopol.

Thursday, Sutton Mill.—Found in the old gorse, ran slowly up to Newton's osier-bed, and on to the gorse at Langley. Hunted through it and up to Langley village, when he turned back, and we lost him near Radburne. Found in the Squire's Gorse on Langley Common, ran fast up to the Vicar Wood, which he did not touch, and went on as if for Wild Park, but turned to the left, and we hunted him back to where we had found him, and had him dead beat before us, but he either got to ground, or the scent failed over the foiled ground.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found a very bad fox in the Shaw, ran through Handleasow Wood, down to the Moss, and backwards and forwards till we lost him. Drew Gratwich Wood blank. Trotted off to Loxley, and drew the Park Covert, the Alder Car, and Baker's Pit, without finding another fox.

Monday, December 22nd, The New Inn.—Found in the Deanery Plantations at Rangemore; kept ringing about between there and Dunstall, and killed him. Found again at Dunstall. Ran down to Barton, back along the meadows, and to ground in a main earth at Dunstall. Drew the Needwood House Coverts, Black Brook, Cupandition, and the Hare Holds blank.

Tuesday, Foston.—A fox went away of his own accord from the Lemon Hole, crossed the turnpike road, and went by Sapperton up to Potter's Covert, but, though we hunted down to Barton, and on by the Spath, it was quite useless, as there were certainly four foxes on foot, and we kept changing from one to another. Found again at Sapperton, raced up-wind to Sudbury, but, unfortunately, he was headed at the Windy Bank, turned back through the Bottoms, back by Sapperton, and we killed him in the open, just beyond Bentley Brickyard. Very good day.

Kedleston.—Found in Ravensdale Park. No doubt the same fox we ran to ground there from Snelston on December 2nd, as he went back almost the same line as he came, but, unfortunately, we checked in a lane after we had been going ten minutes, and were only able to walk after him, so we gave it up by Hulland. Found again in Bradley Bottoms, a real good hill fox, ran up to Bradley, when he bore to the right in the direction of Wirksworth, turned again by Atlow Mill, over the hill to Kniveton, and on to Ashbourne Green, where we lost him. Never a good scent at any time during the day.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Killed a fox in Pipe Wood. Got on another that was halloaed away at the bottom end of the covert, and ran him very prettily by Cross Hayes, and across Hoar Cross Park into the Brakenhurst, twenty-five minutes. The same fox, no doubt, as he came exactly the same line, that we hunted on November 8th. Four or five foxes on foot in the Brakenhurst. Hunted one about the wood, along Jackson's Bank, through Byrkley Lodge, down to Knightley Park, and back to the Holly Bank, where we killed him.

Monday, December 29th, Hanbury village.—Frost.

Tuesday, Boylestone.—Frost.

Wednesday, Castle Hayes.—Bye day. Found in the gorse, ran down to the Dove, which he crossed opposite Scropton, and bore to the right along the meadows to Marston-on-Dove, where he re-crossed the river, ran by Rolleston, and went to ground in a drain near Rolleston Park. Time, one hour and a quarter. Capital line of country, all grass, but hounds never ran fast.

Mr. Thomas (better known as "Tom") Smith, of

Clifton was a capital heavy-weight, especially when mounted on his grey or his roan. His two black horses, Raymond and Mayboy, used to puzzle a good many people, as to which was which. Some one once said to Mr. F. Cotton, "I never can tell them apart;" to which Mr. Cotton replied, "Oh, there's not much difference, only one has got long shoulders and a short back, and the other short shoulders and a long back!"

Mr. Smith was Master of the Dove Valley Harriers for two years. He died some time in the eighties. His brother, Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Smith, was legal adviser to the Hunt.

At the time of his death, in 1900, he had a wonderfully good-looking grey horse up to any weight, which no one could hold. He was sold to Mr. Stokes, the dealer, who sold him again to Mr. Chaplin, with whom he went as nicely as possible. Mr. Smith was a hard rider, and had some capital horses, notably a grey, by Master Bagot, which he bought from Mr. Nuttall.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE KENNELS—LORD WATERPARK'S DIARY—AN UNRULY FIELD—GOOD DAY FROM BOYLESTONE—END OF THE SEASON, 1873–1874.

It is very doubtful if any kennels in England are more architecturally beautiful than those from which the Meynell Hounds first issued on Thursday, November 13th, 1873. But even after that date there was a considerable delay before everything and everybody was comfortably installed—men and horses being quartered up and down Sudbury village for a long time. The first move in building the kennels was of course to appoint a committee. Next, Lord Bagot (chairman) called a meeting to be held at the Royal Hotel, Derby, on Friday, February 23rd, 1872, "for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee which was appointed at the last general meeting."

A complete account of the whole business connected with the kennels will be found below.

General Meeting, February 19th, 1875.

(report carried.)

When your committee was appointed in 1872, and it was decided to remove the hounds from Hoar Cross to a more central position, architects were invited by advertisements to submit plans and estimates for approval, and from a large number received by the committee the plans of Messrs. Giles and Brookhouse were selected as

the most suitable in elevation and the lowest estimate. The committee were assisted in their selection by Mr. Roberts, the Duke of Sutherland's Clerk of the Works.

(REPORT.)

Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining a site properly supplied with water, and affording facilities for exercising the hounds.

This difficulty was met by an offer on the part of Lord Vernon to lease four and a quarter acres of land adjoining Sudbury Park for a period of twenty-five years at a rent of £30 per annum.

Estimates were now sent in for the kennels only, and the lowest was that accepted from Messrs. Slater and Vernon for £1664, Messrs. Giles and Brookhouse's estimate for the whole of the buildings, kennel, yard and stables being £2800.

At this period at a committee meeting held on November 8th, 1872, a communication was made by Lord Vernon to the committee to the effect that he disapproved the elevation submitted by Messrs. Giles and Brookhouse, and that their estimates were manifestly untrustworthy, coupled with a suggestion that the erection of the whole buildings should be entrusted to his (Lord Vernon's) own architect, Mr. Devey, at a cost not to exceed £5000.

This arrangement was carried into effect, Messrs. Giles and Brookhouse receiving £279 as compensation.

A second estimate was now submitted and accepted from Messrs. Slater and Vernon for the stables at a cost of £4550, which, with the original estimate for the kennels, amounted to a total of £6493, and the building was proceeded with under the charge of Mr. Devey, architect, and Mr. Agar, Clerk of the Works.

At a meeting of the committee held on March 20th, 1874, it was found that over £5000, the sum originally mentioned by his lordship, had already been expended, and a communication was made to him to that effect.

Lord Vernon replied that, as a considerable increase of accommodation had been required by the committee, and a consequent increase of expenditure authorized by adding to the original plans, he could not be responsible for any extra expense until the whole building was completed and a correct survey and estimate made of the various extra expenses authorized by his lordship or his architect, and those incurred by the committee.

It was absolutely necessary to complete the buildings, and it was resolved at once to borrow the required sum and push on the work, and it was subsequently considered that under the circumstances it would be far better to relieve Lord Vernon from any pecuniary responsibility, his lordship agreeing to give the committee a lease of forty years in lieu of the original one for twenty-five years, such extended lease to date from the time it becomes possible to execute it, *i.e.* on his lordship's son attaining his majority. This will in effect be a lease for forty-three years or more.

The sums now expended or incurred as estimated are as follows :—

SUMMARY.

	£	s.	d.
The kennels	2489	11	0
Stables, etc.	5095	0	0
Cottages	1020	0	0
General	1403	10	4
	£10,008	1	4

GENERAL MEETING, MARCH 18th, 1881.

(REPORT SUBMITTED.)

It will be remembered that on the completion of the kennels, stables, and other buildings, the expenditure on this account beyond the receipts was found to amount to the sum of £5324 5*s.* 3*d.*, and this sum has remained owing to Messrs. Crompton and Evans' Bank down to the present time.

This large outlay, though much regretted by the

committee, was unavoidable on their part, being principally caused by the great and sudden increase in the cost, both of materials and labour. The original agreement with Lord Vernon was for a lease of twenty-five years, but in consequence of the increased expenditure on the buildings, it was arranged between the Committee and Lord Vernon that the term should be extended to forty years.

Subsequently, however (viz. in January, 1877), on the request of the committee, and upon a representation of all the circumstances connected with the erection of the buildings, Lord Vernon voluntarily agreed to extend the lease from forty to sixty years, for which concession his lordship received no consideration whatever.

The necessity of dealing with the debt of £5324 5*s.* 3*d.* has for some time forced itself upon the committee, and in January last they received a communication from the Bank, calling their attention to the fact that the loan had already existed for nearly six years.

It became necessary that some fresh arrangement should be made, and it was suggested that if Lord Vernon would kindly consent to waive the restriction in the lease as to assignment or underletting, a greater portion of the debt might be raised on mortgage of the lease.

On a representation to this effect being made to Lord Vernon, his lordship at once offered to advance £4000 of the debt on security of the lease, provided the balance were paid off by the country, and provided the payment of the interest and of a sinking fund of not less than £200 per annum were duly provided for. To meet this requirement, the committee at their last meeting passed the following resolution :—

That a sinking fund of £200 be established, and that it be a first charge upon the subscriptions received each year, and that the interest on the kennel debt, viz. the £4000 proposed to be advanced by Lord Vernon, be also a first charge upon the subscriptions, and with this his lordship has expressed himself satisfied.

The committee are glad to take this opportunity of

expressing their grateful sense of the manner in which they have been thus met by Lord Vernon.

To provide for the remainder of the debt, £1324 5*s.* 3*d.*, the committee agreed to subscribe the sum of £50 each, and have appealed to the country to furnish the balance. This appeal, they are glad to report, has been liberally responded to, and they feel sanguine the required amount will be forthcoming.

General Meeting, January 25th, 1884.

(report.)

The committee are happy to be able to report that the appeal made to the country for subscriptions towards the repayment of a portion of the debt on the kennels which it was agreed at the last meeting should be paid off, enabled them to borrow on mortgage a sum of £3600, being less than the amount agreed to be lent by Lord Vernon.

The advance has since been reduced by yearly instalments of £200 each, and now stands at £3200.

The annual repayment of mortgage (£200) was continued to December, 1897, the last payment, when the kennels became the property of the Hunt.

Total cost of kennels, £12,240 16*s.* 6*d.*

Meynell Hunt.

At a general meeting of the subscribers to the Hunt held at the St. James's Hotel, Derby, on Friday, the 20th January, 1888, for the purpose of taking into consideration the desirability, or otherwise, of purchasing the freehold of the kennels, and also to report as to the repairs to stables and kennels, it was, after full consideration, unanimously resolved that it is desirable in the interests of the Hunt that the freehold of the kennels should be purchased, and it was further resolved that the offer of Lord Vernon to sell the same for a sum of £1000 be accepted.

Bills and estimates of work done and in process of completion at the kennels and stables, etc., had been procured by the committee, amounting in all to the sum of £1250. The total amount of subscriptions paid and promised in answer to the appeal sent out by the committee in July last is £1710 15*s.* 0*d.*, from which it will be seen that there is a deficiency to be made up of £539 5*s.* 0*d.*

It was also resolved that all subscriptions on purchase and repairs account should be merged into one fund, and that an appeal be made to those gentlemen who have not already subscribed, asking them for a donation in aid of the fund now being raised for the purposes stated. On behalf of the meeting I beg to solicit your support.

S. W. Clowes,
Chairman of the Meeting.
Fred. L. Sowter,
Secretary.

7, *Corn Market, Derby, January*, 1888.

Subscriptions Promised.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Allsopp, Hon. George, M.P.	50	0	0
Arkwright, F. C.	5	0	0
Bagot, Lord	25	0	0
Bass, Hamar, M.P.	100	0	0
Bird, E. J.	25	0	0
Boden, Henry	100	0	0
Boden, Walter	25	0	0
Burton, Lord	200	0	0
Butler, Col. R. F.	10	0	0
Campbell, J. F.	10	0	0
Cavendish, Col. J.	25	0	0
Clowes, S. W.	200	0	0
Coke, Col. the Hon. W.	25	0	0
Crossman, Alex.	30	0	0
Curzon, Hon. A. N.	5	5	0
Duncombe, Capt. A. C.	25	0	0
Fane, W. D.	20	0	0
Fort, Richard	50	0	0
Fox, W. Dudley	5	5	0
Frank, Mrs.	20	0	0
Hardy, Sir John	50	0	0
Hardy, Gerald H.	10	0	0
Hardy, Laurance	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Harrington, Earl of	25	0	0
Hindlip, Lord	100	0	0
Hodgson, Geo. A.	25	0	0
Keates, T.	10	0	0
Kempson, T. P.	25	0	0
Meynell Ingram, Hon. Mrs.	200	0	0
Milligan, Lieut.-Col.	10	0	0
Pole, R. W. Chandos	100	0	0
Poyser, E. and F.	5	0	0
Sale, Richard	5	5	0
Smith, C. W. Jervis	10	0	0
Smith, Sir John	25	0	0
Turnbull, Peveril	5	0	0
Waite, R.	5	0	0
Walker, Sir Andrew B.	100	0	0
Wallroth, C. A.	10	0	0
Wood, Jno. B.	25	0	0
Total	£1710	15	0

From Lord Waterpark's Diary :—

1874.

Thursday, January 1st, Elvaston Castle.—No fox till we got to Egginton at 2.30, and then ran one to ground in fifteen minutes in the same earth as on November 18th. Earth open at Arleston and the hounds said there was a fox in it!

Saturday, Bramshall village.—Philips' Gorse, Carry Coppice, the Park Covert, Woodcock Heath, and Laurence's Wood blank. Found in Kingston Woods, ran to Bagot's Woods and back again, and the same again, and out over the Warren to Blithfield, and lost. Soon found again in Lord's Coppice, but there was *no* scent, and a vile day.

Monday, January 5th, Walton village.—Snow.

Tuesday, Marston-on-Dove.—Frost and snow.

Thursday, Langley Common.—No hunting till 12.30. I was at Shipley and could not get to covert for the ice on the roads. They found a fox in the Rough at Radburne, and ran him to ground at Breward's Car. Almost the same line and no doubt the same fox we ran on November 6th. Trotted back to Langley, found in the plantation near the house, ran a ring, fast, down to Radburne and back to Markeaton, where the hounds were stopped in the dark. Charles Leedham calls it the best scent and the best day's sport of the season. My information derived from him.

Saturday, Blithfield.—As we were going to draw, a fox was halloaed on the opposite side of the brook on Charles's farm at Moreton. Got on his line, but he was too far ahead to do any good. Drew the gorse, but did not find till we got to Newton Hurst, and then ran a very nice ring along the brook side towards Kingston Woods, but turned to the right back to where we had found him, and eventually he went to ground in a regular earth in a pit on Charles's farm. Forty-five minutes. Found again in the Warren Covert, and *raced* for fifteen minutes and to ground in a pit near Forge Coppice. First-rate scent with this last fox.

Monday, January 12th, Walton village.—Walton Wood, Catton Wood, and the Grove at Drakelowe blank. Found at the back of the Hall, ran very hard for nineteen minutes, up to Gresley Wood, and killed him a few minutes afterwards among the coal-pits and colliers.

Tuesday, January 13th, Swelston.—Found in the Holly Wood, ran down by the village to the railway, where he turned up the hill, ran through the Cinder Hills up to the turnpike road, where he was headed and we came to a check, twenty-one minutes, and we never could do anything with him afterwards. Cubley blank. A fox was viewed, sneaking away, just as we got to Bentley Car, ran him down to Longford, when he turned back and went to ground in a sewer at Bentley Hall. Drew Sudbury blank; people working all over the coppice.

Thursday, Spread Eagle.—After some time a fox went away from Egginton Gorse, ran by Burnaston, where a fresh fox jumped up in a spinny, and the hounds divided. One fox turned back, and we hunted him with half the pack almost back to the gorse, where he turned again, and we ran him down to Sutton Gorse and killed him. A brace of foxes had gone away in the mean time. Got on the line of one and hunted slowly up to Trusley, where we gave it up. Found a fox in the little gorse, but could not hunt him, as there was no scent. Drew the Spath, where we found men at work, and the same at Barton.

Saturday, Chartley.—Three or four foxes on the Moss. Ran a ring with one to the Salt Works and back past the Manor House to the Moss, and on, through Newton Gorse, to Blithfield, where we lost him. Found again in Dimsdale, ran up the meadows towards Chartley, turned short to the left by Newton village, and lost on the same ground as the first fox. The rabbit-catcher was at work with dogs all over the place.

Monday, January 19th, Yoxall village.—Several foxes on foot at Wichnor. Ran one down towards the canal and up to Barton, where the people in the road got before the hounds, and we came to a long check. Got on the line again and hunted very slowly along the meadows to Dunstall, and lost him. Found in Bannister's Wood—a real bad fox—and killed him by the gardens, after running him about for half an hour. Another fox in the Rocket Oak Covert, but he went to ground in two fields. Knightley Park blank, Needwood blank.

Tuesday, Bentley Brickyard.—A brace of foxes in the Car at Longford. Had a ringing run with one towards Alkmonton, back through the Car, and killed him by Shirley Mill. Found again in Reeve's Moor, and had a nice gallop up to Ednaston, when we had a long check and could make nothing more of it. Brailsford Gorse, White's Covert, and spinneys by Brailsford all blank. A fox at Culland. Ran hard up to Burrows, where he bore to the left and went close by Brailsford Gorse up to Ednaston. Here I viewed him going back, and we hunted him by Brailsford Church almost back to Culland, where he got to ground in a large earth in a gravel-pit, which ought to have been stopped.

Thursday, Kedleston Toll Bar.—Fog.

Friday, Kedleston.—Instead of yesterday. Found at Allestree, ran through Colvile's Covert towards Duffield and back through Farnah, and on to Breward's Car and lost him. Several foxes in the Car. Ran to the Lilies, and round between the New Gorse and Ravensdale Park, and up and down the hills, till he went to ground in a rabbit-hole. Got him out and ate him. Foxes in all the coverts, at Kedleston and a regular Kedleston day's sport.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Chopped a fox in a small covert by Cawarden Spring. Found in a pit-hole near Black Flats, ran a nice ring for twenty minutes and to ground at St. Stephen's Hill. Found again in Ox Close Covert, and ran over the Blythe, at a good pace, up to Hart's Coppice, thirty-five minutes, over a nice line

of country. Here one fox was viewed, but must have laid down, as we could make nothing of it. Good day's sport.

Monday, January 26th, Tutbury Station.—Found at Rolleston, ran up to the coverts at Needwood House and killed, forty minutes altogether from the time we found. Drew Black Brook Covert, Cupandition, and Hare Holds blank. Found in Castle Hayes Gorse, but the fox went to ground in the main earth in the next field! Drew along the Forest Banks, found by Marchington Cliff, ran all along the Banks, and through Bagot's Woods and back again.

Tuesday, Norbury.—No fox in Hope Wood, the osier-bed, or Marston Park. Several on foot in Eaton Wood. Ran one by Marston Montgomery and on to Sudbury Coppice, and over the Ashbourne road, but the scent was very bad and we lost him. Found a brace of foxes in the osier-bed at Doveridge. Ran one down the meadows to Sudbury, when he turned along the lake and went over the Park to Sapperton, without going into the covert; hunted him on for a bit and gave it up. Poor scent. Found again at Sapperton, ran hard within a field of Sudbury Park, when he turned back and ran by the left of Boylestone Hill, almost back to Sapperton, but kept on up to Barton, and pointed as if for Alkmonton, but unfortunately a fresh fox jumped up in a small spinny, and we changed. Good gallop of twenty minutes. Scent much improved.

Thursday, Dalbury.—Found in the Rough at Radburne, ran a wide ring, by Sutton Gorse, back to Radburne, and killed near Newton's osiers. Fifty-five minutes. Sutton blank. Found at Foston, ran over the road and nearly down to Scropton. Here he turned back, and eventually went to Sapperton and back to Foston, where the scent failed over the foiled ground, and we gave it up.

Saturday, Swarkeston Bridge.—A brace of foxes in Gorsty Leys. Had a very fast ring with one, through Ingleby Heath, and to ground in the earths at Anchor church. Found again at Calke, by the Pistern Hill, and ran to ground in Hartshorn Gorse. The best scenting day altogether I have seen this season, and we should have killed both these foxes, if they had stayed above ground. Found a third fox in Repton Shrubs, ran down to Calke and gave it up, as it was late. I did not get home till 7.35.

Monday, February 2nd, Anslow.—Killed a brace of very bad foxes in the Henhurst, after running them a short time. Found again in Sinai Park, ran to the covert above Tatenhill, where we checked a long time, and the scent was so bad when we got on the line again, that we gave it up. Knightley Park blank. Found in the Rocket Oak, ran a ring to ground near Callingwood. Found again in the Deanery Plantation, walked after one fox for a bit, but there was no scent.

Tuesday, Boylestone.—Found in the covert by Potter's House, but the field, generally, tried to catch the fox, and, as there were only three couples of hounds, the fox was not caught. Longford, Bentley Car, Cubley, Aldermoor, at Sudbury; osier-bed, Dingle, and Lady Coppice, at Doveridge, all blank. Found several foxes in Eaton Wood, but there was no scent, and we could only walk after one as far as Doveridge.

Thursday, Mickleover.—Frost.

Saturday, Loxley.—Frost.

Monday, February 9th, Newborough.—Frost.

Tuesday, Brethy.—Frost.

Friday, Egginton.—Frost sufficiently gone by twelve o'clock to hunt, but only about six people out. Found in the gorse, hunted up to Burnaston, but there was no scent, and we could not get on, so went back to the gorse, where there were a brace of foxes. Result the same as with the first one. Went to

Sutton. Found at once, ran by Dalbury and Bearwardcote up to Findern windmill and back by Burnaston to Egginton. Not much scent, but a beautiful line of country, and hounds could just keep going on.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the twenty acres, ran across the Park, through Handleasow Wood, up to the Shaw Gorse, and killed. Chopped another fox. Found another in the gorse, ran down to Field, where he turned to the right, went through Carry Coppice, and we hunted him about for some time, and eventually lost him near Bramshall. Not much scent. Drew Philips' gorse and Baker's pit, but did not find.

Monday, February 16th, Yoxall village.—A lot of foxes at Wichnor. Hunted a vixen round and round for some time, and lost her. Found again in a small plantation at Wichnor, hunted up to Dunstall. Did not find again till we got to Yoxall Lodge Hills, and then ran to ground at Byrkley Lodge.

Tuesday, Snelston.—A brace of foxes in the Holly Wood. No scent. Drew the Cinder Hills, spinny by Cockshead Lane, Raddle Wood, and Marston Park blank. Found in Eaton Wood, ran through the Lady Coppice and the Birch Coppice to Sudbury, over the Park, by Foston Mill, nearly to Church Broughton, and on to Pennywaste, where we lost him. Found again at Foston, but could do very little.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Found in Breward's Car, ran by the Lilies up to Turnditch, and on through Shottle up to Handley Wood. Here we had a long check, but hit the line off again at the far end of the wood, and ran close down to Belper. From here the scent improved, and the hounds ran nicely back to Breward's Car, where, unfortunately, we got on the line of a fresh fox and went on towards Ravensdale Park. In the mean time our run fox was viewed back to Breward's Car, but had sneaked off by the time we got back, and we lost him. A capital day for hounds. One hour and thirty minutes, and at times they ran well. Found again in Ravensdale Park, ran back to Breward's Car, and gave it up.

Saturday, Loxley.—Found in Carry Coppice. No doubt a vixen, as she ran three fields and went to ground. Another fox in the Park Covert, ran to Laurence's Wood, and kept dodging about round the Kingston village, but at last ran through Kingston Woods into Bagot's Woods, and, after running him up and down for some time, he got to ground in a drain under the turnpike road. Found again in the woods, ran over the Park, back through the wood and out towards Marchington, but the scent got very bad and we had to leave him.

Monday, February 23rd, Newborough.—Holly Bush, the Birch Wood, and coverts by Hoar Cross blank. Found a vixen in Rough Park, but she went to ground directly in a pit-hole. Trotted off to Brakenhurst, found a lot of foxes, and had a regular Brakenhurst day.

Tuesday, Bretby.—A brace of foxes in Repton Shrubs, ran over the Park and lost in a most mysterious manner. Found again in Carver's Rocks, hunted, with a very bad scent, almost to Ingleby Heath, and back to Repton Shrubs, where we gave it up.

Thursday, Dalbury.—Very wet day. Found in the Rough at Radburne, ran by Dalbury, leaving Sutton Gorse to the right, up to the Derby and Uttoxeter road below Findern, where the fox had been run by a dog, and we came to a long check. Got on the line again, but he had been gone too long to do any good. Found again in Newton's osier-bed, ran a ring and back through it, and then on by Radburne up to Langley Gorse, where the fox went to ground (the earth being left open for a vixen). Fair scent and a nice gallop, but the country very heavy. A very bad fox in Langley Gorse, which ran two fields and was killed.

Drew the Parson's Gorse, Radburne Coverts, and Sutton without finding, and went home.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Laurence's Wood: ran a wide ring and back to a little covert by Black Flats, where we changed foxes. The fresh one took us down the meadows by Rugely Station, up to Bellamoor, where we checked for some time, but hit off the line and hunted up to Nicholl's pit, and here the scent was so cold we could not get on at all. Chopped a fox (some said our run fox) in Blithe Moor. Drew Forge Coppice blank. Trotted off and drew, with the same result, Field House Coppice, Jock o' th' Wall, and Hart's Coppice.

Monday, March 2nd, Catton.—Found in Catton Wood, ran by Homestall Wood, and to ground in a rabbit-hole close to Walton Wood. Meant to get the fox out, but found it was a vixen, so left her. A brace of foxes in Walton Wood. Ran one very fast through Drakelowe down to Stapenhill, where he kept dodging about amongst the houses till we killed him. Good scent all day.

Tuesday, Boylestone.—Found at Sapperton. Ran over the brook by Foston Mill up to a little covert at Barton, near the road to the Spath, and here we viewed the fox just before the hounds (twenty minutes, fast, up to this), but, owing to the field pressing on hounds, he managed to get away. Found again in the covert by Potter's; the fox just put his head in the direction of Boylestone, but turned to the right, ran through Alkmonton bottoms, and almost straight up to Shirley Park, when he went to ground. Thirty-five minutes, very fast, and a capital day's sport; best scent I have seen this year.

Thursday, Mercaston Stoop.—Two or three foxes in the New Gorse; one went away at the bottom, and the hounds ran him well, till a sheep-dog coursed him, after which we could not get on. Found in Breward's Car, ran out by the Lillies, through Ravensdale Park, back to the car, out at the far side, and killed about three fields from the covert. Ireton Rough blank. Found at Allestree, ran hard towards Markeaton, but he was unfortunately headed short back, and went to Darley osier-bed; hunted with a cold scent back, through Allestree, on to Colvile's Wood, and lost him.

Saturday, Blithfield.—Drew every covert in the place, but did not find till we got to the woods. Ran a ring out over the Warren and Newton Hurst back to the woods; then over the Park, by Dunstall, and to ground in the Warren coverts. Got on the line of another fox old Winnifred had been hunting; hunted through the woods and out towards the Birchwood, where we stopped.

Monday, March 9th, Draycott Cliff.—A brace of foxes in the Greaves. Ran out to Hanbury, and back all along the Greaves and the Banks as far as Buttermilk Hill. A lot of foxes on foot, and a good scent till a heavy snowstorm came on about 2.30 o'clock.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Frost.

Thursday, Spread Eagle.—Frost.

Friday, Spread Eagle.—A fox broke from the gorse immediately, but, after a ring round, went to ground in a pit near Findern. It was a vixen, heavy in cub. Sutton and the Spath blank. Found in the Pennywaste another vixen, and she, too, went to ground. Sapperton and Sudbury and my osier-bed blank. There was a good scent, and it was a pity we could not find a dog fox.

Saturday, Chartley.—Several foxes on the Moss, one of which the hounds devoured. This delayed us a good bit, and a train passing just then, it was a long time before we could get on the line of a fox that had gone away. Found in Handleasow Wood, raced a vixen up and down and out to Gratwich Wood, where she saved her life by putting up a fresh fox. This gentleman came back

through Handleasow Wood, over the Park, towards Hixon, but turned to the left, and ran down the meadows by the Moreton brook almost to the gorse at Blithfield, but turned to the right, and tried the earth on Charles' farm, and we lost him soon after, and I have no doubt he turned back for Chartley. Found a vixen in the Coley coverts, ran her down to Great Haywood and lost her. Not much scent.

Monday, March 16th, Hoar Cross village.—Found in the Brakenhurst, ran a ring and killed. Found a second fox in the covert by the road between Brakenhurst and Yoxall, ran through Yoxall, and back to the Brakenhurst, where he got to ground just before the hounds.

Tuesday, Bentley Brickyard.—No fox in Longford Car, but found in the Reeve's Moor. Ran by Yeavely up to Snelston, where he turned just short of the Holly Wood, and ran down to Cubley, through the covert there, and pointed as if for Sudbury, but turned to the left near the turnpike road up to Bentley. As his point seemed to be the car, Charles held the hounds on, and we were obliged to go away with a fresh fox, as there were two, if not three, vixens heavy in cub in the gorse, and we were afraid of catching one of them. Hunted this fox down to Longford, but could not get on with him. Went to Potter's Covert, but did not find. The first run was very good, and hounds ran fast, but the fox never went straight. Country very heavy. Good day's sport.

Thursday, Bretby.—Found in Repton Shrubs, ran into the Park, where four or five couples of hounds got on unseen, and ran hard through Carver's Rocks up to the road beyond. Here we got up to them with the rest of the hounds, and hunted down to Calke, where we lost in a heavy storm of wind and rain. Calke, Gorsty Leys, and Inglesby Heath blank. Trotted back to Bretby, but did not find again.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Drew all the coverts blank. Rough Park the same. Found in Brakenhurst. Ran along Jackson's Bank to Hollybush and lost.

Monday, March 23rd, Yoxall village.—Very hot day. Ran a ring from the coppice, Wichnor, and killed. Found again in Yoxall Lodge Hills, ran by Byrkley to Rangemore, through the Deanery Plantation back to Yoxall, almost the same ring again, and killed at the back of the stables at Rangemore. Both dog foxes.

Tuesday, Spread Eagle.—After a long delay a fox went away from Egginton Gorse, and we ran hard up to Spilsbury's Covert. Here he turned back, and we hunted him down to the canal by Egginton, and should have killed him if the people had not persistently ridden before the hounds. Found at Rolleston, and ran to ground by Rolleston Park. Castle Hayes, Hare Holds, and Cupandition Covert blank.

Thursday, The New Inn.—Found in "the Oaks" at Rangemore, ran a ring by Dunstall, back by Highlins Park, through the far corner of Bannister's Rough, up to the Firs, on through Yoxall and Byrkley, and back to Rangemore, where we viewed him, dead beat, by the gardens. Forty-two minutes up to this. Here we had a long check, but found he had gone through the garden, and hit it off again, and killed him in Knightley Park. Parson's Gorse blank. Found in the Greaves, but did nothing.

Saturday, Bagot's Woods.—A regular woodland day, and very little scent, but managed to get hold of a brace of foxes.

Monday, March 30th, Anslow.—Found in the Henhurst, and ran to ground almost immediately. Left a vixen there. Drew Sinai Park and Dunstall blank. A fox slipped away from the latter place just after we had left it. Found at Byrkley Lodge, ran a ring to Knightley Park and back, but stopped the hounds, as we found it was a vixen.

Tuesday, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw. Ran three short rings over the same line, and gave it up, concluding it was a vixen. Several foxes in Handleasow Wood, hounds divided, and both foxes went to ground in the same pit-hole! Found again in Gratwich Wood, ran by Gratwich village, over the brook, close by Philips' Gorse, down to the railway, along which he ran for a bit, and then turned back, and we killed him in a hovel by Bramshall Crossing. Found our fourth fox in Carry Coppice, ran through the Park Covert, up to Kingston village, through Kingston Woods, and lost him down by the Blythe.

Thursday, Wolseley Bridge.—Found a brace of foxes together outside the Park, but there was no scent, and we lost almost immediately. Drew Shugborough, all over the Chace and Pottal Pools till five o'clock, but did not find another fox.

Saturday, Marchington—Found in the Swilcar Wood, ran to Buttermilk Hill, where the fox turned back, and out by Hanbury, and on to Castle Hayes, but the scent was so bad we could not get after him. Drew Needwood, Hanbury, Park Covert, and Kingstanding without finding. Found in Brakenhurst, ran out of the wood by Newborough up to Hollybush, but the scent was even worse than in the morning. Found again at Hollybush, walked after our fox to the Greaves, and went home.

Foxes killed, thirty-five brace; foxes run to ground, twenty-three and a half brace; hounds out, one hundred and sixteen times; stopped by frost, fourteen times. Killed in regular hunting, nineteen brace.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LORD WATERPARK'S DIARY — MR. GODFREY MEYNELL— CAPITAL OPENING WEEK — A FORTNIGHT'S FROST— CAPITAL RUN TO BRAILSFORD GORSE—ROUGH WEATHER —A BAD MARCH.

1874–1875.

THE subscription was £3781 10*s.* 8*d.* Compensation amounted to £124 15*s.* 6*d.* There was no change in either the staff or the committee. With regard to the hounds, it is evident that Lord Yarborough's strain was in the ascendant, for the only three sires from other kennels are his. In the previous year the whole entry was by home-bred sires.

The new arrivals in the country were Mr. Alexander, the great racing man, who took Wichnor, and whose daughters also came out hunting, and rode well. Lord Churston, who had taken Brook House, Marchington; Lord Petersham (now the Earl of Harrington), whose sisters, Lady Jane and Lady Fanny Stanhope, also hunted regularly from Elvaston; Lord Harrington, a wonderful man to hounds and a thorough sportsman, belongs more properly to the South Notts hunt. Previous to this year there were but four or five ladies out hunting, one of the principal of these being the Hon. Mrs. Colvile, of whom an old sportsman writes: "In connection with my early acquaintance with the Meynell hounds Mrs. Colvile's form appears. I may put her down as the most successful

exponent of ladies' riding to hounds, over an extended term of years—perfect hands and perfect seat—so gracefully and quietly did she ride to hounds." There is not much to add to this, except that she knows more about hunting than nine men out of ten who come out, and that she still has a day with the Meynell whenever they are within reach of Lullington.

The other ladies were two or three Misses FitzHerbert, with Mrs. Frank, Ashbourne Hall, and Miss Goodwin (now Mrs. Dawson, of Barrow Hill), who both rode well, and knew what they were about. Besides these, there were Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. C. Allsopp, Miss Lyon, and Miss Bott.

Captain R. Goodwin, who subsequently took the name of Gladwyn, was a wonderfully nice quiet rider to hounds and was always in a good place. He had a bad fall on his head at Plymouth in his soldiering days, which affected his hearing and the sense of taste, and possibly his sense of enjoyment as well, for he was very chary of praise, however good the sport might be. But this trait in his character had one great merit. One word from him in favour of any person or thing meant volumes. He and Mr. Meynell, of Meynell-Langley, were very staunch allies.

There is no better sportsman than the latter. His gorse is hardly ever drawn blank, and, if it is, there is generally a good reason for it. Unfortunately, partly owing to a bad fall which he had two years ago, and partly, perhaps, from those bad times which most landowners have been experiencing, he does not come out with us now, but when he did he was very hard to beat. In his style of riding he rather resembled Mr. Gerald Hardy; that is to say, he went equally straight, always rode his own line, and usually rather wide of the hounds. His best horses were Brampton, a brown horse, very stout and a wonderful fencer, and Peter, both of which carried him ten seasons.

He was a most entertaining companion, full of quaint and original sayings. He would say of any one, who only

hunted "for conformity sake," "Why, when he's pulled off his boots, and grumbled at his horse, it is the happiest time of the day for him!" Or of a very fat man he would say, "He ought to be set to follow the plough."

"Why?"

"Because he would lard the earth and improve the land!"

These are but poor samples of an original vein of humour, from which something pungent was always emanating. No hunting day passed without his saying something worth repeating. He was one of the very last of the native-born landowners to give up hunting, and now, alas! he too has retired from the field. If it is any consolation to him to know it, it is quite certain that he will be missed.

His brother, the major, is still hunting with the Meynell, and lives at Bowbridge, Langley, but the parson, who was once rector of that parish and a capital man to hounds, gave up hunting on principle when he took orders. He is now rector of Stapenhill, near Burton.

This season did not begin very brilliantly, for hounds went out (commencing in Bagot's Wood, where there were plenty of cubs) seven days without killing. However, on the eighth day they got one into a drain in Lord's Meadow and dug him. All of these eight days were in the woods. They also went cub-hunting in Derbyshire in September, visiting Doveridge, Sudbury, Bretby, Shirley, Brailsford, and Egginton. During cubbing they brought eighteen brace of cubs to hand and ran seven brace to ground.

From Lord Waterpark's diary:—

Monday, November 2nd, Sudbury.—Found a lot of foxes by the Lake banks, killed a brace in covert, went away with a third down the meadows within a field of the Hare Park, crossed the river, up by Wood Villa, over the North Staff. Railway below the Gendals at Loxley, and killed in a garden by Bramshall village. Capital line, and not a single plough field the whole way, but hounds could never go fast. Found again in Hare Park at Doveridge. Ran through a corner of Sudbury Coppice, almost to Cubley Gorse, where he turned to the left towards Marston Park, recrossed the road, and we stopped the hounds, it being nearly dark, by Birchwood Park. Good day's sport.

Tuesday, The New Inn.—Found at Needwood House, ran a ring by Knightley Park and back, through the covert, where we found, out towards Hanbury, and killed. Fifty minutes.

Found again at Byrkley Lodge and ran to ground near Rangemore. Went back to Byrkley, got on another fox, ran a very wide ring, and eventually killed in the Cupandition covert. One hour and three minutes. Capital day.

Thursday, Radburne.—Three foxes in the Rough, went away with one by Dalbury Lees, ran him slowly down to Barton, and lost him near Boylestone. Found again at Sapperton, ran very fast nearly up to Potter's Covert, where he bore to the left by Bentley Car, and went nearly up to Cubley village, turned along the brook side, and we killed him in an orchard within half a mile of Boylestone. Capital forty-five minutes.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Poor scent in the morning. Ran a ring with a fox from Pipe Wood up to the Black Flats, and back by Laurence's Wood, and lost him. Killed a fox, with a foot recently off, in a small covert by Cawarden Spring, and a very soft-hearted cub at Ridware. Trotted off to Forge Coppice, found a fox and ran very fast up to Abbott's Bromley, and back to Forge Coppice, through the covert and back the same line, and he got to ground just in front of the hounds. First-rate scent in the afternoon.

Monday, Yoxall village.—Found at Wichnor. Rattled him up and down the wood, out towards Barton, and killed him in the road by Cross Hayes. About forty-five minutes. Found again in the covert by Cross Hayes (Nichol's Wood), ran through the Bath, by Dunstall, into Bagot's Woods, all through the woods, across the Park, and killed him. One hour and ten minutes. Capital scent, and hounds could turn and hunt like beagles.

Tuesday, Boylestone.—Lots of foxes in the covert by Saint's (late Potter's).

Mr. Potter had now gone to live at Ashbourne, whence he eventually migrated to Scotland, where he died. He was quite a character, and his green-coated figure was a familiar one with the Meynell for many years. He was noted for his hospitality and preservation of foxes, and, though not a hard rider, like his friend and neighbour, Trevor Yates, yet he was a thorough good sportsman, and saw as much of a run as most people.

Ran a ring with one towards Longford and back through the covert, and lost him. Found again at the Spath, ran by Sutton Gorse to Dalbury; here we viewed him along the brook side to the left, and went back by the gorse, and pointed as if for Radburne. But he turned again and came back by Etwall and Hilton Gorse, and we lost him by the turnpike road near Marston-on-Dove. Long hunting run over a good country, but never scent enough at any time to press a fox.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Several foxes in Stenson fields; no scent, and we could do nothing with them. Drew the Potluck osier-beds blank. Found in Spilsbury's Covert, ran to Egginton, and lost. Another fox in the gorse, but could do nothing. Nine degrees of frost last night and not an atom of scent to-day.

Saturday, Rolleston.—A brace of foxes in Dove Cliff osier-bed. Ran one to

Stretton, up to the Henhurst (a brace of foxes before us the latter part of the way), back from the Henhurst to Rolleston, and lost him. Found in Rolleston Park Covert, ran almost to Dove Cliff, along the meadows below Rolleston, turned up over the road, and killed within a field of where we found. Forty minutes, and the last part very fast.

Monday, November 16th, Chartley.—Found in the Birch Coppice, but could do nothing with this fox. Had a good gallop of twenty-five minutes, fast, from Norman's Wood to Hixon, and a ring back. Fox dead beat in front of the hounds, but could not pick him up. Chopped a fox in Newton Gorse. Found again in Grindley Coppice, hunted slowly across the Moss, and eventually stopped the hounds as they were going into the wood. Very little scent in the evening. It should have been entered in this book *Chartley, Saturday. Rolleston, Monday.*

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Found in the Lady Coppice, but he got to ground almost immediately. Found again in the Birch Coppice, ran into Eaton Wood, back by the Upwoods and Wardley Coppice to Clownholm, on by Marston, nearly up to Sudbury Coppice. Held the hounds on to try and get on better terms with him; but went away with a fresh one from the Coppice. Raced him down to Ley Hill, when the hounds checked; hit it off again and ran hard down to the river below the Hare Park. Stopped the hounds, as the river was in high flood and we could not cross, but heard next day that one hound, Harriet, hunted him up to the Forest Banks. Very poor scent, except with the last fox, and he went bang up wind.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Did not find till we got to Breward's Car, and then lost directly in a violent storm of rain. Went back and found another fox with the same result. Ravensdale Park and the new gorse blank. Covert at Wilde Park ditto. A brace of foxes at Brailsford by the house. Wretched stormy day, with heavy rain and thunder. No scent.

Saturday, Loxley.—Could not draw till twelve o'clock, owing to fog. Found in Carry Coppice, poor scent, luckily, as we had to stop the hounds, owing to the fog coming on thick again. Waited till it cleared a bit, and then found in the Park Covert, but had to give it up at two o'clock owing to the fog.

Monday, November 23rd, The New Inn.—Drew all the Rangemore coverts blank. Found at Dunstall, but a dense fog came on, and we lost immediately. Found again at Yoxall Lodge Hills, hunted through the Brakenhurst, and back to Yoxall, where three fresh foxes were on foot, so gave it up, as there was no scent.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found a fox in the old lime-pit covert, ran over Atlow Whin, up to cross roads at Knockerdown, and back to Kniveton, where the hounds came to very slow hunting, so Charles did not persevere. Very sharp frost, and Clowes and myself, who were at Norbury, thought there was no chance of hunting and did not go. Only three or four people out, and Charles, when he left Sudbury with the hounds, did not expect to hunt. No frost to speak of at Bradley.

Thursday, Sutton Mill.—Snow.

Saturday, Admaston.—Snow and frost.

Monday, November 30th, Newborough.—Hollybush blank. Three foxes in the Birch Wood; ran one to ground in a culvert, went away with another to Bagot's Park, hunted him through the woods and out to Blithfield, back into the woods, and changed. Spent the rest of the day in the woods.

Tuesday, December 1st, Cubley.—Found in the gorse, ran very fast towards Sudbury, when the hounds slipped us all and turned down towards the Mill, but hunted back towards Vernon's Oak, where we got to them again, but did not

persevere, as we were not wanted in the Sudbury coverts. Chopped a fox in Bentley Car, went away with another, but lost him by Barton Park. No fox in the covert there. Found in Foston, and ran to ground in a few minutes under the turnpike road. Found again in the Lemon Hole, ran down the meadows towards Sudbury station, turned back and hunted up to Tutbury. Here he turned short back and they ran hard, up wind, to Aston, where he turned again, and after some very slow hunting over the foiled ground, got up to him, and killed him by the pond at Foston. One hour and twenty-five minutes. Capital day for hounds.

Thursday, Marston-on-Dove.—Frost.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw, ran by Fradswell, almost up to Birchwood Park, where the scent failed, and we checked for some time, but got on the line of our fox again going into the covert, where he had waited for us. Ran very prettily by Leigh up to Bramshall, and down to the railway at Loxley. Here our fox was headed in the road, turned back, ran a ring by Carry Coppice, and eventually got to ground in a pit-hole, not sixty yards before the hounds. Chopped a fox in Baker's Pits, after drawing the rest of the Loxley coverts blank.

Monday, December 7th, Walton Village.—Drew Walton village, Catton, and Homestall Wood blank. Found a fox at Lullington, but there was no scent, and we could not get on at all. A brace in the Grove at Drakelowe. Ran one a few fields, and lost him. Found another by the house with the same result. Heavy snowstorms, thunder, and sleet, throughout the day.

Tuesday.—Snelston blank. Raddle Wood and Hope Wood ditto. Found in Eaton Wood, walked after our fox to Doveridge, back through the Birch Coppice, and on towards Sudbury, and lost him. A fox jumped out of a pit-hole on Mr. Lawley's farm near the kennels, but hounds could not run him one field. Incessant heavy rain all day, a good deal of snow on the ground, and no scent.

Thursday, Radburne.—Frost.

Saturday, Admaston.—Frost.

They were then stopped fourteen days by frost, and did not get out again till Thursday, January 7th, when they came to Radburne.

Found in the Rough. Ran by Dalbury Lees, over the Long Lane, and a ring by the Parson's Gorse to Brailsford, down within three fields of the Culland Plantations, when the fox turned back and we killed him near Brailsford. One hour and ten minutes.

Found again in Longford Car. Ran to Alkmonton, where the fox turned short back to the right, and pointed as if for Shirley Park, but the scent got worse, and we had to give it up. Very bad riding about Longford, and the roads almost impassable.

Saturday, Admaston.—Found by the Rectory at Blithfield, ran over Moreton brook, and to ground in the Coley coverts. Came back to Blithfield, found again, and ran to ground in the same place. Found a third fox in the Spencer's Plantation, ran up to the Coley coverts, fast (earths stopped this time), on to Hixon, and hunted backwards and forwards between Hixon and Shirleywick, and at last stopped the hounds near Stowe. We must have changed foxes near the end, as our beaten fox was close to us, and could not have lasted so long. Very long, hard day for horses.

Monday, January 11*th, Yoxall village.*—Foggy morning and no scent. Found in Rough Park, and ran out a few fields towards Blithbury, turned back through the covert, and walked after him towards Wichnor, but had to give it up. No fox at Wichnor; the same at Yoxall Lodge. Found at Byrkley, but could not run two fields.

Tuesday, Shirley Park.—Just such a morning as yesterday, and could not draw for the fog till twelve o'clock. Shirley Park blank. Killed a real bad fox at Bentley Car. Potter's Covert and Sapperton blank (foxhound puppy hunting in the latter). Found a fox in a trap at Foston, which the hounds killed, and another was halloaed away at the same time. Ran very hard below the house and over the road, when he was headed short back, and we could do very little with him over the foiled ground. Found again. Ran nicely down to Sudbury, over the Park, by the kennels, down to the Bottoms, and stopped the hounds as they were going into the coppice. Fair scent in the evening.

Thursday, Kedleston Toll Gate.—Found at Darley, hunted a fox to Allestree, ran about some time in covert, then on to Farnah, and lost. Found again in Langley Gorse, and ran to ground at Radburne. Got on the line of a fox that had been disturbed from Newton's osiers, but he had been gone too long to do any good.

Friday, Draycott Cliff.—Found in the Greaves and ran to ground at Coton. Found again in the Greaves; ran two rings by Coton and Hanbury, and killed in the Greaves. Found again in Bull's Park, and ran over Agardsley, and by Hollybush back to the Greaves, over by the New Lodge and Parson's Brake to Hanbury Park, on to Castle Hayes, up the meadows by Draycott Mill to Hound-hill, where the fox turned into the Forest Banks, and we stopped the hounds. Capital day's sport.

This last run was at least twelve miles.—Ed.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw. Ran a ring back to the gorse, and killed. Another fox on foot immediately. Ran by Fradswell up to Sandon and back, by Birchwood Park, to the Shaw, and lost him owing to a heavy storm coming on.

Monday, January 18*th, Anslow.*—No fox till we got to the Rocket Oak. Ran a couple of rings by Dunstall and Rangemore, and to ground near Tatenhill. Knightley Park, the Needwood House coverts, Black Brook, and Cupandition coverts, blank. Found in the Hare Holds, ran by Castle Hayes to Coton, then by Hanbury, into the Greaves. Here the fox turned short back, and no one got away with the hounds except Charles, and they raced up to Anslow, where he managed to stop them just as they were going into the Henhurst. First-rate scent in the evening.

Tuesday, Sudbury.—Found in the coppice. Ran a short ring and lost him. Came back and did precisely the same thing again. Found a third fox in the Aldermore, but he ran against some wire netting and the hounds caught him. Did not find another fox.

Thursday, Etwall.—Found in Sutton Gorse; ran a ring, back through the old gorse, and lost. Found again in the Dusseybed Covert; ran by the village towards Mamerton, where he turned back over the foiled ground and we could make nothing of it. Got on the heel scent of a fox that had been disturbed, and ran through the Spath, but soon found out our mistake. Hilton Gorse and Sutton blank. Found at Sapperton; ran by Mackley, back by Foston Mill to Barton, left Barton House on the left, Church Broughton on the right, over the brook by the Spath, nearly up to Longford, turned to the right by Burrows, on to

Culland, under Edmaston village, over the brook by the old gorse, and up to the new gorse at Brailsford. First-rate run of one hour and ten minutes. Six and a quarter miles point, and eleven and a half as hounds ran. Several fresh foxes on foot, and so dark that we had to leave our run fox in the gorse.

In this capital gallop Mr. W. Boden and Mr. Crowder were first over the Sapperton brook, and had a slanging match all the way to Longford, when Mr. Crowder's horse stopped, dead beat, and the argument came to an end. It was something about crossing or interfering at the brook. Into this Mr. Lyon had got, and Mr. Bird coming up from behind, jumped the brook with him in it. At Culland, Mr. Lyon's horse stopped dead at some post-end-rails, and could go no farther. Mr. John Thompson, of Burton, came to the end of his tether in the bridle road to Culland. Mr. Bird's horse had had enough and to spare at the top of Brailsford Park, and his rider had to drive him in front of him to an inn, where the horse remained all night, while the man hired a pony and rode home. Mr. Walter Boden's horse cried "Enough!" as he fell over the last fence before the gorse—*his* rider finishing on foot. Col. Reginald Buller, Capt. (now General) Fowler Butler, and Charles, were the others who were well up at the finish of this great run.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood; ran a ring, by the Black Flats, over Bromley Hurst to the Bath Covert at Hoar Cross, and on to the Birch Wood, where we killed a fresh fox. Drew the Lawn Pit. Found, and ran by Cross Hayes down to the Park, and back to the Lawn Pit to ground in a sough.

Monday, January 25th, The New Inn.—Found at Byrkley Lodge. No scent at all. Hunted round by Yoxall Lodge Hills, and lost him. Went to Brakenhurst, found a fox, ran him once round the covert, and to ground in a rabbit-hole. Found again, and they slipped away fast, through Yoxall Lodge, Byrkley, the Holly Wood, Knightley Park, down to Tatenhill, where we checked some time, but hunted him on by Dunstall, over the road, and back by Tatenhill, and here we had three foxes before us, and evidently changed on to a fresh one, as we kept running about by Rangemore, and could not get up to him.

Tuesday, Brailsford.—Found by the house; ran a couple of rings, by Culland, up to White's Covert, and on to the gorse, where we killed. Found again at Ednaston; ran a ring through the coverts to start with, then by Ednaston village, down to Longford, through the Reeve's Moor, and killed him in the middle of a wheat-field, within one field of the Car. Drew the Car and found; ran nearly up to Shirley Mill, turned to the left through the Alkmonton bottoms, on to Potter's Covert, where there were three foxes on foot, and I expect we

went away with a fresh one. Hunted on up to Bentley brickyard and stopped the hounds. Good day.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Found in Stenson fields, ran very nicely, but not fast, up to Radburne, and killed in the Squire's Gorse, a fresh fox also, at the same moment, falling a victim to the hounds. Fifty-four minutes. Found in Langley Gorse, ran a few fields and back into the gorse, out over the Derby road, almost to Brailsford, turned to the right near Wilde Park, and ran, parallel with the brook, down to Kedleston, very fast over the Park, nearly to Markeaton, and here there were two or three foxes before us, so we gave up, as every one had had enough. Very good day's sport.

Saturday, Loxley.—Drew all the coverts blank. Found in Wanfield Hall Coppice, ran a ring through Kingston Woods and back to where we found, and lost. Found again in Bagot's Woods, ran about for some time, but there was no scent any time during the day to catch a fox.

Monday, February 1st, Newborough.—Hollybush blank. Birchwood and Field House Coppice the same. Found in Hart's Coppice, ran a ring round the covert, over the Park, along the Woods, and to ground in the Warren at Blithfield. Thirty-two minutes as hard as ever hounds could run. Found again in Lord's Coppice, ran over the Park several times and along the Forest Banks to Marchington Cliff, and at last the fox got to ground under an oak in the Park, not twenty yards in front of the hounds.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—A brace of foxes on foot, both of which ran to the Lady Coppice, where one went to ground, and the other we hunted on through the Birch Coppice and across Walwyn's farm, but had to give it up, as the scent was very bad, and the fox was a long way in front of us. Found in Sudbury Coppice, ran a ring out towards Cubley and lost him. Killed a shocking bad fox by Lake Banks. Drew all the Foston coverts and Sapperton blank.

Thursday, Radburne.—A fox went away from the Rough immediately and pointed for Sutton, but he, unfortunately, went to ground in a hedgerow after going six or seven fields. Found again in Newton's osiers, ran a ring, by Radburne, back to where we found him, and then on, by Bearwoodcote, up to Burnaston. Here a fresh fox jumped up in a spinny, and they ran him back hard to Radburne, and to ground under a gateway. Put up a fox in a plough field near Etwall, ran him within two fields of Egginton Gorse, through Spilsbury's Plantation, back, by Sutton Gorse, to Dalbury, and here he was close in front of the hounds and dead beat, but slipped away, and we must have changed directly after, as our run fox was viewed going into the Rough, while we went on with a fresh one into Sutton, where we stopped the hounds. Good day's sport, and a large crowd out, which pressed on hounds all through the day.

Friday, Elvaston Castle.—Very sharp frost. Drew the grounds at twelve o'clock, and found a fox. No scent, and, when we got outside, it was too hard to hunt, so went home.

They were stopped by frost for four hunting days, and then went to Kedleston on Friday.

Found in Breward's Car, ran three times round the covert, and killed. More foxes on foot, but they all got to ground. Found again in Ravensdale Park, ran to ground in Breward's Car, and the same from the New Gorse. Trotted off to Allestree; found and ran through Colvile's Covert to Quarndon, but there was no scent.

Saturday, Newton village.—Drew the Coley Coverts, Swan's Moor, Newton Gorse, Blithe Moor, and the Warren blank. Found in the little covert below, ran a ring round Blithfield, fast, and came to a check at Newtonhurst, got on the line again and hunted him down close to Bellamore and over the road to Colton, but the scent failed, and we had to give it up.

Monday, February 15th, Chartley.—Found on the Moss, ran very nicely for about twelve minutes towards Swan's Moor, where the fox was coursed by a dog, and we came to a check. Hunted slowly after this to Coley and on to Blithfield, but he was too far before us to do any good. Got on the line of a fresh fox by the Warren, ran through Lord's Coppice, over the Park, and into the Forest Banks, up and down which we hunted for some time with a very bad scent, and then went home.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Did not find till we got to Longford, and then ran very prettily by Alkmonton to Potter's Covert, and probably changed foxes there, as we could only hunt slowly after that by Boylestone, and, eventually, back to Longford. Here we got up to our fox in the Car, and ran him down to Foston, but there was very little scent in the evening, and hounds could never run hard.

Thursday, Foremark.—Found in Gorstey Leys, ran a ring by Anchor church, and to ground in Carver's Rocks. Forty-five minutes. Found in the gorse there, but could do nothing with this fox, which must, I think, have got to ground. Got on the line of a fox in the Pistern Hills, walked after him towards Calke, but the scent was bad, so we trotted on and found another fox at Calke, and ran him down to Hartshorn Gorse, and over the railway, by Ashby, to Willersley. Here he turned short back, and we hunted him slowly towards Calke, but it turned very cold, and the scent failed altogether.

There was no hunting, on account of frost, till the following Friday, when they went to Etwall.

Found in Egginton Gorse, ran over the railway and back to the gorse, almost to Hilton, then back again through the gorse, over the road, by Etwall, up to Radburne; left the Rough on the left and went almost up to Parson's Gorse, turned back by the Rough again, and ran down to Dalbury, and, by Sutton Gorse, up to the village, where we gave it up. Only middling scent at any time, but none towards evening. We were hunting the same fox for more than three hours.

Frost intervened till Saturday week, March 6th, when they went to Chartley.

Found in the Shaw, ran very nicely by Gratwich village, up to Handleasow Wood, over the Park and down to the Moss. After this could only get on slowly; crossed and re-crossed the railway and lost him. Got on the line of a fox that had been gone some time from the Birchwood, but could not hunt him. Drew Gratwich Wood and all Loxley blank.

Monday, March 8th, Walton village.—Found in the Grove at Drakelowe; poor scent. Hunted slowly nearly up to Seal Wood and lost. Found again at Lullington. The fox crossed the brook, but was headed at the top of the hill, and re-crossed and ran up to Seal Wood, where he got to ground not ten yards before the hounds. Twenty minutes; very fast indeed. Found a lame fox at Catton, which must have got into a hole.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Two or three foxes on foot. Ran by the Dingle and

the Birch Coppice down towards the brook, but there was no scent, and our fox had been gone twenty minutes. Got on the line of another fox at the top of the hill, and he, too, had been gone too long. Found in Cubley Gorse, ran sharp down to the little fir covert by the brook side beyond the church; here the fox was headed, and turned back, and went by the gorse again up to Snelston, where we viewed him, but the wind was so high the huntsman could not hear the halloa, and by the time we got the hounds on the line the fox had been gone too long. Found again in Bentley Car, ran towards Longford, turned to the right, by Boylestone and Cubley, up the brook side almost to Snelston. Bad scent all day, and the only time in the day hounds ran hard was when the fox had gone up-wind.

Thursday, Elvaston Castle.—Did not find till we got to Aston. Ran then up to Weston, where the people got before the hounds; held them on, and killed our fox at Chellaston. Found again at Spilsbury's Coverts, ran to Egginton, where there were several foxes on foot, but there was no scent to do anything.

Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood and ran to ground—a vixen—in fifteen minutes. A brace of foxes in Rough Park. Ran one round the covert twice and killed. Found again in Brakenhurst and ran to ground. Drew Dolesfoot spinny and found a brace of foxes. Ran one through the Chantrey and the Birch Wood to Field House Coppice, and gave it up. No scent.

Monday, March 15th, Anslow.—Henhurst blank. Found in the Rocket Oak, ran to Dunstall, and down to Tatenhill, and lost. Found again in Bannister's Rough, ran down to Knightley Park, and back to Rangemore, and killed.

Found at Yoxall, ran to the Brakenhurst, and lost our fox. Drew the Parson's Brake, found and ran very fast to the Greaves, which the fox only just went into, turned across by Eland Lodge, through Hollybush, up to Kingstanding, when he got into the buildings, and we left him. Nice twenty-five minutes.

Tuesday, Snelston.—No fox there or at Shirley Park. Viewed a fox sneaking away from the Reeve's Moor, ran him up to Shirley Mill, and on to Wyaston, where we lost him. Found again in Longford Car, hunted slowly to Alkmonton, and on towards Potter's Covert, and lost. No scent, and the first plough field stopped hounds.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Rough. Ran up to Parson's Gorse, and on towards the Burrows, and lost him. Drew Langley Gorse, found and ran towards Radburne, turned back almost to Langley, and ran to Markeaton, and from there hunted slowly to Newton's osiers, and had to give it up. A brace of foxes, one a vixen heavy in cub, in Sutton Gorse; got on the dog fox, hunted him by Sutton village to the Spath, and lost him. Found again at Foston, ran slowly for thirty-five minutes towards Barton, and went home. Very little scent, and hounds could only run when they were close to their fox.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw. Hunted down to the Moss and slowly on to Blithfield, and lost. Found again in Hart's Coppice, ran very fast for nineteen minutes, by Field House Coppice, back to where we found him, and hounds after this divided, and we could do nothing more.

Monday, March 22nd, Rolleston.—Did not find till we got to the Hare Holds Rough, ran down to Castle Hayes Gorse, back through the Hare Holds by Needwood, through Byrkley Lodge, Yoxall, and the Brakenhurst, and killed in the open within two fields of Hamstall Hall. Good hunting run—a seven-mile point, and nine miles as hounds ran. Drew, but did not find again.

Tuesday, Boylestone.—No fox at Bentley. A brace of vixens at Longford. Barton Blount, Sapperton the same. Three vixens at Sudbury. No scent, no sport.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Allestree blank. Found in a small covert by Weston,

but lost immediately. Killed a fox in Breward's Car. Ravensdale Park, the New Gorse, Brailsford, and Culland blank. Scent worse each day.

Saturday, Kingston village.—Found in Kingston Wood—a vixen—and ran to ground in a pit-hole. Found again, but could not get on. Went to Bagot's Woods, ran a fox hard, in covert, for half an hour, and had him, dead beat, but unfortunately changed at the last moment. Found again in Lord's Coppice, but hounds could not hunt at all directly they got on the foiled ground.

Monday, March 29th, Draycott Cliff.—Found in the Greaves, ran to Hanbury back through the Greaves, and on to Hollybush. Found again in Bull's Park, ran to the Swilcar Lawn, out over the open towards Agardsley, back through the woods, and to ground at Coton. Found again in the Banks, ran across Bagot's Park into the woods, where the hounds divided, and we stopped them. Poor scent. None at all on the plough.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Found and ran to the Lady Coppice, where most probably the fox went to ground, but there was no scent. Found again in the plantation in Sudbury Park, near the Kennels, ran two rings, and stopped the hounds, as it was a vixen. Killed a lame fox at Foston.

Thursday, Etwall.—Found in Egginton Gorse, ran over the road up to Etwall, and on as if for Radburne, but turned to the left by Sutton Gorse, and within a field of Hilton Gorse, down to Marston-on-Dove, and here we had a long check, as the fox had crossed the railway by a new culvert. Got on the line again and hunted him by Rolleston in the direction of the Henhurst, where we had to give him up, as there was nothing but plough, and the hounds could not get on at all. Went back to Egginton, and found again in the Gorse, but the fox declined to leave the covert.

Saturday, Brethy.—Met at Foremark instead, on account of Lady S. Des Vœux's funeral. Found in Gorsty Leys, and ran to ground in an old stone quarry. Chopped a fox in Repton Shrubs, and went away with another. Hunted him slowly nearly down to Calke, and lost him. Went back to the Shrubs, found again, ran fast up to the house and to ground in a rabbit-hole.

Monday, April 5th, Yoxall village.—Found at Wichnor, ran a ring by Yoxall Lodge Hills, back to Wichnor, and lost him. Found several foxes at Yoxall Lodge, stopped the hounds from a vixen, and eventually got into the Brakenhurst.

Thursday, Wolseley Bridge.—Found almost immediately, ran a ring, and lost our fox. Found again at Pottal Pool, ran down to Teddesley and back. Drew Shugborough blank.

Saturday, Smallwood.—Found in Bagot's Woods, ran through the woods and on to the Warren Covert at Blithfield, back into the woods, and finally he went to ground in the Warren. Found again in the little covert just beyond, but he went to ground in the same place as the first fox. Went to Hart's Coppice, soon found, ran across the Park, back to the covert, where we left our fox, which was a vixen.

Foxes killed, thirty-five brace; run to ground, twenty-one and a half brace; hounds out, one hundred and eleven times; stopped by frost, thirty-one.

Killed in regular hunting, seventeen brace.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LORD WATERPARK'S DIARY — POTTER'S — FOUR FOXES TO GROUND IN ONE DAY—SPORT SPOILED AT RADBURNE —VARYING SPORT—END OF THE SEASON.

1875–1876.

The only new-comer was Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, who took up his quarters with Mr. Crowder at Ashbourne.*

Of the latter, who had a pack of harriers at Ashbourne, it was said that he was miserable if any lady came out with his hounds.

There was no change in the staff, and they began cub-hunting early—in Bagot's Woods, as usual—on August 17th, running a cub into a tree on the fourth morning. Him they bolted and killed in the middle of the Park. On the eighth morning they went to Sudbury and killed a brace. The tree in Bagot's Park served them in good stead, for they ran no less than four cubs into it, at different times, bolted, and killed them.

Altogether they killed twenty brace.

From Lord Waterpark's diary :—

Monday, November 1st, Sudbury Coppice.—Found, ran a short ring back through the covert, and to ground in a pit-hole near Cubley Lodge. Found again in the Aldermoor, ran, by Hill Somersal and Wardley, up to Eaton Wood, and lost our fox. Eaton Wood blank. Found in the Birch Coppice, ran round by Eaton and Doveridge, through the Wilderness, up to Sudbury, and stopped the hounds. Poor scent all day.

Tuesday, The New Inn.—Found in Hanbury Park Covert, ran up to Castle Hayes, and lost. A brace of foxes in the Hare Holds; ran one hard by Hanbury and Fauld, and to ground at Castle Hayes. Found again in the Cupandition

* Afterwards Master of the Southwold hounds.

Covert, ran through Hanbury village, and by the New Lodge into the Greaves, out again, and back towards Needwood, and lost him. Drew the remainder of the Needwood Coverts and the Parson's Brake blank.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Rough, ran a ring down to the Black Covert, and on to Mickleover, and killed in the village. Found again in the Black Covert, ran two short rings, back to the covert, and killed. Only one fox at Sutton, which went to ground in the old gorse. Spath blank. One fox in the covert by Saint's at Barton, and he would not go away, and was killed in the covert.

Saint's is, of course, the covert which is usually called Potter's. Mr. Bradshaw, the owner of Barton Blount, used to take umbrage at it being called Potter's. "Potter's Covert!" he would say. "What do they mean by calling it Potter's? It is my covert."

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the plantation above the Castle, but there was no scent, and lost directly. Found in the Shaw, ran a ring over the Park, back by Fradswell, and gave it up. Went to the Moss, got on our hunted fox again, ran him about some time, and killed him in Giller's Rough. Wet day, and no scent.

Monday, November 8th, Anslow.—Found in the plantation by Stockley Park, ran up to Tatenhill, through Knightley Park, back almost to Henhurst, and killed him in the gardens at Callingwood. One hour and forty minutes. Rocket's Oak blank. Found at Dunstall, and ran to ground by Mr. Gretton's house.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Three foxes in the Limekiln Gorse, hunted one slowly by Ednaston up to Brailsford Gorse, where he had waited for us, and we killed him. Chopped another in covert. Went away with a third, hunted him, with a very cold scent, nearly up to Jarratt's Gorse, and lost him. Found again in Bradley Bottoms, ran to Ednaston, and killed. Found three or four foxes in Shirley Park, but could do nothing, owing to a heavy snowstorm.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Found at Allestree, ran a ring by Quarndon back to Allestree, and lost. Trotted off to Breward's Car, ran by the Lilies to Turnditch, and back to the Car, through the covert and another ring in the same direction, round by Weston, and to ground in the Car. Hounds did not get home till eight o'clock.

Saturday, Loxley.—Found in the Alder Car, ran through the Park Covert, almost to Gratwich Wood, and on to Wingfield Hall Coppice, and lost. Found in Woodcock Heath, and ran to ground in Spooner's pit. Trotted off to Carry Coppice, ran ringing about for some time with a fox, and to ground in a rabbit-hole. Very wet day, and no scent.

Monday, November 15th, Walton village.—Went straight to Lullington. A lot of foxes in the gorse, not an atom of scent, and could do nothing. Found in the gorse at Drakelowe, but with the same result.

Tuesday, Cubley village.—Chopped one fox in the gorse, went away with another, ran a ring by the gorse, up to Snelston, where he waited for them. Ran very prettily back to Cubley, and lost him. Heard afterwards he had crawled on to Eaton Wood, dead beat. Bentley Car blank. Lots of foxes at Longford. Hunted one round and round the Car for three-quarters of an hour, and killed him. Went away with another, and lost him by Bentley Brickyard.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Killed a fox in Arleston Gorse. Hunted another down to the Trent, below Barrow, which he crossed in high flood. Found a

good lot of foxes in Stenson Field, ran very well by Findern for twenty minutes, nearly to Etwall, where we lost him, and he must, I think, have got to ground in one of the numerous holes about there. Found at Egginton, ran several rings, and killed—a very bad fox—in Spilsbury's Covert. Found again in the gorse, ran by Burnaston up to Etwall, and back to Egginton, and stopped the hounds. Almost dark.

Saturday, Blithfield.—Did not find till one o'clock, and then found in a little covert between Stansley's and the Warren. Ran by Abbot's Bromley and Forge Coppice, and to ground in a pit on Bromley Hurst. No scent. Found in Hart's Coppice, ran very hard over the Park to Dog Kennel Wood, back by Dirty Gutter Coppice into the Banks, out by Tomlinson's Corner, passed between Field House Coppice and Jock-o'-th'-Wall, back through Hart's Coppice, and to ground in the tree opposite Turnor's house. Thirty-five minutes as hard as hounds could go, and the fox was only fifty yards before them when he went to ground.

Monday, November 22nd, The New Inn.—Found in the Henhurst, ran by Tatenhill and Dunstall, and killed in the garden at Silverhill. Found at Dunstall, ran by Bannister's Rough, through Dunstall, on to Wichnor, and lost him. Very little scent.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Trotted down to the Hare Park, but did not find. Found in the Birch Coppice, ran by Somersal up to Sudbury, and killed a fox in the Aldermoor, but impossible to say if it was our run fox or not. Found in the Coppice, ran by the top of Boylestone Hill, as if for Bentley Car, turned to the left by Cubley village, back almost to Vernon's Oak, and to ground in the pit-hole by Cubley Lodge. Got on the line of a fox in the Park, ran through Sapperton, on to Boylestone, and lost him.

Thursday, Brailsford.—Found in White's Covert, ran by Mercaston Wood up to the Squire's Gorse on Langley Common, and killed. Went away with another fox, hunted him within a field of Radburne Rough, and on to Sutton church, and lost him. Drew Culland blank. Found in the Reeve's Moor, ran hard up to Shirley Mill, and back into Longford, and killed him in the blackthorns.

Saturday, Wychnor.—Hunted a very bad fox round and round the covert, which he would not leave, and killed him. Found another in a poplar tree in the meadows, ran him hard for ten minutes to ground in a rabbit-hole close to Yoxall village. Found in Rough Park, ran once round the covert, and a ring out towards Hoar Cross, back to the covert, and to ground in the hedge bank. Found in Nichol's Covert by Cross Hayes, ran across the Park into Brakenhurst, rattled him round it, and to ground in the main earths. Found in Loverock's Coppice, and ran to ground again in Brakenhurst. Four foxes run to ground to-day. The best scent this season so far.

Monday, November 29th, Bretby.—Found in the old gorse, ran across the Park very fast, and nearly to Hartshorn village, where they checked; held them on to the gorse, where he had waited for us, ran him half an hour very nicely, and killed him in the South Woods by Staunton Harold. One hour and a quarter from the time we found him. Drew Calke, Smith's Gorse, and Carver's Rocks blank. Found in Repton Shrubs, rattled him round once, and away up to Bretby. There he turned back to the Shrubs, ran round, and back to the gorse (where we found our first fox), and disappeared mysteriously. Scent good, and a good day's sport.

Tuesday, Church Broughton.—Found in the osier-bed at the back of the gardens at Foston, chopped one fox there, went away with another, through the Wood, down the meadows nearly to Tutbury, where he turned back, ran almost to Foston, turned again, crossed the road by the Pennywaste, and we hunted him

slowly back to Foston Coverts, and gave it up, as he was a quarter of an hour before us. Several foxes on foot, but none to be found in the coverts. Trotted off to Sapperton, and, within two fields of the covert, a fox jumped out of a tree in full view of the hounds, ran him fast through Foston, by the Pennywaste, almost into Sutton village, and on within a field of the old gorse, where he turned to the right, by Hoon Clump, down to Hoon Hays, and along the meadows, by Scropton, down to Aston. Here he bore to the right, by Lawley's farm, and ran back to Foston, and no doubt went back to Sapperton, but we stopped the hounds, as it was getting dark. One hour and fifty minutes. Good fox and good scent as long as he went up-wind.

Then they missed six days' hunting on account of frost and snow, but on Saturday, December 11th, they met at Loxley.

Found in Carry Coppice, ran a ring by Philips' Gorse, and to ground in a pit on Blurton's Farm. Gratwich Wood blank. Found in the Shaw, ran by Gratwich village into Handleasow Wood, back into Gratwich Wood, and lost on the foiled ground. Found again on the Moss, ran by Newton, over the Warren at Blithfield, and stopped the hounds as they were going into the Woods. Poor scent.

Monday, December 13th, Catton.—Found three foxes in the Wood, ran one about and killed him. Found in Edingale osier-bed, ran to Haselour, and gave it up, as there was no scent on the plough. Found at Lullington, ran a ring back to the gorse, and went home.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found in the gorse, ran about a mile and a half towards Kniveton, and lost. Came back, found again, with exactly the same result. Went to Shirley Park, found, but there was no scent. Bentley Car blank. Killed a very old fox at Cubley Gorse.

Thursday, Tutbury Station.—Found in Hilton Gorse, ran, by Sutton village, up to Barton, and on by the covert to Bentley Brickyard. Held them on up to the Car, and met the fox as he was coming into the covert, ran down to Cubley Church, and back to Alkmonton, where we came to a long check, and could do no good afterwards, only hunting slowly on up to Shirley Park, and on in the direction of Snelston. Longford blank.

Saturday, Rolleston.—Found in Dove Cliff osier-bed, ran a ring by Stretton, and to ground under a tree in the Park. Hare Holds, Cupandition, and Black brook blank. Found at Needwood House, ran round and round, but could do no good. Poor scent all day. Drew Byrkley Lodge blank.

Monday, December 20th, Newborough.—Found in the Birch Wood, ran to Hoar Cross, back through the Birch Wood, and on almost to Dirty Gutter Coppice, where we gave it up. Got on our fox again in Hart's Coppice, ran him round by the Daisy Bank into the Forest Banks, out over Agardsley, across Hollybush and lost him, for the second time, near the Parson's Brake. Got on his line in the Greaves, viewed him twice, and ran him to ground below Coton.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Found and ran fast above Clownholme, over Marston Park, by Roston, up to Birchwood Park, where he went to ground in the pit. Got on a fox that had been disturbed, but could make nothing of him. Snelston and Cubley Gorse blank. Found at Sudbury, ran well across the Park, but the scent suddenly failed, and we could only walk after him by Sapperton up to Barton.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Rough, ran slowly up to Langley Gorse, and back to Radburne, and from there to Langley again, and killed within a field of the gorse. Found in the Parson's Gorse, but could do nothing with this fox. Trotted to Sutton, found, ran towards Etwall, back by Dalbury, and up the brook side by Trusley, and to ground in pit-hole at Crop-o'-Top. Very pretty thirty-five minutes.

Friday, Swanusmoor.—Found in Newton Gorse, ran tremendously fast up to the woods, a ring through them and to ground at the bottom of Hoosalem's Coppice. Five miles in twenty minutes, and hounds beat the horsemen by four fields into the woods, though fox, hounds, and gentlemen all started in the same field! Found again in Blithe Moor, ran a couple of rings, and killed. Viewed a fox outside Forge Coppice, hunted him slowly up to Blithbury and came home.

Monday, December 27th, Dunstall.—Found a fox in the covert in the meadows, raced him up to Tatenhill Dingle, and killed him. Found again at Dunstall, ran down to the Trent, which the fox crossed, in flood, and stopped the hounds. Spent the rest of the day trying to kill a beaten fox in the Rocket Oak Gorse, after running him in the open some time.

Tuesday, Brailsford.—All the coverts there, Bradley bottoms, Ednaston, Shirley Park, and Longford, blank! Found at 2.20 in Alkmonton bottoms, ran up to the coverts by Saint's, down to Mamerton, back by Alkmonton bottoms, and on up to Shirley Park, where we had our fox dead beat in the gardens, but could not kill him. Directly we had found one fox, and began to run, we had three, if not four, foxes on foot. Hounds divided, and part killed a fox at Barton.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Found in Stenson Fields, ran nicely up to Burnaston, to ground in a drain. Found at Egginton Gorse, ran by Spilsbury's Coverts and Findern, within half a mile of Stenson Fields, and lost. Trotted back to Spilsbury's, found, and ran again to Stenson Fields, but here the fox ran up the railway, and as trains were continually coming and it was nearly dark, we gave it up.

Saturday, January 1st, Kingston village.—Snow on the ground and bad riding. Found in Kingston Woods, but lost immediately. Found again, ran into Bagot's Woods, and lost. Scent now seemed to improve, and, with a fresh fox, hounds ran hard through the woods, and to ground by the Uttoxeter road. Got on another fox, ran a pretty ring by Kingston village almost to Loxley, and back to Cuckold's Haven Gate into the woods. Twenty-five minutes, fast. On through the woods, out over the Warren, through the woods again, and across the Park into Kingston Woods, and had to stop the hounds owing to a dense fog coming on. Capital day's sport.

Monday, January 3rd, Draycott Cliff.—Found and lost at once in the Greaves. Drew all along the Banks till we came to the Cliff by Bagot's Park, where we found, rattled our fox about for nearly an hour in the Banks, forced him out, ran by Smallwood, back to Gorstey Hill, where he turned again, and we killed him within two fields of the Netherland Green Gate. Good Woodland day.

Tuesday, Foremark.—Several foxes in Gorstey Leys, rang two rings with one by Swarkestone, and back through the covert, and at last he got to ground, almost in view, in a brickfield at Ticknall. Went to Repton Shrub; sone fox broke in the direction of Hartshorn, with six couples of hounds, while the remainder were running in covert. Got hounds together and went home.

Thursday, Radburne.—A brace of foxes in the Rough, but the covert was so urrounded by people that we had to go away to avoid chopping them. Langley, Vicar Wood, Parson's Gorse, and Sutton blank!

This was on January 6th, and ought to have proved a lesson to the field, for, after spoiling their own sport for that day, they had to wait till Tuesday, January 18th, for another, frost intervening.

Tuesday, Sudbury.—Lake Bank, Park, Bottoms, and Alder Car blank. One fox in the Coppice, which went to ground immediately in the Park. Sapperton blank. Found a very bad fox at Foston, which kept ringing about for more than an hour, and was, at no time, more than one mile and a half from where we found him.

Thursday, Elvaston.—Found several foxes, ran one along the meadows to Alvaston, and kept dodging about among the gardens. Got on a fresh fox by the Lodge gates, ran a ring through the grounds, and hunted him up to Chellaston, and killed him in the covert. Found in the Stenson Fields, ran nicely up-wind to Findern, where the fox turned back, and we hunted him slowly back to where we found him, rattled him about in the covert, forced him out, and ran him up to the Pastures, where we had to whip off in the dark.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Frost.

Monday, January 24th, Drakelowe.—Drew all the coverts without finding till we came to the osier-bed by the Park side, and then hunted a fox from there to Seale Wood, but could not show a line into it. Found at Lullington and ran to ground at Netherseale. Found at Catton, hunted up to Drakelowe, with a bad scent, and went home.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Too foggy to draw there. Went down to Culland, but did not find. The same at the Reeve's Moor, and, as John Shaw's funeral was going on at Longford, we trotted off to Shirley Park. Found there at once, ran a mile ring by Rodsley into Longford Car, forty minutes. Went away with what proved to be a fresh fox, and ran him another fifty minutes.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Several foxes in Breward's Car. Went away with one towards the Lilies, turned to the left, through Ravensdale Park, back almost to Breward's Car, where he turned to the right, and we lost him at the back of the gardens at Kedleston. Drew Allestree blank. Found in Colvile's Covert, ran him about for a few minutes in covert, when he went away and we killed him in Allestree village. He appeared beat when he came out of the covert, and my belief is that it was the same fox we hunted in the morning. Found in Langley Gorse, ran a ring by the village and up to the Vicar Wood, then on by Dr. Peach's house almost to Parson's Gorse, where he turned to the right, ran nearly to Brailsford, by the Culland Plantations, and on to Ednaston, where, I fancy, he went to ground in a rabbit-hole, but the scent, at no time good, failed almost entirely at the last. Good day's sport.

Saturday, Chartley.—Fog.

Monday, January 31st, Rangemore.—Found on the hill side beyond the keeper's house, ran through Knightley Park to the Henhurst, where the fox was headed short back by the keepers shooting, and we could make no more of him. Found in the Rocket Oak, chopped one fox, ran a ring with another, back into the covert and killed him. Found again at Rangemore, ran about a bit, and finally killed him in the Rocket Oak Covert. Dunstall, Yoxall Lodge, and Byrkley Lodge blank.

Tuesday, February 1st, Elvaston.—Ran a fox about the place for some time and killed in the gardens. Found a fox at Aston, ran very pretty up to Elvaston,

and killed him too. Found at 3.30 at Stenson Fields, ran by the Pastures and Mickleover, nearly down to Newton's osier-bed, and gave over. Not much scent.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found at Burnaston and ran down to Stenson Fields; got him away again after a time, and hunted slowly back to Findern and lost him, owing to a storm coming on. Got on the line of a fox from Spilsbury's Covert, and hunted it up to Egginton Gorse. Hounds were in the covert some time before a fox broke. Ran slowly by Burnaston Village, past the Asylum down to Newton's osier-bed, and on to the Rough at Radburne. Here I think we must have gone away with a fresh fox, as we ran down to Mackworth, and on by Vicar Wood as if for Allestree, and it being late, and our fox a quarter of an hour before us and no chance of getting up to him, we went home. Hard day, but hounds never could run except a bit up-wind. Very large field out.

Friday.—Bye day. Found a fox directly in Kingston Woods, and ran to ground about two fields off. Came back, found another, and ran along the woods to Marchington Cliff, where we lost him. Found in Hart's Coppice, ran hard for over two hours into a tree in the park, bolted and killed him. Good scent and capital woodland day.

This was followed by a frost which stopped hunting at Blithbury on Saturday.

Monday, February 7th, Yoxall village.—Drew Wichnor and Dunstall blank. Found a fox in a tree in Yoxall Lodge, ran him for twenty-five minutes, and killed him. Found in the Brakenhurst, ran by Newborough (after killing a fox which jumped up in the middle of the hounds in covert), almost to Hollybush, turned to the right, ran through Yoxall Lodge back into the Brakenhurst, and repeated the same ring twice more, and stopped the hounds, as all the horses were beat, hounds having been running hard over two hours. Capital scent all day.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—No fox there or at Doveridge, though one was seen to go away after we had left. Found in the Aldermoor at Sudbury, ran along the Bottoms, turned to the right by Somersal Mill, and to ground in a rabbit-hole in Eaton Wood. Trotted off to Sudbury again, heard of a fox on a ploughed field on Lawley's farm, found him there, and ran to ground in Sebastopol. Soon found another in the Coppice, ran a ring by Cubley Lodge, over the Park, and down again to Sebastopol.

On Thursday, Saturday, and Monday they were stopped by frost, but on Tuesday, February 15th, they came to Bradley.

Did not find till we got to Shirley Park. Ran a ring towards Ednaston, back through the covert to ground in the Bank near the gardens. Found in the Holly Wood, Snelston, ran to Shirley Park, and lost. Went back to Snelston, found in the covert by Cockshead Lane, ran to Raddle Wood, when he turned to the left, and went down to Longford.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Found in the New Gorse, ran a ring into Ravensdale Park, back to the gorse, and lost him. Went to Breward's Car, and ran two rings by the Lilies, up and down the hills, and lost him. Wilde Park, Brailsford, Cullard, and Longford blank.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood, ran almost to the Black Flats,

turned to the right by St. Stephen's Hill, over the brook, by Forge Coppice, across Bromley Hurst, and to ground in the Lawn Meadow drain, after rattling him once through the woods. Good hunting run of an hour and fifty minutes. Did not find again till we got to Roost Hill, ran by the Chantry and Hoar Cross almost down to Rough Park, and gave it up.

Monday, February 21st, Lullington.—Several foxes in the gorse. Ran one with a very bad scent into the Atherstone country, but could not get on with him. Came back, but did not find again in the gorse. Homestall Wood, Catton, Walton Wood, and Drakelowe blank.

Tuesday, Etwall.—Found in Egginton Gorse. Ran by Etwall to the Ashe and lost him. Found a capital fox in Sutton Gorse, ran by the church almost down to the Spath, where he turned along the meadows and ran up to Burrows, leaving Culland on the left—thirty-seven minutes up to this. Hunted him slowly on to Brailsford, where we viewed by the Fishpond Covert, but, a heavy storm of rain coming on, he beat us at Wilde Park. Good gallop, but not a very good scent at any time. Went to Longford, found in the Car, ran a ring, pointing for Shirley Park, but were again stopped by a storm.

Thursday, Brethy.—Found in Repton Shrubs, ran round the covert and up to the gorse, where we changed. Went away towards Burton, ran almost down to Repton and up to Milton village, where we came to a long check. Got on the line again, and marked him to ground in Gorstey Leys. Good run—an hour and ten minutes up to Milton. Hunted a fox about Gorstey Leys and Ticknall for some time, till he too got to ground. Got on another fox, which had been running about, ran him down to Foremark, and killed him.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw, and ran to ground within a mile in a pit-hole. Found again on the Moss, ran by Gratwich Wood, over the Park, up to Fradswell, where a heavy storm came on, and scent failed altogether. Bad scent all day.

Monday, Hoar Cross village—Hoar Cross and Rough Park blank. Found in the Brakenhurst, ran very hard over the Park, and to ground within a few fields. Killed a lame fox that had sneaked out of the Brakenhurst and been bitten by one of the hounds. Yoxall Lodge and Byrkley blank. Found at Needwood, by the keeper's house, ran by East Lodge, down to Stockley Park, turned to the left, over the road, and ran within a field of the Hare Holds, where he again turned and went through the Cupandition Covert back to Needwood, and we killed him in the gardens at East Lodge. Thirty-four minutes, and a first-rate scent all day.

Tuesday, Shirley Park.—Went away with a fox by Ednaston, up to Brailsford Gorse, which he left on his left, almost to Mugginton, where he turned and went, by Hulland Ward and Biggin, nearly up to Blackwall, and turned again, pointing for Bradley, but scent completely failed, owing to the heavy rain, and we had to give it up. Good hunting run of an hour and three-quarters. Not much scent. No fox at Longford. Found a vixen, heavy in cub, at Potter's Covert, hunted her about, and stopped the hounds.

Thursday, Spread Eagle.—Hunted a brace of foxes in Egginton Gorse for an hour, but, finding they were vixens, left them. Hilton Gorse blank. Found in the Pennywaste, ran well for a few fields, when the fox was unfortunately headed in the road, and we did no good with him after. Did not find again at Foston or at Sapperton. Found in Sudbury Coppice, ran by Cubley Lodge, and the top of Boylestone hill into the Park, and back to the Coppice, through which, however, the fox went, and we hunted him slowly on towards Marston and gave it up. Hounds ran very hard, up-wind, across the Park.

Saturday, Blithfield.—Found in one of the small plantations, ran through Newton up to Kingston Woods, where we left one hunted fox—a vixen—and went away with a fresh one. Hunted him right through the woods, and out by Friar's Coppice, across the turnpike road by the Tollgate, on to the Park Covert at Loxley. Here he turned short back, and we hunted him slowly, by the Aldermoor, to Baker's pit, and on to the covert beyond, and lost him. Killed a lame fox in Friar's Coppice.* Found again in the woods, ran hard for an hour, including two fast rings over the Park, and killed in the oak tree opposite Turner's house. A capital gallop.

Monday, March 6th, Hanbury.—Found in the Hare Holds. The fox went away towards Castle Hayes, but was headed back by some men working, and the hounds met him and killed him. Did not find again till we got to Bull's Park, ran through the Greaves down to Coton (twenty minutes), and left one fox somewhere in the buildings. It was a vixen. Found just beyond Marchington Cliff, and ran about for some time in the Woods, but hounds divided into three lots, so stopped them and gave it up.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—A brace of foxes. One went to ground in the Lady Coppice; the other ran a ring by the Dingle, and back into the wood, where we left her. Snelston and Cubley blank. Found at Sudbury Coppice—a vixen—and ran to ground in the Park. Found again in one of the spinneys in the Park, ran, by the kennels, into the Coppice, when scent completely failed. Weather stormy.

Thursday, Mercaston Stoop.—The New Gorse and Ravensdale Park blank. Found in Breward's Car, ran about some time and killed. A vixen at Allestree, which we left. Went to Langley Gorse, found immediately, and ran very nicely by Muggington up to the New Gorse, when a heavy storm came on. Twenty-four minutes.

Saturday, Loxley.—Blank. Found in the Gorse at Chartley, ran hard across the Park and almost up to Sandon, turned to the right by Fradswell, and ran hard back to the Gorse, in which there was no scent, and we had to leave our fox. About fifty minutes up to Fradswell. Found in the Moss, ran through Giller's Rough, by Gratwich Wood, and back to Handleasow.

Monday, March 13th, Buttermilk Hill.—Found in a pit near Jock-o'-th'-Wall, ran through Lord's Coppice and Dunstall Pit, over the Warren at Blithfield towards Chartley, but, as no one was with them, it is impossible to say how far they went. The field met the hounds coming back across Newton Hurst, and they ran hard back to the Warren Covert and killed. Fifty minutes. First-rate scent, and no one could live with the hounds through the Woods. Found again in Lord's Coppice, ran through the Woods, across the Park, and back to Lord's Coppice, and lost him.

Tuesday, Sudbury.—Found a vixen in the Coppice, and ran her to ground in the Park. No other fox at Sudbury. Foston blank. Crossed over the river, and drew from Hanbury to Buttermilk Hill without finding.

Thursday, Foremark.—Found in Gorstey Leys, hunted slowly up to Melbourne, but there was no scent, so trotted off to Calke to find a fresh fox. Found in the Pistern Hills, ran through the South Woods, across Calke Park, almost into Melbourne, and to ground in Spring Wood at Staunton. About an hour, and a nice hunting run. Drew Repton Shrubs. Found immediately, ran to Carver's Rocks, and back to the Shrubs, and stopped the hounds, as it was late.

* Floyer's Coppice.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the Moss, ran by Giller's Rough over the railway, through Handleasow Wood, nearly up to Birchwood Park, where the fox turned back to the left, and went to ground in an earth in the Park. No fox in the Gorse, though one had been disturbed and gone away. Gratwich Wood blank. Found in Woodcock Heath, ran a couple of rings, and into Kingston Woods and gave it up. No scent at any time during the day.

Monday, March 20th, Newborough.—Found in Hollybush Covert, could not run a yard. Found again in the Birchwood with the same result. Drew all the coverts by Hoar Cross blank. Found in the Brakenhurst, hunted into Yoxall Lodge and lost him. Found again in Jackson's Bank, but could do nothing.

Tuesday, Blithbury.—Drew all the coverts blank. Found in Blithe Moor at Blithfield, ran through the Warren, over by Dunstall, through the end of Lord's Coppice, over Bromley Park, back by Radmore and Dunstall, through the woods, over the Park, up to the Birch Wood, and on to the Chantry, where he turned back, and came over Bromley Park again, through Lord's Coppice and Dunstall Pit, over the road to Blithfield, and lost in a heavy storm between the Warren and Stansley's Wood. About two hours and forty minutes.

Thursday, Anslow.—Found in Sinai Park Coppice, ran to Rocket Oak, and on to Dunstall, and along the meadows to Barton, where the fox turned back, and we lost him. Found again in the covert in the meadows by Gorse Hall, ran down to Branston, back by Tatenhill, through Knightley Park, Rangemore, and Dunstall, into the meadows and lost.

Saturday, Kingston village.—Found in Woodcock Heath, ran through Kingston Wood into the big woods, and along by the Uttoxeter roadside almost to Thatched Lodge, where our fox turned across and ran a ring almost to Loxley, and back to where we found him. Very fast up to this; slow hunting afterwards, down-wind, through the end of Kingston Wood, nearly to Blithfield, and lost. Found again in the middle of Bagot's Woods, and ran about for the rest of the day.

Monday, March 27th, Brethy.—Found in the Gorse near the house, ran over the Park into Repton Shrubs, by Carver's Rocks and Smith's Gorse, nearly to Calke, back through the Pistern Hills, and Several Woods, where we changed foxes, and ran back to the Pistern Hills. Got on the line of our run fox again in Hartshorn Gorse, hunted him up to Wooden Box, and lost. Found in Repton Shrubs, ran in a ring, and lost at Winshill.

Thursday, Wolseley Bridge.—Found in the Park. Ran to Hagley and lost. Found again near Hednesford, ran very fast to Shugboro' back through Haywood Park to ground, almost in view. Fifty minutes, very fast. Went to Pottal Pool, where there were two or three foxes on foot at once, but there was no scent.

Friday, Dunstall.—Drew all the coverts at Dunstall, Rangemore, and Yoxall Lodge blank. Found in Brakenhurst, ran to Dunstall, and killed at the back of the church.

Saturday, Buttermilk Hill.—Found in Lord's Coppice, hunted through the woods, and out to the Warren at Blithfield, where the scent completely failed. Went back to the woods, got on our hunted fox again in Lord's Coppice, ran him hard for some time, and killed him at Dunstall. Drew Friar's Coppice blank, found again in the woods close by, ran very hard for an hour, and stopped the hounds. Very hot day, and all the horses done up.

Foxes killed, forty-three and a half brace; run to ground, twenty-six; hounds out, one hundred and seventeen times; stopped by frost, seventeen times.

Killed in regular hunting, twenty-three and a half brace.

HOME.

"Home, sweet home."
The touching old refrain
Falls soothingly on exiles' ears,
Who hear its simple strain.
But differently, indeed, it sounds,
And chill strikes on the heart,
When from the master's lips it falls,
And warns us we must part.

Yes! yes! The word is spoken now, on hill, and wold, and vale.
The spring is here; the winter's past; and told's the season's tale!
That last, last day we lingered on and fought against despair;
Surely *some* covert there must be to form a fox's lair?
Yes! One chance more! A farmer says, yon hedgerow on the hill
Has held a fox these three weeks past. Perchance it holds him still.

We learn the road. Oh, what a change
Has come across the field!
The cantering, laughing, joyous throng
Is full of expectation strong,
And chatters as it rides along
Of what the run may yield.

Alas! alas! for human hopes! Oh, how our spirits sank!
There's never a note from opening hound. The double hedgerow's blank.
"Cop, come away!" The horn is blown. Where next? The word has come.
There's nothing left for hounds to draw. The only "draw" is—Home.
Ah, perhaps to youthful listeners' ears the word may whisper hope;
But what to those who cannot long with Time expect to cope?
To us, indeed, the word is sad. We loathe its doleful sound.
We never more, for aught we know, may hark to opening hound.
We all shall meet, we fondly hope, in Town—in Row or Ride,
But many a face perchance we'll miss from next year's covert side.
That hound we loved; that horse we rode, who carried us so well;
The friends we met; the girl we left—this very season's belle—
We hope to meet, we long to greet. But shall we? Who can tell?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LORD WATERPARK'S DIARY—GREAT RUN FROM BARTON BLOUNT—RUN FROM SUDBURY TO BARTON LODGE—GOOD DAY FROM FOREMARK—WETTEST DAY OF THE SEASON —GOOD GALLOP FROM MARSTON-ON-DOVE TO RADBURNE —FAST GALLOP FROM REPTON SHRUBS—UTTOXETER STEEPLECHASES.

1876–1877.

THE subscription for this year was £3523 6*s.* 9*d.*; compensations came to £228 7*s.* 6*d.* The principal newcomer was Mr. J. Platt, who succeeded Lord Churston at Brook House, Marchington. He still occupies this house, though he is only there for a very few weeks in the summer, spending most of his time in Scotland. He gave up hunting some years ago. This was probably the most open season on record, hounds being stopped only five times by frost.

At the end of this season R. Summers left, to go to Mr. Tailby. He was a very hard-riding man here, and rather severe on his horses. He staked one once, and Lord Waterpark made him lead the animal home there and then. But when he carried the horn in Leicestershire they complained that he did not go well enough for them.

A good many foxes were turned down in divers countries this year, and some in the Derbyshire part of the South Notts Country on the other side of the Derwent opposite Allestree.

Lord Waterpark's Diary continued :—

Sixteen and a half brace of foxes were killed during the cub-hunting; thirty-five times out.

Monday, October 30th, Sudbury Coppice.—Ran very prettily up to Bentley Car, where he turned to the left as if he was going to Stydd, but turned again along the Bentley Brook, and came back by Bentley Hall, and we hunted him slowly back to the Coppice. Viewed him away, dead beat, by the Bottoms, but he turned back and got to ground in a rabbit-hole. Found in the Alder Car, ran across the park to Sapperton, where he turned to the right, and we killed him in a pit-hole.

Tuesday, The New Inn.—Ran a fox round and round for more than an hour at Needwood, and killed him. Chopped another. Byrkley Lodge blank. Found in the Brakenhurst, ran him round the wood, out by Hoar Cross village, through the Chantry, leaving the Birchwood on his left, over Bromley Park, and finally lost him at the back of Abbot's Bromley. No scent on the plough.

Thursday, Radburne.—Many cubs, which refused to go away. Got one away at last, but soon lost him. Went back to the Rough, found again, but there was no scent in covert and had to leave. Found at Sutton, ran by Dalbury up to Sutton village, through the Spath, by Barton down to Hewett's Farm, over the Brook, up to Crop-o'-Top, where scent completely failed. Hunted him slowly back to the gorse. Nice hunting run over a capital country.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pear Tree Gorse, ran a ring, and lost. Found again in Pipe Wood, ran by the Black Flats up to Bank Top, and lost. Went to Laurence's Wood, found, ran very fast by Blithbury, over St. Stephen's Hill to Blithfield; after this hunted slowly by Blithe Moor and the Warren into the woods. Fox was only one hundred yards before the hounds at the Warren, but directly we got into the woods we had three foxes before us.

Monday, November 6, Anslow.—Found in the Henhurst, but not an atom of scent in covert. Found again at Sinai Park, ran down the meadows below Dunstall, through Smith's Hills, by Silver Hill, back by Dunstall church, and to ground in a large rabbit-hole below Sinai Park. Found in Knightley Park, and ran by Tatenhill to ground in the Lawns.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Blank. Found in the Lady Coppice, ran a ring through Eaton Wood, back by the Birch Coppice, through the Woodhouse Farm up to Sudbury, and lost. Found in the Alder Car, ran up to Vernon's Oak, and lost. Trotted off to Cubley Gorse, found at once, ran by Marston and Vernon's Oak to the Coppice, where the hounds divided.

Thursday, Elvaston Castle.—Several foxes. Ran one up to Chellaston and back, but there was no scent. Went to Aston, and, after an hour and a half hunting round the plantations, managed to kill a fox.

Saturday, Bramshall village.—Found in Philips' Gorse, ran through Carry Coppice, and to ground in a pit-hole at Field Hall. Three foxes in Carry Coppice, ran one about for some time, till he, too, went to ground in another pit-hole on the same farm. Several foxes in the Park Covert, ran a ring with one, and finally gave it up near the Red Cow. No scent at all, ground dry and hard, and no chance of sport till there has been a downfall.

Monday, November 13th, Drakelowe Cross Roads.—Went to Lullington, found in the Gorse, ran a ring over the river and back to the Gorse, where there was no scent, and we came away. Homestall Wood blank. Got on the line of a fox that had come on from Lullington, hunted him down to the river below Croxall, which he crossed, and eventually killed him by the Trent Valley Station

near Lichfield. There was no one with the hounds after crossing the river, as we all went down to a ford, which we could not cross, and had to go back to the bridge.

Tuesday, Tutbury Station.—Found at Egginton, ran over the new railroad down to the turnpike road near Hilton Cottage, where we lost him. Went to Sutton, found, but could not get over the first field, as there was no scent at all. Trotted off to Hilton Gorse, where there were several foxes. Ran one rather nicely towards the Pennywaste at Foston, where we had to stop the hounds at Mrs. Broadhurst's request.* Went to Barton, found in the Fishpond Covert near the house, ran up to Potter's, which the fox went to the right of, on through Alkmonton Bottoms to Longford Car, which the fox went straight through, on by the Reeve's Moor up to Culland, leaving the plantations on the left, ran to Brailsford, where the fog was so thick that one could see neither hounds nor the next fence, crossed the turnpike road, ran down to Wilde Park, leaving the covert on the left; here he turned to the right and pointed towards Prestwood, and we came to the first check—fifty minutes—in a dingle near Langley; hit it off again and hunted slowly up to Langley, where we must have changed foxes, as a fox, quite fresh, was viewed in front of the hounds by the village.

Thursday, Kedleston village.—Found in Breward's Car, kept ringing about between there and Ravensdale Park, and finally lost our fox. Found again at Allestree, ran through Colvile's Covert, over Kedleston Park, by the house at Langley, where he turned to the right by Prestwood, and we hunted him up to Breward's Car. Two or three foxes before us the latter part of the time, and no scent.

Saturday, Blithfield.—Drew every hole and corner blank. Found at half-past one in Bagot's Woods, ran about in the woods, over the park into Hart's Coppice, round and round for some time, and lost. Found again in the Dog Kennel Wood. No scent all day.

Monday, November 20th, Dunstall.—Chopped a very bad fox in Smith's Hills, and did not find again at Dunstall. The Rocket Oak blank. Found at Knightley Park, ran by the Holly Covert over the road by the New Inn, bore to the right towards the Henhurst, recrossed the road and ran down to Tatenhill, and on along the meadows below Dunstall—very poor scent. Drew Rangemore blank. Found at Needwood, ran out by East Lodge, turned to the right, through the Holly Covert, out nearly to Byrkley Lodge, and ran a ring back through Hanbury Park Covert and on to Castle Hayes, and had to stop the hounds in the dark. Capital scent with this last fox, and hounds ran hard.

Tuesday, Brailsford.—White's Covert produced a fox, which ran down to the spinny by the pool head, where we killed him, the hounds chopping another fox at the same time. Found in the gorse, ran up towards Bradley—very little scent—and could not get on with him. Trotted off to draw Culland, but were halloaed on to a fox that was following us, ran by Brailsford nearly up to Langley, and lost. Killed a bad fox in Langley Gorse. Found in the Parson's Gorse, ran a few fields and lost—no scent.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Several foxes in Arleston Gorse, ran one a few fields, and lost him. Found in Stenson Fields, ran out and back again, and at last got away with a fox and hunted him nicely by the lunatic asylum up to Mickleover and on, over the railway, almost to Radburne, where the scent, which never at any time had been good, failed altogether. Found in the Rough,

* Mr. Broadhurst was buried that day; the coffin with his remains having just arrived from abroad.

ran fast up to the nursery and through the covert on Langley Common, as if he was going for Mackworth, but he was headed on the hill and turned short back, and we could only hunt him afterwards slowly back towards the Rough, and lost him near old Park House. Bad ringing fox.

Saturday, Kingston village.—Found in Kingston Wood, ran towards Newton Gorse, and lost. Found in Newton Gorse, hunted by the village towards Blithfield, and lost. Very bad scent all the morning. Drew at Blithfield without finding. Found in the woods at three o'clock and had a capital afternoon, running hard for an hour and a half.

Monday, November 27th, Bretby.—Found in Repton Shrubs, and Charles got away with the hounds without any one hearing him, ran by Carver's Rocks and Smith's Gorse, through the Pistern Hills down to the South Woods; ran him round the woods twice, and away by Staunton Harold for Breedon Clouds, but he got to ground in a culvert about half a mile from the covert and just as Ferrers' hounds were running a fox within two fields of us. Drew Calke blank. Found in Gorstey Leys, ran hard through the wood, out by Ingleby Hall, down to Anchor church, and on to Foremark, and killed him in front of the house—about twenty-five minutes, and as hard as ever hounds could run. Found again at Bretby, but did nothing.

Tuesday, Foston village.—Found in the Cummery Wood, ran by Church Broughton as if he meant going to Hilton, but turned to the left, leaving Sutton village on his left, ran down to and through Sutton Gorse, turned back almost to the village and ran up to Trusley. Up to this it was only slow hunting, but from Trusley they ran well up to the Rough at Radburne, through the covert and on to the church, where we lost him in a heavy fall of rain. One hour and ten minutes. Found in the Rough, ran hard nearly up to the Parson's Gorse, turned to the left over the Long Lane by Nun's Fields up to Thurvaston, recrossed the road and ran down to Trusley and on to Dalbury—thirty-five minutes up to this over a capital line, and hounds ran well; after this hunted on between Mickleover and Radburne and back to the Rough, and finished at Dalbury Lees. Kept continually changing foxes. Capital day.

Thursday, Bradley Hall.—Could not draw for fog till half-past twelve, and then did not find till we got to Shirley Park. The fox slipped away at the bottom and ran fast down to Longford, but turned back by the village, ran through the Reeve's Moor, and we hunted him slowly on to Ednaston and nearly up to Brailsford Gorse, where he beat us. Drew the coverts at Ednaston and Bradley Bottoms blank, and came home.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw Gorse, ran by Fradswell up to Sandon, and on up to Hardewick Heath; from here he ran a ring down to Orange Hayes and back to Hardewick Heath, where we viewed him dead beat, but he managed to get to ground. A capital hunting run of an hour and thirty minutes, hounds at times running hard.

Monday, December 4th, Newborough.—Drew the Birchwood and all the Hoar Cross coverts blank, till we got to Nichol's Covert at Cross Hayes, where we found and ran into Brakenhurst. Hunted him up and down the wood and along Jackson's Bank, and finally he got to ground in the earth by Brakenhurst Hill. Found at Yoxall Lodge, ran as if he was going to Rangemore, turned to the left and ran parallel with the road almost up to the New Inn, where he turned again into Byrkley Lodge, and we lost him in a perfect deluge of rain. Very pretty eighteen minutes.

Tuesday, Tutbury Station.—Found in the Pennywaste, ran down to the coverts below the house at Foston, where we got on to a fresh fox (our fox went

on to Sudbury), and turned back and hunted with a very bad scent nearly up to Sutton village, and lost him. Found again at Foston, but our fox disappeared most unaccountably after about ten minutes. Got on a fox we viewed crossing the park at Sudbury, ran down below the kennels, but hounds divided, as there were three foxes before us, so we stopped them. We had previously drawn the lake banks blank. One of the wettest days I ever was out.

Wednesday, Elvaston Castle.—Hunted a fox for two and a quarter hours round the grounds, and killed him. Drew Aston and Chellaston blank.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Rough, but he was a bad fox, and kept going away and coming back again, and there was no scent. Sutton blank. Spath ditto. Found in Longford Car—main earths open, and the fox got to ground. Went to Potter's, found and ran nicely up to Longford, where the fox went to ground. Wretched day's sport.

Saturday, Loxley.—Found in the Alder Car, hunted towards Uttoxeter, back by Alder Car to Park Covert and away towards Kingston, back to the Park Covert and had him beat, round by Alder Car, back to the wood—two or three foxes on foot, away by the Alder Car again, and to ground near the Hall. Found in Carry Coppice, bad scent, hunted to Leigh, and accounted for him by losing him. Found again in Philips' Gorse, ran fairly by the end of Carry Coppice to the pit on the Field Hall farm, which he tried, round into the Coppice again, out again nearly to Loxley, back to Philips' Gorse, up to Carry Coppice, and hounds came out after a fresh fox just at dusk, and ran towards Chartley, so left off. Bad scent and bad luck.

Monday, December 11th, Wychnor—Blank. Rough Park the same. Found in Brakenhurst, ran through Hollybush into the Greaves, and lost. Found again in the Banks, ran through Tomlinson's corner, across Agardsley, through Hollybush, by Needwood, back through the end of the Banks, out at the low side below Hanbury to Castle Hayes; then a ring back through Castle Hayes, and eventually whipped off in the dark at Anslow. Not a good scent at any time.

Tuesday, Cubley Gate.—Pouring wet till two o'clock. Found a brace of foxes on Cubley Gorse, hunted one with a bad scent by Birchwood Park to Snelston, by lime-kilns and Snelston plantations towards Shirley Park and Rodsley, and lost. Found again in Longford Car, ran very fairly over every ploughed field to Yeaveley and on nearly to Snelston, back again by Snelston Common nearly to Cubley Gorse, and lost. Very poor scent. Found in Sudbury Coppice, ran round the covert, away towards the kennels and bottoms, turned back and ran very hard across the Park; left Sapperton to the right, ran hard towards Bentley, turned to the right by Potter's, nearly up to Longford, through Alkmonton Bottoms to Bentley Brickyard, as hard as they could pelt, right into Potter's, running hard for their fox; out at the far end of the covert, ran by Barton towards Hilton, turned to the left nearly to Sutton, through Spath (a brace of foxes *close* before us), round by Sutton Mill and back to Barton Lodge, into a dense low fog, and we had to stop the hounds. One hour and thirty minutes from Sudbury, and a capital thing. Ground very deep, and horses all beat.

Thursday, Kedleston Toll Bar.—Darley osier-bed under water. Allestree blank. Found by Ireton Rough, ran hard up to Breward's Car, and on by the Lilies, where we turned to the left and ran down the lane by Mercaston Stoop, and lost our fox. Wilde Park blank. Found in Langley Gorse, a bad ringing fox, which we eventually hunted up to Brailsford, and lost.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood, and hunted him, with a poor scent, by Bellamore nearly up to the Coley coverts; got on him again there and hunted up to Great Haywood, where he beat us. Drew all Blithfield blank.

Monday, December 18th, Drakelowe Cross Roads.—Caldwell and Lullington blank. Found a bad fox at Catton, which got to ground. Did not find again.

Tuesday, Bradley—Blank. Found at Shirley Park in a thick fog, and lost sight of the hounds at once, and never saw them again till we found them at Okeover bridge. But, as far as we can find out, they must have run by Rodsley and Snelston down to Clifton, where they crossed the railway, and ran by Mr. Bond's house up to Hanging Bridge and on to Mappleton. Tremendous scent, and hounds were over the hill from Shirley Park and out of hearing in no time.

Thursday, Etwall.—Found at Egginton, ran by Burnaston over the road almost down to Stenson Fields; here the fox was headed in the lane and turned back, and we hunted him up to Mickleover, and killed him in the village. Went to Radburne, but the only fox in the Rough had been gone ten minutes, and we could not hunt him. Drew the Parson's Gorse blank. Found in the Reeve's Moor at Longford. Ran by Hollington nearly up to Shirley village, turned to the right up to Ednaston, crossed the Derby road and left the Oak Covert, Ednaston, on the right, down to the newly planted osier-bed in the bottom; here we turned to the right as if we were going to Brailsford Gorse, but bore to the left and came to a check in the lane by Mercaston Stoop. Thirty-two minutes as hard as hounds could run, and the distance seven miles. Here a boy gave us wrong information and saved the life of this good fox, for by the time we had got on his line again he had gone into Breward's Car and the scent failed. First-rate day's sport. Earths open.

Saturday, Chartley.—Frost.

Monday.—Christmas Day.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Frost.

Thursday, Brailsford.—White's Covert, the gorse, and Culland blank. Found in Longford Car, ran towards Shirley Mill, turned to the right by Ednaston village down to the Culland Plantations, on by Culland Hall and Burrows to Radborne, where our fox got to ground in a broken-in drain within two fields of the Rough. Just an hour. Got on a fox that had slipped away from Sutton, ran a ring by the village up to Trusley Gorse, and back to the gorse, and gave it up. Very little scent.

Saturday, Loxley.—Found in the Park Covert, ran a short ring out towards Kingston, and back, on by Bramshall almost to Uttoxeter, where he turned back, and we hunted him slowly on, and marked him to ground in Woodford Rough. Earths open there. Found again by Buttermilk Hill (Bagot's Woods' side), hunted about in the Banks and lost. Found in the Dog Kennel Wood, hunted round and round for one hour and killed.

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Monday, January 1st, East Lodge.—The Henhurst and the Oaks blank. Found in the covert by the village at Rolleston, ran nearly down to Stretton, and lost. Dove Cliff osier-bed under water. Found at Needwood, ran through Kingstanding, over Hollybush and Agardsley, into the Banks by Woodroffe's Cliff. Capital gallop and fast. After this, hunted slowly along the Banks and through Dog Kennel Wood, and finally lost in a very heavy storm of rain, not far from Hollybush, our fox evidently making his way back again.

Tuesday, Sudbury Coppice.—Found and hunted, with a bad scent, through the Bottoms, and over the Park towards Sapperton. Held the hounds on to the covert and got away with a fresh fox, and ran up to Longford Car, on from here to Shirley Park, where we must have changed foxes. Hunted on to the Ednaston

coverts, back by the village and down to Shirley Mill, and up to Edlaston village, where we changed again, as our run fox was seen going towards Shirley Park. Went on with the fresh fox in the direction of Bradley, but scent got worse, and we came back to Shirley Park, and got on our hunted fox, and ran him to ground in view in a rabbit-hole, but could not get him out. Never much scent, but we kept going on, first with one fox and then another, for nearly four hours.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Found in the Black Covert, hunted slowly up by the lunatic asylum to Burnaston village and on to Etwall, where our fox turned short to the left, and we ran him down by Egginton Station, and lost in the Water Meadows by the crossing. Found in Egginton Gorse, and ran to ground within a few fields. Found again at Hilton, ran fast down to the Pennywaste, on through the Foston coverts, over the road by the Lemon Hole, back along the meadows to the Pennywaste, and here hounds divided, and we went on with a fresh one and ran almost up to Sudbury Park, and stopped the hounds in the dark.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in Handleasow Wood, went past the Shaw Farm, crossed the road by Dods' Leigh nearly to Brindley's Wood, turned to the left, ran through Birchwood Park down to Milwich, on to the Ox Close Wood, where we got on a brace of foxes; got hounds together near Sandon Wood, crossed the Hilderstone road and went nearly down to Burston, then skirted the corner of Orange Hayes and hunted up to the Stone road, where we lost. Drew the Shaw Gorse, but did not find again.

Monday, January 8th, Foremark.—Found in Gorstey Leys, ran a couple of rings out by Ticknall and killed him at Ingleby Hall. Found again in Repton Shrubs, ran down to Carver's Rocks, back to the Shrubs, and killed. Trotted up to the gorse, found, ran across the Park, by Carver's Rocks and Smith's Gorse across Calke Park to Staunton Harold, where our fox turned short to the left, ran through Spring Wood, back to Gorstey Leys, where we stopped the hounds, as it was nearly dark. Capital run of an hour and a quarter.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Found, ran down to Doveridge, and lost. Found in Sudbury Coppice, ran a ring, and lost; came back to the Coppice, got on our hunted fox, ran him about for some time, and to ground in a rabbit-hole and killed him. N.B.—Two other foxes in the same hole.

Thursday, Etwall.—Found in Sutton Gorse, ran up to the Rough at Radburne and killed. Went away with another fox, ran a ring and back to the Rough, and away by the Parson's Gorse up to Brailsford and lost. Drew Culland and Longford blank.

Saturday, Kingston village.—Drew the wood blank—cutting all over it. Found in Bagot's Woods, and lost the hounds for an hour and a half. Found in Woodcock Heath, ran out towards Newton, back through Kingston Wood, and lost. No scent.

Monday, January 15th, Hoar Cross village.—Found in the Brakenhurst, ran by Yoxall Lodge, through Byrkley, to Kingstanding, turned to the left into Jackson's Bank, ran along it as far as Hoar Cross village, where we bore to the right, along the top of Roost Hill, round the Birchwood, back by the Newborough Hill into Byrkley again, out by the New Inn, through the Holly Wood and Knightley Park to the left of Tatenhill, and ran to ground above Gretton's house at Sinai Park—nearly three hours. Found again in the coverts below the road at Dunstall, ran up to Smith's Hills, on to the right of Silver Hill as if for Wychnor, turned back to the left, by the Vicarage at Barton, ran down to the covert, where we found, and along the meadows to Tatenhill and on nearly to

the Henhurst, where we turned to the left and went by Tatenhill Dingle and Knightley Park back to Dunstall, and stopped the hounds. Very hard day, as hounds were running for more than five hours.

Tuesday, Cubley Gate.—Snelston, Cubley Gorse, Bentley Car, Potter's Covert, and Fishpond Covert at Barton blank. Found at Sapperton, ran to Mackley and along the Park side at Sudbury to Hare Hill, over the road and up to Bentley Hall, on to Hungry Bentley, where we bore to the left to Stydd Hall, and killed our fox in the open just beyond at Stydd Barn. Capital thirty-five minutes. Found again in the plantation by the brook side at Cubley and ran to ground immediately. Went to Sudbury Coppice, found, ran along the Bottoms, and a ring back to the Coppice, out by Vernon's Oak to Cubley, and up to the lime kilns at Birchwood Park, where we stopped the hounds.

Thursday, Kedleston village.—Chopped a fox at Allestree, went away with another, ran by back of Quarndon across Kedleston Park to Ireton Wood and on to Breward's Car, then to the left of the Lilies to Shottle. Came back to Breward's Car, got on our run fox, and ran him to ground in the gorse. Ravensdale Park blank.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood, capital scent in covert, rattled him about for ten minutes, when he went away by Ridware to Cawarden Spring, hunted him back to Pipe Wood, and killed him. One hour and twenty minutes. Laurence's Wood, Forge Coppice, and Blithfield blank. Found in Newton Gorse, ran by the village, through Housalem's Coppice to ground in the woods.

Monday, January 22nd, Bretby.—Found in the gorse, ran across the Park to Carver's Rocks, turned to the left and went by Ingleby down to Anchor church, and all along the meadows towards Repton, came to a long check (our fox lying down within two fields of us and in sight of some men, who never halloaed), and eventually hunted him back to Gorstey Leys, and lost him. Found four foxes together in Gorstey Leys, ran down to the river, which he crossed within two hundred yards of Swarkestone Bridge, and ran up to Chellaston.

Tuesday, Foston village.—Found in the Decoy, ran about with a poor scent for some time, and killed after two hours' hunting in the same covert where we found. Drew the Lake Bank at Sudbury blank. Found in the gorse, ran to ground under an oak tree in the Park. Found again in the Grove, ran down to Sapperton, and back to the Park, and by the village to Sebastopol, and here, finding the earth stopped, he turned to the left, and ran, by Aston, down to Sapperton again, and on, almost to Potter's Covert, and eventually got to ground in a drain near Bentley Brickyard. One hour and thirty minutes.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Arleston Gorse blank. Stenson Fields (men cutting in it) and Spilsbury's Coverts the same. Found in Egginton Gorse; no scent, and soon lost. Found again in the Blakeley osier-bed, ran by the gorse and the Spread Eagle, almost down to the lunatic asylum, and lost. Burnaston blank. Trotted off to Hilton, found, and ran slowly up to the old gorse at Sutton, which one fox passed on the left, and ran by Trusley up to Crop-o'-Top, and on, over the Long Lane (leaving the church to the right), by Burrows to the Derby road, about half-way between Brailsford and Kirk-Langley. Fifty-five minutes up to this, where we checked. Hit it off again and went to Wilde Park, and, by White's Covert at the back of Brailsford village, recrossed the road, and ran down by Brailsford church, over the brook to the right of Culland Plantations, and hunted slowly up to Hollington. Here our fox began to run very short, but scent got worse, and we hunted him down to Mamerton, and had to stop the hounds in the dark. 5.10 p.m. About two hours and a quarter altogether. First part of the run very good.

Saturday, Bramshall village.—Found in Philips' Gorse, ran over the railway up to Leigh, and on to Park Hall, where our fox turned to the right and ran by Heybridge, over the road, up to the Heath House Dumble, where we checked. Thirty minutes. Hunted him slowly on to Beamhurst, and gave it up. Found in Carry Coppice, ran about a bit, and to ground in a pit-hole on Blurton's Farm. Got on another fox that was coming back to Carry Coppice, ran a ring over the Carry Lane, down to Philips' Gorse, over the railway towards Leigh, back through the gorse (where he lay down), on by Bramshall station into Carry Coppice, and to ground in another pit-hole on Blurton's Farm. First-rate forty minutes, tremendous scent, and a great disappointment for hounds.

Monday, January 29th, Draycott Cliff.—Found in Bull's Park, ran very hard along the banks and through the woods to Housalem's Coppice. Here our fox turned short back, and hounds divided, part going on and killing their fox, and part hunting another fox on towards Blithfield into the Rhododendron Covert and back into the woods, where they got together again. The wettest day I have been out this season, and I sent the hounds home at two o'clock. First-rate scent in covert.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found a brace of foxes in the old lime-pits, and lost almost immediately in the most blinding snowstorm I ever experienced out hunting. Drew Yeldersley Rough blank. Found in Shirley Park, ran round the covert, and a ring by Ednaston and back, out over the Park by Osmaston village and Edlaston, almost to Yeaveley and lost. Longford Car blank. It blew a perfect hurricane all day, and there was very little scent at the best of times.

Thursday, Etwall.—Found at Egginton, ran over the railway and back to Burnaston, up to Etwall, turned to the left and back to the gorse, where our fox waited for us. Went away again over the railway and the canal nearly to Spilsbury's Coverts, and round by Burnaston within two fields of the gorse, and lost on the foiled ground. No scent on the plough, of which there was plenty. Trotted off to Hilton, found, ran towards Sutton Mill, turned over the brook, and ran nearly up to the Ashe, where we came to a long check. Got on our fox again in the gorse, ran a ring by Mr. Buckstone's house, through Sutton village, down to the Spath, on by Barton Fields, and almost down to Alkmonton Bottoms. Here he turned short back, ran through Potter's Covert, and down to Mamerton, where we gave it up, as scent got worse every minute.

Saturday, Chartley.—Drew the Moss, Drointon Wood, Birch Coppice, and Giller's Rough blank. Found in Handleasow Wood, ran to the Shaw, out towards Fradswell and back. Then on through Birchwood Park and Sherratt's Wood, almost to Draycott, and lost in a heavy storm. Found four foxes in Gratwich Wood, ran by Handleasow Wood to the Shaw, and lost. No scent.

February 5th.—Wychnor blank. Found in Rough Park. Ran round and round, and to ground near Argill's house. Found again in Brakenhurst, ran about for half an hour, and killed.

Tuesday, Sudbury.—Lake Bank, the Park, and the Bottoms blank. Found in the Aldermoor, ran to Eaton Wood and back to Vernon's Oak, and lost. Found in the Coppice, ran to Cubley Lodge and to the top of Boylestone Hill, almost to Sapperton, and back; very fast over the Park, and through the Bottoms to the Windy Bank, and into a tree in the Park. Bolted him with a terrier, and killed him. Found a second time in the Coppice, ran a ring and came back, but scent failed entirely.

Thursday, Radburne.—Chopped a fox in the Rough. Went away with another almost to Trusley, where he turned back, and ran past the Rough up to

the Nursery Plantations, where we lost him. Found in Langley Gorse, ran up to Radburne, and round and round for more than an hour, and at last got to ground, I believe, in a drain. Went to Sutton and ran well up to the Rough, where our fox was headed short back into the covert, and we could make nothing more of it.

Saturday, Kingston.—Did not find till we got to Kingston Wood, then ran about for a couple of hours, and our fox got to ground in an earth that should have been stopped. Found again by Dunstall Pit, ran to the Warren Covert at Blithfield, and gave it up, as there was no scent.

Monday, February 12th, Drakelowe.—Found a brace of foxes, hounds divided in a perfect deluge of rain, and lost almost immediately. Killed a brace of very bad foxes at Catton. Walton Wood and Lullington blank.

Tuesday, Norbury.—Killed a fox from Hope Wood. Drew Raddle Wood, Cubley Gorse and Eaton Wood blank. Found a brace of foxes in Wardley Coppice, got away close to one, ran over the brook, and to ground in a drain. All Sudbury blank. Found at Sapperton, ran very fast over the Park, down to the old Maresfield Gorse, turned to the left, and hunted on to the Lake Bank, but, there being two, if not three, foxes on foot, we could do no more.

Thursday, Kedleston Gate.—Drew Markeaton and the Vicar Wood blank. Found in the Langley Gorse, ran a ring and back across Kedleston Park to the Vicar Wood, and on to Brailsford, where our fox got to ground in a drain. Culland, Longford, and Bentley Car blank. Found in a spinny at the back of the Daisy House Farm, ran a ring by Mamerton into Longford Car and out, up the brookside, towards Bentley. Here a fresh fox jumped up, and we came back with him through the car, and ran past Mamerton and by Barton down to Saint's Farm, and on almost to Sapperton Covert and by Foston Mill within a field of the Foston Coverts, where we again changed foxes, and ran up to Boylestone, and stopped the hounds.

Saturday, Loxley.—Killed a bad fox in the Alder Car. Found in the Park Covert, and ran almost to Friar's Coppice, which we left on the right, and went on nearly to the High Wood, and from there, by High Fields, down to Bramshall Crossing. Here we turned back and ran by Woodcock Heath, through Kingston village up to the farm at Loxley, just above the Alder Car, where we killed him. Time, one hour and thirty-five minutes, hounds running fast at times.

Monday, February 19th, Dunstall.—Found in Smith's Hills, ran down the meadows to the Trent, which the fox crossed. Came back and drew the rest of Dunstall blank. Found in the Oak Covert at Rangemore. Three foxes on foot in less than five minutes. Hunted a vixen, heavy in cub, down to Tatenhill and left her. Found at Needwood, ran fast into the Greaves, and out along the meadows to Marchington Cliff, where hounds divided, and we stopped them.

Tuesday, Foston.—Found in the Lemon Hole, ran fast, with one slight check, through Church Broughton to Potter's Covert—twenty minutes—and on from there, by Mamerton, into Longford Car, and had our fox dead beat, but were unfortunately halloaed away on a fresh fox, and ran through Alkmonton Bottoms, by the Dairy House, over the Longford brook nearly to Sutton village, and on slowly towards Hilton village, and lost. Found in Hilton Gorse, ran a ring towards Pennywaste, and back within two fields of the gorse, over the brook, by Sutton Gorse and Trusley, up to the Rough at Radburne. High wind all day, and no scent when hounds were running down-wind. Very unlucky not to kill our fox at Longford.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Found in Arleston Gorse, ran within a field of Stenson Covert, over the railway almost to Osmaston, and came to a long check

by the canal. Hit off our fox again and hunted him slowly into Elvaston, where we changed on to a fresh fox, ran a ring and back to Elvaston, where he got to ground. Chellaston and Stenson fields blank.

Saturday, Newton village.—Found in Newton Gorse, ran to Drointon Wood, and stopped the hounds just in time to save a vixen's life. A fresh fox jumped up at the same moment, ran him through the Birch Copse and Giller's Rough down to Blythe Bridge, and, leaving Kingston Woods on the left, up to Blithfield, where he went to ground in the pit-hole by the Rectory. Capital half-hour, and the fox only just before the hounds all the way. Killed a fox in Blithe Moor. Drew Forge Coppice blank. Went into the woods, but did not find, as they had been buck-hunting the previous day.

They were then stopped till Friday by frost, when they "drew Ravensdale Park blank."

Found in Breward's Car, ran about for some time and to ground in the earths. Found again in Frost's Bottoms, ran into the Park, and back to Breward's Car. Found again at Farnah, ran a few fields, and lost. Very bad scent all day. Langley Gorse blank.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in Handleasow Wood, ran very fast through Gratwich Wood, over the brook and into Carry Coppice, and on nearly to Field Hall, and lost. Philips' Gorse blank. Found in the Shaw Gorse, ran towards the Castle, and lost. No scent whatever. Killed a fox on the Moss, hunted another from Drointon Wood, through Newton Gorse almost to Swan's Moor, turned to the right, back by the plaster pits to the Moss, and stopped the hounds.

Monday, March 5th, East Lodge.—Found at Needwood, ran very prettily by Hanbury into the Greaves, and along the banks to Marchington Cliff, where the fox was headed, and we could do no more with him. Drew Hollybush, Parson's Brake, Needwood, Knightley Park, Dunstall, and Rangemore blank.

Tuesday, Shirley Park—Blank, also Longford. Found in a spinny of Mr. Bradshaw's, ran a ring by Mamerton, on nearly to Boylestone, back to the covert, where we found (where I think we changed foxes), and on nearly to Hilton Gorse, and here there were certainly three foxes on foot: ran over the turnpike-road down to Marston church, where a fresh fox jumped up in view of the hounds, and they ran hard along the meadows to Hilton, turned to the left and ran by Sutton Gorse up to Radburne, where we gave it up. Very good gallop of half an hour from Marston to Radburne. Altogether we were running, without stopping, nearly three hours, and changed foxes, to my knowledge, four times.

Thursday, Etwall.—Found in Egginton Gorse, ran a ring, and to ground by Barnaston village. Came back to the gorse, found a vixen, if not two, and left them. Found at Sutton, ran nearly to Etwall, crossed the road and ran down to Hilton, and lost. Hilton Gorse blank. No scent all day.

Saturday, Bramshall.—Philips' Gorse and Loxley blank. Found in Gratwich Wood, ran through Handleasow Wood over the Park, through the Moss, back by Handleasow Wood, over the Park again, and nearly up to Fradswell, and lost. Our fox was a long way before us all the way, and no scent to press him. Drew the Shaw blank.

Monday, March 12th, Newborough.—Found in the Birchwood, ran well up to Hart's Coppice, over the Park into Lord's Coppice, and up and down the woods, and to ground in a drain by the turnpike road. Found again in the woods, ran

about for a long time, and had our fox dead beat, but he got into a tree by Henry Turnor's house.

Tuesday, Foston.—Found below the house, ran towards Sudbury, turned back by Aston, and killed him in the Lemon Hole. Found again at Foston, ran about the coverts, and left our fox—a vixen. Found at Sapperton, and lost immediately. No scent at all. Cubley blank. Found in Eaton Wood, ran through the Birch Coppice, down over the brook, by Wardley and Marston Park, nearly to Cubley Gorse and on to Snelston, and lost in a storm—very good forty minutes.

Thursday, Foremark.—Hunted a fox twice round Gorstey Leys, when he went away and ran down to the river by Swarkestone, which he crossed, and was killed within three fields. Found in the covert by the Pistern Hills, ran to Several Woods and back, and nearly down to Calke, and gave up.

Saturday, Kingston.—Found in the wood, ran a ring by Woodcock Heath and back into Bagot's Woods, where we remained for the rest of the day. Earths open, and foxes got to ground as they liked.

Monday, March 19th, Hanbury.—Found in the Hare Holds, ran through the Cupandition Covert to Needwood, and on through Byrkley Lodge to Rangemore, where we lost. Knightley Park blank. Found in the Henhurst, ran all along the meadows by the canal side to Dunstall. Got on a fresh fox in the covert in the meadows, hunted him through Smith's Hills, and to ground in a pit beyond.

Tuesday, Sudbury.—Drew the whole of the place blank. Found at Sapperton, ran up to Sudbury, and lost. Got on a fox that was on the move on our way to Eaton Wood, hunted her (it proved to be a vixen) about, and left her. Found in Eaton Wood, but could not run a yard. No scent all day.

Thursday, Kedleston village.—Found in the young plantation in the hollow, and ran fast into Breward's Car, rattled him about in covert, and ran him back to Ireton Wood, where we lost in a heavy snowstorm. Found a vixen in Langley Gorse, and took the hounds away. Went to Radburne. Found in the Rough, but there was no scent. Left a heavy vixen at Sutton.

Saturday, Bagot's Park.—Found in Hart's Coppice, ran through the woods to the Warren, very fast, back into the woods, over to Newton, into the woods again, and finally marked to ground in the Warren Covert. Time, two hours.

There is an account in the *Field* of two days, the Saturday just mentioned and the following Monday, which seems worth inserting here. It was after the brook in the Monday run that hounds ran clean away from every one. Mr. Godfrey Meynell was the first man over it, dropping his horse neatly over a rail into the water and out again. Mr. Walter Boden followed him, but hounds were out of sight then.

Field, March 31st, 1877 :—

THE LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON 1876–7 WITH THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

These well-known hounds so seldom get into print, that I venture to give you a short and imperfect account of their doings at the end of this wonderfully open season. Few packs of hounds have had a more brilliant season, and up to the end of February it was exceptionally so, and the last week has shown us excellent sport for the close of the season. On Saturday, March 24th, they met at Mr. Turnor's, Bagot's Park, and, after enjoying his well-known hospitality, we drew a small covert near his house, and almost immediately a fine old dog fox was away across the park, and the bitches fairly raced without a check to the top of Blithfield Park. Here there was a short check ; but Charles Leedham hit him off again, and for more than two hours he patiently hunted him, finally marking him to ground in the Rhododendron Covert near Blithfield, with the ladies close at his brush. On Monday, March 26th, the meet was at Brook House, the hunting box of a new-comer (Mr. Platt) into the country, and the hounds had a good forest day, marking their fox to ground after a five-mile, from point to point, gallop. On Tuesday the meet was at Bretby Hall, and to a minute Charles Leedham trotted up with his lady pack. The noble master (Lord Waterpark), true, as usual, to his time, gave the word to draw after about ten minutes' law (for the benefit of the late ones), and he first drew the covert on the right of the drive, but this proved blank. We then drew Repton Shrubs, and at one p.m. to the moment a fine old dog fox was halloaed away. He first pointed to the right as if for Repton ; but, bearing to the left, raced through the park to the lodge near the collieries ; here he again turned his head for the big wood, and the bitches carried the line fast through the park, over the racecourse ; here he appeared as if his point was Hartthorne Gorse, but he again made for the woods, straight through them nearly to Repton Park, over the brook at the bottom, on by Broken Flats to Newton village, and to ground on Mr. Higgott's farm. This run was rather over an hour, best pace all the time, and for the last five or ten minutes it is a question if any one was with the hounds. Mr. Meynell (of Langley), Messrs. Walter and H. Boden, Lord Ferrers, Mr. Bird, Mr. R. Sale, Mr. Smith (of Clifton), and the huntsman (who is always with his hounds), perhaps had the best of it ; but there were many others there or thereabouts, and it was difficult at times to see the pack at all owing to the hills. It must be understood that these runs are only those selected from my note-book at the end of this season, and not at all representing the best of this long and extraordinary season. It is to be hoped that Lord Waterpark and Mr. Clowes will long continue the joint mastership, as by this time they know the hounds and country ; and, as they are excellent judges of hounds, both in and out of kennel, it would be most unfortunate for them now to leave us and our good sport.

THE MAN ON THE BAY.

At the end of the run on the Saturday, which is mentioned below, the brush was given to Miss Alexander, from Wichnor, who, with her sister, always went very well.

From Lord Waterpark's diary :—

Thursday, Smallwood Manor.—Found in the middle of the woods; ran through Lord's Coppice, over by the Hare's Back, through Hart's Coppice, by Holt Hall, into the Birchwood, went through the corner of it, back over Bromley Park, through the woods into Kingston Woods, or nearly to Newton, back by Woodcock Heath, into the Park Covert at Loxley, on to Spencer's Pit, and lost.

Saturday, Fauld.—Found in the Hare Holds—a vixen. Stopped the hounds. Found again in the Greaves; ran over Agardsley into the Banks at the Swilcar Lawn, out again by Marchington Cliff, along the Banks to the Dog Kennel Wood, over Bagot's Park nearly to Hart's Coppice, over Bromley Park, and killed at Black Gutter Coppice.

This was a capital wind-up to the season, and remarkable for the way the fox avoided the woods, keeping to the open as much as possible.

Stopped by frost only five days; hounds out, one hundred and nineteen times; foxes killed, thirty-four brace; ran to ground, twenty-one brace. Killed in regular hunting, seventeen brace and a half.

Uttoxeter New Era, April 4th, 1877 :—

For a bit of really good cross-country sport, commend us to a market town in the centre of a good hunting country, where all the farmers are sportsmen, and those who cannot run a horse look on with only the pleasure a sportsman can feel, and with all their hearts cheer the best horse as he wins. . . . Half an hour before time, the well-appointed team of Joe Platt, Esq., who is well known on the road between Cheltenham and Malvern, was well piloted through the town; the cheering notes of the horn waking up long-forgotten echoes. Many other good and true supporters of the sport followed, amongst whom were C. Alexander, Esq., S. C. Allsopp, Esq., M.P., C. T. Cavendish, Esq., Col. and Lady Jane Levett, Capt. Levett, A. O. Worthington, Esq., Lord Ingestre, the Hon. W. Bagot, F. Cotton, Esq., Dr. Mould, Major Worthington, Sir J. Hardy, Sir C. Wolseley, Dr. Fletcher, etc. Nothing could be done well without good men at the head of affairs, and in Mr. C. Bunting, the Hon. Sec., Mr. Keates, and Mr. Flint, as clerks of the course, the right men were in their right places. Punctually to time, five out of the ten sported silk for the first race, The Draycott Open Hunter's Steeplechase, which was well contested. Strathmore appeared to have the race well in hand, but Rocket, well ridden, finished an easy winner. Next came the Uttoxeter Hunt Steeplechase. Five again started. Lady Rachel was made a hot favourite, and well she carried out the hopes of her backers. Schoolboy, who ran a waiting race to the distance, challenged and momentarily got in front, but youth and want of condition told, and Lady Rachel won easily. To show the interest farmers take in the sport, there were fourteen entries for the Farmer's Steeplechase, nine of which came to the post. Sambo was made favourite, but appeared to have a great objection to start, which he well sustained throughout, as he was never prominent, the race being cleverly won by Lockwood, the Duke

second, Nobleman third. In the Redcoat Steeplechase there were five entries, all of which went to the post. Inez, from his previous performance, was favourite, and in the hands of that accomplished cross-country rider, the late Master of the Dove Valley Harriers,* won a good race; Claudine, ridden in a most determined manner by Mr. George Thorneycroft, making a good fight for second place. Prince Charlie fell, and Grey Friars, showing more temper than was good for either himself or his rider, was stopped early in the race. The Tradesmen's Steeplechase had the rattling good entry of sixteen. Thirteen started, and some fun was anticipated, but all took the water-jump in gallant style. The second fence was disastrous, as two saddles were emptied, and at the next fence Brown Stout was cannoned against, and came to grief; his rider, Mr. F. Cotton, who falls as well as he rides, got a good shake, but appeared none the worse for it. The first heat resulting in a clever win for Rocket, who just beat Strathmore on the post; Mistletoe, third. In the next heat the knowing ones made Strathmore favourite, but he, after getting over the water, bolted out of the course into the crowd, upsetting a young lady in a very summary fashion. He never again got on terms with the leader, and the result was, that Rocket, well ridden by his jockey, Mr. Power, came in an easy winner, but was subsequently disqualified, having won the previous race, the Draycott Steeplechase, value fifty pounds. The Pony race came last, but was not the least in public estimation, as the little ones were evidently the pets of the ladies. They were a very good lot, in fact, so level, with the exception of Jessie, who was known to be a wonder in fencing, and the Crab, who was said to be as clever as a cat, no one knew "which was which." The result of the race was a clever win for the Baker, well-ridden by Mr. Morris; Harkaway, who is more accustomed to the road than the turf, ran an exciting second; Diana, third. Jessie and Crab, clever as they were, each came a cropper, and extinguished their chance early in the race, but the pluck of the riders brought them to the end. So finished one of the best, if not the very best day's sport ever held in this old Meynell sporting country. In fact, so pleased were all concerned in the management, that next year we may expect a better meeting, if that is possible.

* Mr. F. Cotton.

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